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EUROPE BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF MAN.

IN looking over any modern historical narrative — such, for example, as Knight's History of England — one cannot fail to be struck by the disproportion between the amounts of space devoted respectively to ancient and to modern events. Of the eight bulky volumes of Knight, the first covers a period of 1432 years, from Cæsar's invasion of Britain to the death of Edward III.; the second, bringing us down to the death of Henry VIII., covers 170 years; the third takes us 95 years further, to the beginning of the Great Rebellion; while five volumes are required to do justice to the two centuries intervening between the overthrow of Strafford and the repeal of the corn-laws. This is due partly to the greater complexity of modern life, and partly to the increasing abundance of our sources of information. It is true, we have to go back a long way before we encounter an absolute scarcity of information; there was a great deal more literature in the Middle Ages than is commonly supposed, and it is possible to describe many long past events with great minuteness and accuracy. Mr. Freeman devotes the greater part of a volume of 768 pages to the political and military history of England during the single year 1066. But the history during the spring of 1815, if treated with equal

thoroughness, would fill a good many volumes as big as this; and this is owing largely to our increased wealth of materials. When we go back far enough and encounter a positive dearth of material, we can devote but a few pages to the history of a century, as in the case of the earliest Teutonic invasions of Britain; or, as in the case of the long ages before Cæsar's invasion, we can barely say that such and such races of men inhabited the island, and we can give little or no account of what they did. This is one reason why we find it so hard to form and preserve an accurate mental picture of the duration of past time. It requires a deliberate effort of the mind to realize, for example, that the interval between the proclamation of Constantine the Great by the Roman legions at York and the invasion of William the Conqueror was exactly equal to the interval between the latter event and the accession of George IV., or the adoption of the Missouri Compromise. We may *know* that it is so, but in order to make it *seem* so most people will have to stop and think.

The case is somewhat similar when we try to realize the relative duration of the successive geological epochs in the history of the earth's crust. We are naturally inclined to overrate the relative duration of the later epochs.

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Familiar as we are with the established classification of periods as Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary, we fall naturally into a habit of regarding these three great groups of epochs as substantially equal in value, so that the beginning of the Tertiary period is apt to seem one third of the way back toward the first beginnings of fossil-bearing strata. Probably in our every-day thinking the Tertiary period occupies more than a third of the space that is occupied by the whole recorded life history of the earth, — mainly for the reason that it is so much more completely filled for us with familiar and well-ascertained facts. This may be partly because organic life has really been more complex and multi-form since the beginning of the Tertiary period than it was in earlier ages; but it is also, no doubt, because our sources of information are far more abundant. On the whole, the geologic record of the Tertiary period is much more completely preserved than that of the two earlier periods; we see more clearly into the details of life at that time, and consequently have a more vivid picture of it before us; and this more vivid picture, as is natural, usurps an undue place in our minds.

The force of these remarks will be obvious when it is stated that, in point of fact, the beginning of the Tertiary period carries us back barely *one twentieth part* of the way toward the first beginnings of fossil-bearing strata. In the table that follows, I have tried to give something like a just idea of the relative lengths of geological epochs, in accordance with the views now generally adopted by geologists. Let us first suppose the entire lapse of time since the oldest Laurentian strata began to be deposited, down to the present day, to be divided into ten equal periods, or æons, such as I have marked off on the table with dotted lines. Then the Laurentian epoch fills three of these great æons, to begin with. Here we find

(with the exception of the Canadian eo-zoön, the organic nature of which has been disputed) only indirect traces of life, such as limestone, which probably came from shells. But, remembering how soft and perishable are all the lowest organisms, and remembering how considerably these oldest rocks have been affected by volcanic heat, we need not be surprised at finding the records of life in them very scanty and obscure. Next, the Cambrian epoch extends into the sixth æon, and then comes the Silurian, which takes us half-way through the seventh. Mollusks and crustaceans swarmed in the seas of the Cambrian epoch, but there are as yet no traces of fish before the upper Silurian. That is to say, three fifths of the whole duration of geological time had elapsed before the lowest vertebrate forms had begun to leave plentiful traces of themselves in the rocks. The Devonian epoch, in which we find the first record of insects, carries us half-way through the eighth æon; and we are brought well on into the ninth by the Carboniferous age, in which appear the earliest air-breathing vertebrates in the shape of frog-like amphibians. The vegetation of this period consisted chiefly of ferns, club-mosses, and horse-tails, with araucarian pines. Nearly nine tenths of the past life history of our globe accomplished, and as yet no birds or mammals, perhaps no true reptiles, nor any tree save the araucaria or the arborescent fern! With the Permian epoch we reach the end of the Primary period and nearly complete our ninth æon, leaving for the whole of the Secondary and Tertiary periods only a little more than one æon to be divided between them. The oldest mammals and reptiles yet found belong to the Trias, or earliest Secondary epoch; yet so many small mammalia, inferior in type to the marsupials, have been found by Professor Marsh far down in the Trias as to warrant the belief that mammals had ap-

peared on the scene toward the close of the Permian age; and no doubt the same will prove true of reptiles. Some of the footsteps on the Triassic rocks of the Connecticut Valley are proba-

10.	TERTIARY.	Recent Pleistocene. Pliocene. Miocene. Eocene.	Mammals dominant.
		Cretaceous. Jurassic.	Reptiles dominant. Earliest birds.
9.	SECONDARY.	Triassic.	
		Permian	Earliest mammals and reptiles.
8.	Y.	Carboniferous.	Earliest batrachians.
		Devonian.	Earliest insects.
7.	R		Earliest fishes.
		Silurian.	
6.	A		
		Cambrian.	
5.	M		
4.	I		Earliest mollusks and crustaceans.
3.	R		Eozoön?
2.	P	Laurentian.	Indirect traces of life.
1.			

bly footsteps of great struthious birds; but the oldest bird actually known belongs to the upper Jurassic strata. Throughout the Secondary period the real lords of the creation were the giant reptiles, stalking over the earth, splash-

ing through the sea, and flying on swift bat-like wing overhead. Of these innumerable "dragons of the prime," the iguanodon, from fifty to seventy feet in length, used to be supposed the largest; but Professor Marsh has lately discovered the atlantosaurus of Colorado, over sixty feet in length and thirty feet in height, — the largest land animal as yet known. The mammals contemporary with these monsters seem to have been mostly small insect-eating marsupials; and the forests through which they roamed consisted mainly of palms, tree-ferns, and pines. In the Cretaceous epoch such deciduous trees as the oak and walnut had appeared on the scene, and the great reptiles had become less numerous. But it is not until we enter the Tertiary period, half-way through our tenth æon of geological time, that the face of the earth, with deciduous trees and flowering herbs, and mammals dominant in the animal world, could have begun to assume anything even distantly resembling the aspect under which we know it. Yet if we could be suddenly taken back, and permitted to inspect a landscape of the earliest Tertiary epoch, we should probably be far more forcibly struck with the differences than with the points of resemblance.

In this succinct view I have supposed the whole of the life history of our planet to be arbitrarily divided into ten equal periods. What, it may be asked, is supposed to have been the actual duration of one of these æons? I am well aware that to such a question no definite answer can be given. The geologist deals only with relative, not with absolute, quantities of time: he can only say that the time has been long enough for a certain enormous amount of work to be performed, but he has nothing with which to measure its duration in years. Nevertheless, while fully admitting all this, one may perhaps venture to give a provisional answer for a provisional pur-

pose. For the present it will be enough to recall Sir William Thomson's ingenious speculations as to the limits of the antiquity of life upon the earth. Reasoning from the sources of the sun's heat, and from the length of time which it would take a body like the earth to cool so as to produce the present increment of temperature as we go beneath the surface, Sir William Thomson concludes that the crust of the earth cannot possibly have existed in the solid state for more than 400,000,000 years, and in all probability has not been solidified and in fit condition for the support of vegetable and animal life for more than 100,000,000 or 200,000,000 years. This conclusion is largely speculative, including several data of which our knowledge is far from complete, and it is of course extremely indefinite. It makes a good deal of difference whether life has existed on the earth for one hundred million years or for two hundred millions, since one period is just twice as long as the other. Still, in spite of this indefiniteness, there is a growing disposition among geologists to accept Sir William Thomson's estimate, as showing at least the order of magnitudes with which the geological chronologer must deal. That is to say, while it may not be clear whether life has existed for one or for two hundred millions of years, it is not at all probable that it has existed for a thousand millions or for any greater period. Even this amount of limitation is of some value as giving definite shape to our ideas, and as reminding us that geologists who have habitually reasoned as if there were an infinite fund of past time at their disposal have probably been in error. Provided we do not forget that Sir William Thomson's conclusion contains more or less that is hypothetical, it is well enough to adopt it provisionally; and I shall do so here. Of the ten æons, then, into which I have supposed geological time to be divided, we will suppose that each is about ten mill-

ion years in duration; bearing in mind that, while it is highly improbable that the lapse of time has been very much less than this, it may not improbably have been considerably greater. According to this, the minimum antiquity for the beginning of the Eocene period would be about five million years.

If these periods seem short in comparison with the enormous quantity of work that has been done, both in the tearing down and rebuilding of the earth's crust and in the modification of the forms of animals and vegetables, it is no doubt largely due — as both Mr. Darwin and Mr. Croll have reminded us — to the fact that it is almost impossible for us to frame an adequate conception of what is meant by a million years. We are wont to use these great arithmetical figures glibly, and without comprehending their import. Mr. Croll has done something to help us in this matter. "Here is one way," he says, "of conveying to the mind some idea of what a million of years really is. Take a narrow strip of paper, an inch broad or more, and 83 feet 4 inches in length, and stretch it along the wall of a large hall, or round the walls of an apartment somewhat over 20 feet square. Recall to memory the days of your boyhood, so as to get some adequate conception of what a period of a hundred years is. Then mark off from one of the ends of the strip $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch. The $\frac{1}{10}$ of the inch will then represent one hundred years, and the entire length of the strip a million of years. It is well worth making the experiment, just in order to feel the striking impression that it produces on the mind." Mr. Croll further reminds us that if we could see side by side a million of years as represented in figures and a million of years as represented in geological work, our respect for a unit with six ciphers after it would be notably increased. "Could we stand upon the edge of a gorge a mile and a half in depth, that had been

cut out of the solid rock by a tiny stream, scarcely visible at the bottom of this fearful abyss, and were we informed that this little streamlet was able to wear off annually only $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch from its rocky bed, what would our conceptions be of the prodigious length of time that this stream must have taken to excavate the gorge? We should certainly feel startled when, on making the necessary calculations, we found that the stream had performed this enormous amount of work in something less than a million of years."¹

Now all the fossil-bearing rocks on the globe have been formed from the sediment brought down by rivers to the sea, and this sediment has been worn off from the hills and valleys and plains of ancient continents. In recent years it has been attempted to calculate the amounts of sediment worn off by various great rivers from the surface of the regions drained by them; and the results are very interesting and instructive. The Mississippi, for example, draining a country with scanty rainfall, and having its sources in the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, where there are no glaciers, performs its work of denudation slowly. The Mississippi wears off from the whole immense area drained by it about one foot in 6000 years. While the Po, on the other hand, having its sources in the glaciers of the Alps, works with great rapidity, and lowers the area drained by it at the rate of one foot in 729 years. The mean rate of denudation over the globe seems to be not far from one foot in 3000 years. Now at this rate, and from the action of rivers alone, it would take only two million years to wear the whole existing continent of Europe, with all its huge mountain masses, down to the sea-level, while North America, in similar wise, would be washed away in less than three millions.

But while the raindrops, rushing in

¹ Croll, *Climate and Time*, page 327.

rivers to the sea, are thus with tireless industry working to obliterate existing continents, their efforts are counteracted, here and there, and with more or less success, by slow upward thrusts or pulsations from the earth's interior, which gradually raise the floors of continents. The general result of the struggle has been that, ever since the earliest geological periods, the surfaces of the great continents now existing have been subject to irregular oscillations; now partially or almost entirely disappearing beneath the sea, now recovering ground as archipelagoes, or rising high and dry to great elevations, as in the case of Africa. The oscillations have not ordinarily exceeded from 6000 to 10,000 feet in vertical extent. There is no reason for supposing that the general relative positions of the great continents and great oceans have altered at all since the beginning of the Laurentian period. Since life began on the earth there is no reason for supposing that the bottoms of the stupendous abysses which hold the waters of the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Indian oceans have ever been raised up so as to become dry land. Once geologists thought otherwise, and land was turned into sea and sea into land, by facile theorizers, as often as it was supposed to be necessary to account for the distribution of certain lizards or squirrels, or for changes in climate, such as have left marks behind in many parts of the earth. The greatest physical geologists now living, however, — such as Mr. Croll and the brothers Geikie, — are convinced that there has been no considerable change in the positions of the great oceans from the very beginning; and this view is ably sustained by Mr. Wallace — who is probably the highest living authority on the distribution of plants and animals — in his profound and fascinating treatise on *Island Life*, lately published.

Though the general relative positions of deep sea and continent have not

altered, however, there have been frequent and striking changes in the superficial contour of land and sea. Every continent has been several times wholly or in part submerged, while shallow portions of what is now sea-bottom have been thrust up high and dry; and in this way the climate and the mutual relations of floras and faunas have been variously and vastly affected. Thus, during the Silurian period, the dry land of Europe lay mostly in the north, over Finland, Scandinavia, and the German Ocean, covering also the British Islands, and stretching more than two hundred miles out into the Atlantic. The central and southern parts of Europe were then covered by a shallow sea, with islands on the sites of Bavaria and Bohemia. The duration of this state of things may be dimly imagined when we consider the enormous quantity of sediment worn off from this northern continent, and now constituting the Silurian rocks of Europe. If all this sediment were to be arranged in a longitudinal pile, according to Prof. Archibald Geikie, it would make a mountain ridge 1800 miles long, 33 miles wide, and somewhat higher than Mont Blanc. At the close of this long period ridges of land had begun to appear on the sites of Spain and Switzerland. By the Carboniferous period the central parts of Europe had risen so as to form an archipelago of low islands, surrounded by lagoons and salt marshes, covered with dense jungles of ferns and club-mosses. On the islets grew thick forests of pine, and as repeated epochs of submergence brought all this teeming vegetation under water, it became covered with detritus of mud and sand from the northern highlands, and in this way was preserved to form the coal-beds of Europe. By the Triassic period we find the general elevation of Europe increased, so that instead of an archipelago lying amid lagoons we have a continent thickly dotted over with salt lakes; but in the next or Jurassic period the whole

centre of the continent was laid under water again. The extent and shape of the European sea of the Cretaceous period are indicated by the extent of the chalk which was formed on its floor, and of which Professor Huxley has given such a graphic account in his lecture *On a Piece of Chalk*.¹ The greater part of Europe might then have been called a "Mediterranean Sea," extending from England far into central Asia. The western highlands of Scotland remained above water, but Bohemia, Switzerland, Spain, and the Caucasus seem to have been submerged, or reduced to islands. Still further submergence occurred during the Eocene period, and this in turn was followed by a long series of elevations, resulting in something like the configuration of Europe as we know it. Late in the Eocene period the Pyrenees, Apennines, Alps, Carpathians, and Caucasus had risen to their present or even to higher altitudes. While an inland sea flowed over the Netherlands and Normandy, the rest of Gaul was dry land, and at its northwestern extremity was joined to Britain. The British Islands, in turn, were joined to each other and to Scandinavia and Spitzbergen, as also to Iceland and Greenland. If Columbus had lived in those days, he could thus have walked on solid land all the way from Spain to the New World.

Two immediate consequences of this great upraising of land made the Eocene period an era of singular interest in the history of the European continent. The first was the invasion of Europe by placental mammals, which speedily supplanted the lower forms that had preceded them. The second was the immigration of deciduous trees from the polar regions. Before the Cretaceous period no such trees had been known in any part of the earth, and it is the opinion of Count Saporta that the habit of dropping the leaves was evolved in adapta-

¹ Huxley, *Lay Sermons*, pp. 192-222.

tion to the extreme differences between summer and winter temperatures which characterized the polar regions. However that may be, it is certain that during the Eocene and Miocene periods deciduous trees and shrubs advanced from Greenland and Spitzbergen into Europe, and rapidly covered the face of the country, evolving gradually a great diversity of forms. By the middle Eocene, along with cypresses, pines and yews, fan-palms and pandanus and cactus of giant size, the oak and the elm, the maple, willow, beech, and chestnut, as well as the gum and bread-fruit trees, flourished in Britain. The climate of western and central Europe was tropical, as is shown both by the abundance of palms and by the presence of crocodiles and alligators in large numbers, while the mollusks were such as are now found only in tropical waters.

But the most interesting feature of Eocene Europe was the peculiar character of its mammalian fauna. At first we find marsupials, and carnivora with marsupial affinities, showing that the order of carnivora was then only beginning to be evolved. Afterward came such creatures as the *anchitherium*, the ancestor of the horse, in general aspect somewhere between a Shetland pony and a pig, and with three separate hoofs on each foot. There were also the *anoplotheria*, or common ancestral forms of antelopes and deer, as yet without horns or antlers. The highest order of mammals, the Primates, — including man, ape, and lemur, — was then represented by the *adapis* of the Paris basin, the *necrolemur* of southern France, and the *cænopithecus* of Switzerland. Now none of these Eocene primates answered to any living genus of lemur, though the lemurs are the least specialized of primates now existing; but all these Eocene primates showed signs of relationship, in one way or another, to the hoofed quadrupeds living at that time, which, as we must not forget, were only on

the way toward becoming hoofed quadrupeds such as we know. Cousinship, however remote, between such extremely specialized creatures as the horse and his rider seems odd to think of; yet the lemuroids of the Eocene furnish the link. And it is interesting to remember that, owing to the closeness of relationship, the lemuroid *adapis* was actually mistaken by Cuvier for an *anoplotherium*, or primitive antelope-deer. Of all anatomical contrasts, what can be greater than the contrast between a solid hoof and the flexible five-fingered hand of a Rubinstein? Yet the Eocene great-uncle of our modern pianists could be mistaken for his contemporary great-uncle or great grandfather of our hoofed quadrupeds! And this instance is but one fair sample out of many of the changes which the last five or six or eight million years have wrought. Speaking generally, it may be said that in the Eocene age there were carnivora, and there were ungulata, and there were primates; but these orders were not so clearly distinguished from each other as they are to-day, and they were not so clearly distinguished from other orders, such as the rodents and insectivora, while in many cases they had not ceased to bear the marks of their marsupial ancestry. Or, to put the case in another way, in the Eocene period you have an instance of hoofed quadruped, but you don't find an instance of any such special form as horse or deer or camel; you find carnivora, but you don't find a clear instance of *felis* or *canis* or *ursus*, — not even of *hyæna*, an earlier type than either of the others; and you find primates, but among these there is nothing yet so clearly distinguished as a monkey. In short, the present *species* or *genera* of mammals had not come into existence in the Eocene period, but only the present *orders* and some of the present *families*; and even the orders were not clearly distinct from one another, as they are at present; but they

were closely interlocked, very much as species are at present. In other words, the whole class of mammals in the Eocene age was far less highly specialized than it is at the present time.

From these premises Mr. Boyd Dawkins argues, with convincing force, that man could not possibly have existed in Europe, and probably nowhere on the earth, during the Eocene period. At a time when the order of ungulates had not clearly developed the distinction between camels and pigs and horses, and when the order of primates was only just beginning to be distinguished from other orders, so that Cuvier could even mistake a primate for an ungulate, — at such a time was it at all likely that man, the most highly specialized of all primates, or of all animals, could have existed? Obviously, he could not have existed at such a time. The supposition is absurd on the face of it. As Mr. Boyd Dawkins says, “to seek for highly specialized man in a fauna where no living genus of placental mammal was present would be an idle and hopeless quest.”

Coming to the Miocene age, we find traces of extensive submergences of parts of the European continent, followed by reëlevations. Considerable portions of Gaul and Italy were laid under water, and at one time the whole basin of the Danube was covered by a sea which connected with the Mediterranean near Berne, thus reducing Switzerland and Italy to an archipelago. The Alps, however, seem to have maintained a relative height as great as that of to-day, in comparison with the lands about them. The elevated position which Britain had occupied in the Eocene age seems to have been kept up during the Miocene. The whole of Britain and Ireland, with the English and Irish channels, the German Ocean, and the Atlantic ridge between Scotland and Greenland, stood at an average of nearly 3000 feet higher than they do to-day, so that

the whole region remained dry land, and Gaul was still joined in this way to Scandinavia and North America. Above this high level the Scottish Highlands and the Welsh peaks rose to a height of some 7000 feet, having since been worn down to half that height by rain and ice. Many of these great mountains, thus standing nearly as high above sea-level as the Alps, were active volcanoes; and this chain of volcanoes, of which Hecla is now the most famous remnant, extended across the Atlantic ridge, all the way from Wales to Greenland, which was then covered with a luxuriant vegetation of oaks and chestnuts, vines and magnolias. In the earlier part of the Miocene age the general climate of Europe resembled that of Algiers or Louisiana at the present day, but at the close of the period it had become somewhat cooler, though still subtropical. Gigantic conifers, like the famous trees of California, 400 feet in height and 25 or more in thickness, flourished all over Europe, from Italy to Norway. Along with these there were cycads, fan-palms, palmettos, figs, laurels and myrtles, poplars, oaks, lindens and maples, acacias and elms, camphors and cinnamons and sandalwood; while ivies and bignonias grew in great luxuriance. Cranes, flamingos, and pelicans were common, as also geese, herons, pheasants, parquets, and eagles. But the mammals, in this as in the preceding epoch, present the most instructive subject of study. Opossums were still present, but had vanished before the middle of the period; and a few existing genera of placental mammals had come upon the scene. There were tapirs and small rhinoceroses, as well as squirrels, moles, and hedgehogs, and carnivores similar to the weasels and civets. Collateral ancestors of the deer and antelope roamed about in large herds, and by the middle of the period had begun to acquire small horns and antlers. In mid-Miocene times the anchitheres disappeared, and

were succeeded by the hipparion, much nearer in structure to the horse. The mastodon came in about the same time, and with him another elephant-like creature, the deinotherium, who lived in the water like a hippopotamus. Carnivores of the cat family reached their highest point of development as regards size and power in the middle and upper Miocene: the machairodus, or sabre-toothed lion, was much larger and more formidable than any lion or tiger now existing. The same period witnessed the arrival in Europe of true apes and baboons, and even of two species of anthropoid ape, allied to the gibbons, one of which, the dryopithecus, was as large as a man, and has been regarded as in some respects superior to any modern anthropoid ape.

Mr. Boyd Dawkins — to whose admirable treatise on Early Man in Britain the present article is under great obligations — argues forcibly against the probability that man occupied Europe during any part of the Miocene period. All the species of Miocene land mammals, and several of the genera, are now extinct; and Mr. Dawkins urges that if man existed at that remote period it is incredible that he alone should have subsisted unchanged amid the destruction or metamorphosis of all other species. But it seems to me that Mr. Dawkins partly answers this argument himself when he observes that, "were any man-like animal living in the Miocene age, he might reasonably be expected to be not man, but intermediate between man and something else, and to bear the same relation to ourselves as the Miocene apes, such as the mesopithecus, bear to those now living, such as the semnopithecus." Why may not such a semi-human man have existed in the Miocene age, the race having undergone since then changes parallel to those which have affected the apes, or to those which have affected generally such Miocene genera as have survived down to

our times? No remains of any such creature have been found, but it is indisputable that artificially chipped flints and the artificially cut rib of an extinct species of manatee have been discovered in mid-Miocene strata in France. Mr. Dawkins is inclined to adopt M. Gaudry's suggestion that the flints may have been chipped and the rib cut by the great man-like ape, the dryopithecus; for although it is not known that any existing apes are in the habit of chipping flints or cutting bones, yet it is not impossible that the dryopithecus may have somewhat surpassed the present apes in intelligence. On the other hand, M. de Mortillet regards these relics as conclusive proof of the existence of man in mid-Miocene Gaul. The question can hardly be decided at present; but it does not seem to me that Mr. Dawkins's line of argument, which is so conclusive when applied to the Eocene age, is equally conclusive when applied to the Miocene. At an epoch when there were no true apes as yet to be found, when even the lemurs bore marks of kinship with the ancestors of ruminants and pachyderms, and when the carnivorous type was but half developed, it would clearly be idle to expect to find traces of man. But at an epoch when many modern genera had come into existence in all the principal orders, and when in particular there existed an ape as high, or higher, in organization than the modern chimpanzee or gorilla, I can see no such overwhelming improbability of the existence of man himself. No doubt, however, if the remains of Miocene man are ever to be found, they will disclose a type of humanity quite different from, and very likely much lower than, any that we now know. It is not at all improbable that such remains will by and by be discovered in some part of the earth, if not in Europe. By the time the strata of Africa have been explored with anything like the minuteness with which those of France and

England have been examined, we shall be very likely to meet with clear indications of the former presence of half-human man, and it will not be strange if such indications lead us far back into the Miocene epoch.

In the Pliocene period the geographical structure of Europe began to be much more like what it is to-day. Hitherto, during the greater part of the Tertiary epoch, large portions of Russia and Siberia had been submerged, so that the continent of Asia did not extend nearly so far north as at present. A belt of sea appears to have stretched from the eastern Baltic across to the Persian Gulf, including the areas of the Black and Caspian seas; and another wide channel seems to have run west of the Ural Mountains, connecting the Caspian area with the Arctic Ocean, so that the warm waters of the Indian Ocean found a free passage to the very shores of Finland and Scandinavia. According to Prof. Archibald Geikie, these shallow seas disappeared early in Pliocene times, leaving the Aral, Caspian, and Black seas in something like their present isolation. While eastern Europe thus began to acquire its present contour, equally remarkable changes occurred at the same time in the west. The Atlantic ridge between Britain and Greenland was submerged, thus separating Europe from America, and the connections of Norway with Spitzbergen on the one hand and Scotland on the other were also severed by the encroachments of the North Sea. But the British Islands were still joined to each other and to the Gaulish mainland; the whole of Britain jutting out from the continent as a great triangular peninsula, with the Shetlands in its apex. The volcanoes of northwest Britain gradually lost their fires during the Pliocene age. Icebergs appeared in the North Sea, and the general climate of Europe, though still milder than to-day, was much colder than it had been during the Eocene

and Miocene epochs. The vegetation began to lose its subtropical aspect. Bamboos, evergreen oaks, and magnolias still mingled with maples, willows, and poplars in the latitude of Lyons, but the cinnamon-trees and palms became restricted to Italy. Among mammalia, the first species that has continued to live down to the present time, namely, the African hippopotamus, appears in the upper Pliocene strata of Auvergne. The earliest true elephant, though of a species now extinct, appears at about the same time; and contemporary with him were two species of mastodon, of enormous size, a rhinoceros, a tapir, two or more bears, the giant sabre-toothed lion, an ancestor of the panthers and lynxes, and two kinds of hyæna. There were many species of deer, with antlers, but for the most part unlike modern deer. The ox appears first in the upper Pliocene, but without horns. There were also wolves, and swine, and two kinds of ape. The hipparion still lived, but was becoming scarce, and along with him existed a horse, less specialized in teeth and feet than the modern horse.

Now from the fact that of these Pliocene mammals every one has long since become extinct except the hippopotamus, Mr. Dawkins again proceeds to argue that it is not likely that man inhabited Europe at that period. The alleged instances, three in number, of the occurrence of human remains in Pliocene strata of France and Italy he pronounces unsatisfactory; and he does not even mention the brilliant investigations of the Geological Survey of Portugal, which have brought to light flint implements, of undoubted human workmanship, in great abundance in the Pliocene strata of that country, buried under 1200 feet of superincumbent rock. These discoveries, set forth by M. Ribeiro in 1871, are cited by Professor Whitney as furnishing conclusive evidence of the presence of man in Portugal during the Pliocene period. In his admirable mem-

oir on The Auriferous Gravels of the Sierra Nevada, Professor Whitney has collected a great amount of evidence which seems to prove that man existed in California at an equally remote date. Now it is perfectly clear that the human race must have been in existence for a very long time before it could have become so widely dispersed over the earth as to occupy countries so distant from each other as California and Portugal. For the first appearance of man on the earth we must, therefore, go far back in the Pliocene period at any rate; and if we are to find traces of the "missing link," or primordial stock of primates from which man has been derived, we must undoubtedly look for it in the Miocene.

Of the three stages of the Tertiary period here passed in review, we have seen that the Eocene was characterized by the entire absence of genera and species of mammals identical with those now living; in the Miocene there were genera, but no species, identical with those now living; in the Pliocene there was at least one species in Europe that has survived to the present day. When we come to the Pleistocene age, we find a majority of the species identical with such as still exist. But in regard to this Pleistocene fauna there are some curious circumstances, which show that the climate of Europe had begun to be subject to vicissitudes such as it had not known in the earlier Tertiary epochs. Among the Pleistocene mammals of Europe we find such as are characteristic of warm climates, — as the lion, leopard, hyæna, elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus; and along with these we find such as characterize sub-arctic climates, — as the musk-sheep, reindeer, glutton, arctic fox, ibex, and chamois; and yet again we find such denizens of the temperate zone as the bison, horse, deer, wild boar, brown and grizzly bears, wolf, and rabbit, to which may be added the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros. Now,

as Mr. James Geikie has ably shown, this singular juxtaposition of northern, southern, and temperate forms points directly to great vicissitudes of climate. It is quite clear that when the reindeer came down as far as southern France, the climate must have been very different from what it was when the hippopotamus bathed in the Thames. We know otherwise, from purely geologic evidence, that the Pleistocene climate was very extraordinary. Hitherto, during the Tertiary period, the temperature of Europe seems to have been steadily but slowly decreasing, from the Eocene epoch, when it was subtropical, to the end of the Pliocene, when it was temperate, though warmer than at present. But in the Pleistocene epoch there were at least four or five, and probably several more, extreme changes from a warm to a cold climate, and back again. This period, or the greater part of it, has been known as the "Glacial Epoch" or the "Great Ice Age;" but recent researches have shown that over Britain and central Europe there were several glacial epochs, alternating with warm interglacial periods of long duration. When the cold was at its maximum, the whole area of Finland, Scandinavia, and Scotland, with the North and Baltic seas, was buried under a stupendous sheet of ice, varying from 1000 to 2000 feet in thickness; and this ice-sheet sent off glaciers as far east as Moscow and as far south as Dresden, while the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the mountains of Auvergne became centres of glaciation, inferior, indeed, to the great northern ice-sheet, but still immense in extent. While the climate of Pleistocene Europe thus came to be similar to that of modern Greenland, parallel phenomena were occurring all over the northern hemisphere. The continent of North America was deeply swathed in ice as far south as the latitude of Philadelphia, while glaciers descended into North Carolina. The valleys of the Rocky

Mountains supported enormous glaciers, and the same was the case in Asia with the Himalayas. It was during these recurrent periods of arctic cold that the reindeer and musk-sheep found their way to the south of France, while over land-bridges at Gibraltar and Malta the leopard and elephant retreated to Africa. In the intervals between these glacial periods, when the climate became milder than it is at the present day, the arctic mammals traveled northward again, while the lion returned to chase the bison and elk in the forests of Yorkshire.

As the result of these prolonged and repeated climatic vicissitudes, and of the complicated migrations entailed by them, many of the Pliocene mammals still living in Europe at that time have become extinct,—such as the gigantic beaver, the cave-bear, the sabre-toothed lion, five species of deer, three species of elephant, and two of rhinoceros. One race of men—known as the “men of the river drift”—had taken up their abode in Europe when these great changes were beginning, and struggled with the extremes of climate like their enemies, the bears and hyænas. The discovery of flint knives has abundantly

proved that man was living near the site of London before the big-nosed rhinoceros had become extinct, and before the arrival of the musk-sheep and the marmot in the valley of the Thames heralded the slow approach of the northern ice-sheet. But the fact that human remains of a date even more remote than this have also been found in Portugal and California shows, as I have said already, that man was then no new-comer upon the face of the earth, but must certainly have been in existence for many thousands of years, though as yet we are unable to assign either his primeval habitat or the precise epoch of his first appearance.

This “man of the river-drift” seems to have become extinct during the Pleistocene period, like the great mammalia above mentioned; and his place was supplied by a hardier race from the north,—the so-called “cave-men,” of whom the modern Eskimos have been thought to be a surviving remnant. Of the Arrival of Man in Europe, and of the probable antiquity of this era of recurrent ice-sheets, at the beginning of which he made his appearance in Gaul and Britain, I shall have something to say in another paper.

John Fiske.

AN ECHO OF PASSION.

IX.

It was September now, and for two nights some invisible incendiary had been at work applying the torch of autumn to a tree or a bough, here and there. In the fresh, dewy haze of morning, the glowing foliage lit the village street and the long post-road and the green-cloaked stretches of the country on either hand with spots and spires of magical color.

When the stage drove up to the hotel, with Mrs. Eulow balanced in a desirable place on the top, there were, fortunately, not many of the remaining boarders at hand to notice that Fenn was going with her. Ethel was there, nevertheless, herself soft as September, in her leaf-tinted *crépisse*; rosy, calm, and sweet. She bade them good-by with many good wishes, and then they drove off through the lovely and inspiring landscape. The drive to the rail-

road was long, but it swept them through many rich contrasts of scene, and they did not tire of it. Both were singularly buoyant. There was a stimulus of romance within them which was as exhilarating as the drive. Fenn took a peculiar and, as he thought, innocent pleasure in the idle fancy that he might be running away with this beautiful woman seated beside him. His secret impulse of yesterday, to escape with her into some distant recess of the mountains, had frightened him; but that did not assail him at present; and as long as he was not really running away with her, what harm could it do for him to pretend to himself that he was? It was the essence of this new kind of love which he had invented to indulge such bright hallucinations. He flattered himself that he had plucked the most delicate flower of history, in learning to cherish a passion without any of that fatal turmoil which, in the earlier evolution of love, caused so many clashing and tragical incidents. If Paris had been content with coming to the court of Menelaus and falling in love with Helen, he might have even declared his position; that at least would have been a satisfaction to both her and himself; but if he had stopped at that point no ten years' tragedy of the Trojan war would have trailed its length of disaster through the annals of the time. A few excursions with Helen into the country, if imaginatively treated, might have sufficed, and many lives would have been spared.

I don't mean to say that Fenn drew this contrast quite so lightly; but he felt the analogy that Anice was his Helen, and that he could enjoy the excitement of carrying her off without assuming the wrong.

When at last they were snugly bestowed in the train, absorbed in each other and talking in low tones, other persons in the car, he was conscious, might take them for lovers.

This fanciful recreation, however, had a curious effect. When they arrived in Boston, and he had put her into a carriage to go to her friend's, and was walking away by himself, he found that under this thin mask of imaginary elopement his brain had automatically prepared a complete plan for flight with Anice, which now presented itself in all its details.

From that moment he was engaged in a fierce struggle with himself against the desire to propose it to her. He had promised to come and see her at the house where she was staying, and there the opportunity for broaching his treacherous scheme was offered so exactly in the nick of time that he almost yielded to the temptation. He had also to go about the city a little with Anice and her friend, the next day. It forced itself upon him continually. They were already out of the reach of observation; there need be none of the struggle and horror of breaking away clandestinely from the spot where his wife was. Why should they not make use of the fact? Their destiny or doom — whichever it might be called — was seemingly fixed; sooner or later they must be united in some way, no matter what destruction might come of it. He saw that *his* passion, at least, was no longer a plaything; it had become an overmastering reality.

On the third day, which was to be that of their return, Anice's friend had left town. The widow had gone to a hotel. Fenn went there to meet her, and found her in a small parlor. They had some little time to wait before starting for their train. He was under a fatalistic impression that he would not leave the room until she had either accepted his declaration and agreed to go away with him, or else thrown him aside altogether. He had thought of Ethel; he would arrange so that she should be cared for. He must stake all upon this issue.

He walked about nervously, speaking in short sentences and with great constraint. At last he said, with a sort of violence, "I wish you were never going back to Tanford!"

"What can you mean?" asked Anice. But she knew. She trembled with the knowledge.

Watching her fixedly, he observed this. "Anice," he said, "give me your hand a moment."

"You forget, Mr. Fenn! I am Mrs. Eulow." Her tone was firm, but it was hardly severe enough.

"Yes, that is what I forget," he cried, vehemently. "And I wish to forget it! To me you are Anice only, — the woman whose voice haunted me and drew me on, years ago, when I ought to have obeyed its spell, and put my life under its command. Do not call me back to the present; let me go on living in that time."

The widow's self-control was shaken. Either from mercy or some other sentiment, she could not strike him then with the cold steel of duty. "You must not speak to me of that," she said, with a hurrying accent of grief. "Oh, why, why do you do it?"

"Did you not tell me, yourself, that you would rather think of our friendship of those days than of what has happened since?" he returned passionately. "I needed no urging. I have thought of it too much for my peace, and I cannot conceal any longer — I" — His voice became constricted. He walked the room as if caged, clutching his hands together and tearing them apart roughly. Then he stopped near her again, and bent over her with such a gaze as if, half-blinded by the whirl of his emotions, he could not see her at all unless he fairly pierced her with his eyes. "Anice," he said, "the fruition of your life is not yet come: you did not love Eulow as you might have" —

"Oh, I will not hear it!" she burst forth, tumultuously. She struggled from

her place, but as she rose he caught her hand. For a second or two it seemed to relax and yield itself to his, as a bird tired of flight might have done; but she drew it away, and crossed the floor.

"If I said anything to you about the error of my marriage, it was a trust which you must not violate." She stood there near the embrasure of a window, panting, with mingled tears and lightnings in her eyes. He, too, stood motionless, but with a heaving breast. "Do you know what you are doing or saying?" she went on. "Is this the ideal adoration you planned? You are ruining it all."

"That is not enough," he answered, in a tone growing clear and level from the intensity of his purpose. "It was beautiful, but it must give way to something greater. It was only the mould" —

"What would you have?" she demanded, as if disdaining to allow any further vagueness or debate.

It seemed to Fenn as if she were within his grasp.

The stream of human passion is poured out from unseen sources like a living fire, but hardens on the top in a thin lava surface, upon which we walk in all the security of convention. It needs only a narrow seam to let the burning reality jet upward and melt away the crust we are treading. A few words had placed these two on a totally altered footing.

"I would have a new future," said Fenn, advancing. "What if my life, too, has not reached its true fruition? The world is wide. Development is the supreme law."

But as he drew nearer to her, she looked so unprotected, it seemed so ruthless to have struck aside all the defenses of her integrity, which till then he had respected, that a sudden sense of shame assailed him. He remembered that she had come here under his escort, and he knew that he was doing his manhood wrong in taking advantage of the fact.

Yet he would probably have persisted, had it been left to him.

On her part, she saw this strong man swayed by her, — the man she had most admired of any she had known. Though the final word had not been uttered, he might be hers by the slightest motion, — the dropping of her eyelids, the touch of a hand, — or by mere silence and passivity.

She lifted her hands to her face, to shut away the sight. "Leave me; do not speak again," she groaned, with an effort that might have betrayed to a calmer listener that she was doing violence to her inclination, — "or I shall hate you!"

Fenn recoiled. The words struck a blow that riveted the shame which had already partially fettered him. There was in them the mortification attaching to a positive rejection of all that he had meant to say; for he had actually said enough for her to understand him. In her capacity of conscience to him — the only conscience that still controlled him — she had the power thus to let in upon him a rush of humiliation at his error and remembrance of his faithlessness to Ethel; and most deeply of all he suffered from the disgrace of having risked too much with her.

She turned aside, and looked blindly out of the window; and he remained silent and stricken where he was. The minutes passed by and fell away like drops distilled from a silent and wasting grief. In a changed voice he asked, at length, "Do you despise me?"

Facing him again slowly, she surveyed him for an instant. "I cannot, — I cannot," she murmured in a tremulous tone. Then, recovering her resolution, she added, "But we must not see each other again."

Fenn bent his head, without knowing what a pang it gave her to see him do so. But, with a rallying hope, he raised his face presently. "You will not do that?" he pleaded. "It cannot be!"

he continued, gathering determination. "Think once more, if I merit anything so doubly bitter. Don't decide it, now, for I must submit to whatever you compel; but consent to think, and decide after you get to Tanford."

"We must go there together, of course," she said, with the languor that follows a forced act of duty. "And then" — She shielded her face again by looking out of the window; but decision had vanished from her attitude, and her sad white hands looked as they had done in the first meeting at Tanford.

He left her, and returned in half an hour, everything being ready for departure.

He was careful to ride in the hotel coach, while she went to the station in a carriage in which he had placed her. He did not engage a chair for himself in the drawing-room car with her, but took a seat in another part of the train, from which he came only at intervals to ask if there were anything he could do for her.

The drive from Athol back to the heights where Tanford lay was different enough from that which they had taken over the same route in coming. Then, all had been fresh and alluring, and the lucid morning had lent its spell of youthful grace to his fancies; but now the horses toiled for the most part up dusty steepes, and the weary heat of afternoon that beat upon the top of the stage burned the reality of his disgrace and weakness into Fenn's brain, with unrelenting force. Yet he strove to maintain an air of simple friendliness with Anice, and when she spoke to him it was with a perceptible gentleness: he could see in her eyes that she was sorry for him, and had appreciated his attempt to make his presence unobtrusive during their return.

Meanwhile, after Mrs. Dadmun's friends had discovered Fenn's departure, and the chief of the corps herself had explained Mrs. Eulow's absence (which

Ethel had not made known) by a timely call at the farm, there was a commotion among the Institute ladies. The matter was so much discussed, and had come to be talked of so openly, that Sharon Reeves, who by virtue of his cloth had been taken into confidence, resolved to counsel Fenn so soon as he could find an opportunity.

Ethel greeted her husband with a half-childish burst of joy. "Oh, I am so glad!" she cried, with sparkling eyes. "I was terribly nervous while you were away: I never felt so before. It seemed to me I could n't bear it, and this morning such a strange thing happened! I was reading in our room here, and something made me look up all at once, and for a minute I thought you were standing at the door, and saying good-by to me. You looked so pale!" Fenn turned his head half away; there was a stifling sensation in his throat. "You don't look well even now, Ben. You seem sad."

"I am tired," he said, kindly, feeling a weight like iron on his forehead. "But I shall soon be all right. It is you who need caring for, if you have begun seeing visions."

"No. All I need is you," said Ethel, with a kind of timid longing.

He pressed her to him; but, alas, he felt that the virtue had gone out of him. He knew that he loved her; he pitied her more than he did himself; but the warmth and tenderness that had once been so abundant within him seemed to have dwindled away into obscure crevices of his being, like water-courses dried by the sun.

X.

The next day he spent entirely with Ethel. Every moment he exerted himself to please her; he rode with her in the afternoon, and the flush of a returning happiness stole into her face. But he scarcely noticed it; the ride had

been tame and spiritless, compared with those in which Anice had been his companion; there was a hot restlessness in his heart. He was continually wondering what Mrs. Eulow's decision would be.

In the morning he found a note from her in the post-office, — the best way of getting it to him unnoticed. He went out to the old arbor from which he could see her roof, and opened the envelope there. There fell out of the note within two thin disks from the pod of the *lunaria*, or satin-flower, cultivated in old country-gardens. Wondering what it meant, he glanced at the letter, which contained but a few words. They were these: —

DEAR MR. FENN, — Bring your wife to see me soon. I have thought once more, as you asked me to, and am willing to believe that I was hasty. I shall put into this note something which I found in the garden to-day, which bears a meaning worth remembering. They are the last fragments left of a flower that blooms in early summer. You have seen others like them, in vases. When the bloom is gone and all the rest of the pod has fallen away this remains; and the old-fashioned name is Honesty, — Common Honesty. Sincerely,

ANICE EULOW.

Fenn let his hand fall, with the note in it, and gazed straight before him. Then he stooped and picked up the singular lustrous-fibred disks. His first thought was that no other woman could have met the emergency in so delicate yet trenchant a way; and his admiration for her was even heightened. For an instant following, the rebuke of the symbol she had sent cut him. But after that, he began to be elated.

Reduced to plain terms, were not the decision and the note which it prompted in the nature of a victory for him? Was it wholly mercy that dictated them? In

proportion as the supposed certainty that she loved him returned, his misery and remorse grew less. His mind retraced the Boston episode with a new elasticity, and he was not long in proving to his satisfaction that he had been exposed to a great temptation, and had come out of it unscathed; for, as a matter of fact, it had been the knowledge that Anice was for the time under his protection that restrained him, and not anything which she had said or done. Hence, it was clear that he had shown self-command: he could trust himself, and all could go on safely, as he had conceived that it might.

So when the Rev. Sharon Reeves met him, on his reëntering the hotel, and proposed a little secular expedition in search of fish, he accepted the idea with a good-humored contempt for it. Mr. Reeves seldom caught fish, and he scorned to buy them; but Fenn might go and catch them for him. It was agreeable, also, to test his power of staying away from Anice for a while.

Ethel was glad to have him go. "Are you going to try the brook in Tom's Swamp?" she asked.

"Yes; but it's no use going after trout till afternoon, and, besides, we can only get small ones at this season."

"That's just the thing for Mr. Reeves," she laughed. "He's so small himself that he can't manage a very big fish, I should say: at least, they seem to think so, and don't even give him the chance of trying."

They went, without waiting for afternoon; but when they had come to the neighborhood of the favorable pools and bends in the brook, Fenn repeated to the clergyman what he had said to Ethel about the season.

"Dear me," cried Reeves, "I never thought of that! I believe we have no right to take them now." He pulled from an inner pocket a narrow pamphlet containing the fish and game laws. "It's so," he remarked, after scanning

the pages. "It would be against the law. We ought to have gone over to the mill for 'horn-paout,' as they call them here."

"A cast or two won't matter," answered Fenn; "and now that we have come so far, I must get something out of it." He approached the stream cautiously, and tossed his hook into a promising place.

The young clergyman looked on sadly. "It is a part of his inborn lawlessness," he said to himself, contemplating this breach of a legislative enactment.

Fenn found nothing in the spot where he had made his first cast, and as he drew away from the bank, in order to cut across and work noiselessly up to another bend, "I," said Reeves, "sha'n't fish."

"I dare say it is n't worth the trouble," Fenn agreed, halting.

"How long are you going to keep at it, then?" asked his companion, with a degree of solemnity.

"Oh, I don't know. If I once taste blood, I shall follow the thing up all day, very likely."

"But it's against the law," reiterated the clerical sportsman, in a tone of rebuke.

"I know it, my dear fellow; but no one obeys that law until a little later. The inertia of freedom to fish can't be overcome at once, and I believe even the local fish commissioners allow themselves some latitude."

Reeves grounded his rod with an air of resolution. "Mr. Fenn," said he, "I have something I ought to say to you, and I think it might as well be said now."

"It seems from your manner," remarked the other, casually, "to be disagreeable. Is it?"

"Not necessarily, — that is, not altogether. To begin with, you must remember the obligations of my calling; and, in the second place, that I'm trying to do you a service."

"Well, I'm ready. Go ahead."

"There has been a great deal of unpleasant gossip about you at the hotel, for some time past," began Reeves, steadily.

"And do you think you will do me a service by repeating it?" Fenn inquired, not very well pleased. "Let me tell you in advance that I think that idea is one of the two or three radical errors by which the human race has been so infernally warped out of happiness; and that I don't care to hear a word of your gossip."

"It is n't mine," said the little man, gallantly sticking to his point. "It's a great deal more yours, because your conduct has been sufficient cause for it."

"Hullo!" cried Fenn, angrily; "you wish to do me a service, and yet you have condemned me in advance, eh?"

Mr. Sharon Reeves set his face sternly against the offender. "Yes," he retorted, "I do condemn" —

"That is reason enough for refusing to hear you," interrupted the chemist. "But even on general grounds I wish you to understand that I won't listen to a word of this tittle-tattle, whatever it is."

"I condemn the conduct of a man who exposes himself and his wife," Reeves proceeded, without heeding him, — "exposes himself and his wife to injurious criticism, by paying such extraordinary attentions to another lady as you have been doing to Mrs. Eulow."

By this time, Fenn was furious. "Mrs. Eulow," said he, "is an old friend of mine, whom it is presumption in you to mention in such a way. As to Mrs. Fenn and myself, we attend to our own affairs. You, sir, are an entire stranger; but as you invited me to come fishing, and have decided to give that up, I will now say good-morning."

Whereupon he strode off towards the stream, entirely forgetting the usual elaborate approaches of a trout-fisher.

Reeves stared after him for a mo-

ment, in honest distress; but, seeing that it was useless to go further, and reflecting that he had at least forced one point of his discourse upon him, he decided to retrace his steps, and go over to his favorite saw-mill.

"It was an outrage," the chemist said to himself, when he turned his back. And as he trudged along mechanically through the alder-brake, now plunging into a wet hole among the tall grass and sinking over his shoes, now forcing his way through a barrier of twigs with his pole at a "carry," he muttered angrily, "Little jackanapes!" "Simply because he wears a coat of a particular cut," and similar phrases. The fact that his relations with Anice Eulow had been made the theme of impertinent comment was new to him; for a full comprehension of what people are saying about us — thanks to the pleasant padding of self-esteem with which nature provides the humblest of us — is the most difficult thing for us to grasp in daily life, always. When he had gone some distance and had recovered the true fishing instinct, this fact began to thrust itself upon him more distinctly. It increased his indignation. Now that he was cooler, he was willing to admit that, although the Reverend Sharon had displayed a fatal want of tact, he had shown a praiseworthy conception of duty; and he was even willing to respect him, which he had never done till then. But the meddling attempt of idle people at the hotel to take charge of his welfare and his wife's galled him intolerably. He had but just got rid of the humiliation which had hung about him on the way back from Boston, and to have to contemplate this outside criticism revived it. He became defiant. He did not care what happened. Being convinced of his strength, he resolved that he would show it, expressly to discomfit the scandal-mongers to whom Reeves had alluded.

Two or three young trout took his

bait, but he threw them back into the water. Midday came, and he went out to the road, where he succeeded in getting some milk and brown bread at one of the lost farm-houses he had so often noticed. The soft gloom of the woods, the wimpling brook, the swaying of grasses, soothed him, and he returned to his sport with new zeal, securing towards evening a respectable string of dark, pink-spotted fish, with which he returned to the Institute in time to have them cooked for supper. He was willing to make amends for his sharpness towards Reeves by sending him some of the fried trout; but the clergyman's strict obedience to constituted authority forced him to decline the offering.

XI.

Little opportunity offered for Fenn to throw out challenges to his gossiping enemies by any new overt act of daring. He took Ethel with him in going to see Anice for the first time since their return, and the widow afterward avoided that free habit of wandering about in pairs which had previously been indulged in. There were driving parties, in which Mr. Evans—who had now got around to the autumnal topics of ensilage and winter feed for cattle—was included; and all the gazings at sunsets and other pastoral amusements of the place were carried on in groups. Kingsmill had not yet gone, and had come to look, by reason of his flannel shirts and the deeper tan on his face, increasingly piratical. Ethel had been scrupulous in letting him see almost nothing of her during the short time that her husband had been away; but Kingsmill was pleased with the changed condition of things, because he perceived that she was much happier as a consequence of it. For some days everything went on peacefully, and without furnishing material for Mrs. Dadmun,

who finally took her leave, with a conviction that she would not be needed for any terrible crisis.

But Fenn was still irritated and defiant; and it must be added that when the old confidence and safety seemed to have been restored to them Ethel became less pensive, less haunted by thoughts of a possible sacrifice, and their usual abrupt collisions of ideas began again.

They went with Mr. Evans and Anice, one Sunday evening, to the Orthodox church. A wave of warmer weather had reached these Massachusetts hills from the central furnace of the west, and the night had more of midsummer than of autumn in it. Fenn sat lazily observing the interior of the meeting-house, with its empty walls, its pews filled with a straggling congregation, among whom were young women of the neighborhood, marked by a singular variation in degrees of style as to costume; and elder people, in all stages of weather-beaten vicissitude; with here and there a hearty farmer in his prime, and a few youths in uneasy black suits. The shuttered windows made dark spaces on the walls, in the dim light of a few oil-lamps; but the sashes being raised, the hot, unquiet chirring of the grass insects could be heard from without. Two long stove-pipes, black and bony, with numerous elbows, made their way on either side from the front wall of the church to the rear one, and suddenly dived into it near the pulpit,—as if the serpent of sin had been making plunges at the minister, and had been effectually trapped by accidentally sticking his fangs into the lath and plaster, beyond hope of withdrawing them. On a table just below the pulpit were a few additional hand-lamps, and a very bent old man with a cane obtained one of them, which he carried back into the central body of the pews, where it irradiated his hymn-book and several ancient faces near his own with a ghastly

shine. The whole scene struck Fenn as unnecessarily dismal; and when the minister had risen and read out the first hymn, there was a long pause, no music being provided. At last the gray-haired preacher appealed from the silence.

"Will some one lead the tune?" he requested.

Another pause, worse than the first, ensued; but, just as Fenn was struggling to repress a desire to laugh, Anice's voice rose, easily and with measured volume, giving the quaint melody. Fenn was annoyed at his own boyish levity, and in a moment followed her with a clear but not very forcible baritone. Ethel joined, too; but from all around them there was heard an odd jangling of inharmonious notes, like the twanging of disordered piano-strings. There were a few good singers, nearly lost in the lagging mass of false tones. The old bent man with the lamp supplied a deep bass, which he exercised with bold originality. He avoided all the needless difficulties of counterpoint by striking at once the note next to the lowest in his register (if he had a register), and remaining steadily poised upon it, except when a whim of genius prompted him to descend for a moment to the note which was absolutely his lowest.

Notwithstanding these choral peculiarities, Fenn was exalted by the song. Anice's voice rose and fell without perturbation from the stumbling efforts of the congregation: it was full of peace, and though she carefully reserved its power it seemed to take the melody to itself involuntarily, gathering up all that was best in the chant from different parts of the room, and incorporating these strains with its own resonance. The bleak and sordid interior no longer obtruded itself on Fenn. The place settled itself into propriety before his eyes, under the influence of Anice's singing.

The preacher came to his sermon.

He was a hard-headed, practical man, accustomed to the exactions of a shrewd farming population, and had a bargaining way of putting things to his hearers. He held his chin slightly forward, and nodded his head in a sharp manner when he made his chief points, as if dickerer. "He evidently thinks," was Fenn's inward commentary, "that if he is to make any of us sharers in the kingdom of heaven it must be done on close trading principles." It will be seen that he was not profoundly moved by the divine; and under the influence of the sermon, the meeting-house rapidly resumed its unbeautiful aspect, and the smell of kerosene from the lamps became painfully noticeable.

Once more that impression was removed, when another hymn was sung. This time the melody bore him away in thought to the church at Little Falls.

It was a strange thing that the voices of these three persons — Ethel, Anice, and Fenn — should be blended in a religious chant. It would have seemed still stranger, had it been known to those who heard them that Fenn was at that moment thinking of the time when he had sat with Anice and her father in another house of prayer, listening to the warm breeze in the horse-chestnuts; that time when he had been strongly moved to place himself at her feet as a lover.

Another echo from that past! It swept over him with conquering sadness and unrest.

XII.

"We shall probably stay until some time in October," said Mr. Evans, as they walked along the street together, after the service. "But as Mr. Fenn says you return to town before many days, I propose to get up some special excursion or picnic, by way of 'closing the season.' What do you say?"

"It's a charming idea!" cried Ethel.

"Do you hear, Ben? It really seems so mournful, giving up this lazy outdoor life, and going back to the driving city."

"What sort of thing had you in mind, father?" asked Mrs. Eulow.

"Well, what do you say to an afternoon tea at Temple Lake?"

There was a reactionary silence. This scheme was not strikingly novel. But Anice suddenly suggested, "And return by moonlight?" which met with prompt approval from Ethel and Fenn.

"The moon rises early now," said the chemist.

"I don't know about the wisdom of that," Mr. Evans rejoined, growing prudent. "I'm afraid you will all catch colds." He was thinking it highly probable that he should catch cold himself.

But the moonshine having once got into the project could not be got out again, and he was compelled to submit.

Arrangements were made the next day, and as the moon would soon have changed its hour of rising, they determined to go that afternoon. The Pincotts, Kingsmill, Miss Ibbit and Miss Hamill, and a number of others were invited, making nearly twenty in all. Mr. Evans had copious hampers prepared, into which most of his remaining champagne was put, and there was much hurly-burly in effecting a distribution of the merry-makers among the several equipages. Kingsmill, Anice, and Fenn found it best that they should ride, but Ethel thought the trip too long for her to take in the saddle.

They started early, and the whole thing passed off successfully. Some of the young men entered into an impromptu boat-race on the lake; then Pincott hastily organized a dramatic troupe, and gave a small charade entertainment under the trees, with costumes improvised from variegated wraps, and a curtain of thick-leaved boughs held up by his two boys between the trunks of two trees. And lastly they sat down by

the lake-beach, lit some small fires on the sand, and sang in chorus, while the moon rose and gradually wrought a mysterious change on them and everything around them; so that it might have been imagined they were not the same people who had come from the Institute, but had imperceptibly altered into a more romantic sort, existing in a world of dusk-dimmed silver.

"I think we may as well start on," said Fenn to Anice, when they were all getting ready to go back. The carriages were being packed, and this process was tedious to the equestrians, whose horses were restive.

"Very well. Where is Mr. Kingsmill?"

"Here I am," said the heir, trotting up from behind the carriages. "Some of them are going back by the other road,—around by the old tannery, you know. Would n't that be better?"

"It is much farther," objected Anice.

"Well, I must leave you, then. I promised them." Kingsmill moved away on his horse.

Anice had begun to follow.

"You will be tired out, if you go by that road," said Fenn, coming up beside her. "Let us go on." He thought she was reluctant for a moment; but in the next she turned Star's head without debate. Ethel was to drive with Mr. Evans: Fenn rode up and ascertained that they were coming by the usual road; then Anice and he set off.

Was that transformation of the moonlight something more than a fantasy? As they flew forward under the moon, with large stars waiting for them in advance, just above the sweep of the hills, Fenn was imbued with a kind of illusion that they had been released for the time being from their ordinary selves, and were gliding into some other phase less sharply defined, and not hedged around with too many stubborn realities. Yet he thought of how soon he must cease to

see Anice, and this lent a poignancy to the pleasure of the ride. It recalled him to himself, and quickened into more acute pain the dull heart-ache into which the wrath that followed Reeves's attack had soon subsided.

When they rode more slowly, they talked of the beauty of the night and of incidents at the picnic. The memories of both, however, were busy with that day when they had first ridden over this road; and through the unseen agency that was always at work between them each was aware that the other's thoughts were taking this direction.

"We are getting very far ahead of the rest," said Anice, as they ascended one of the many rises they had to traverse. "Let's stop a moment and listen."

They reined in, and gazed back over the lower ground. The road was empty; the moonlight looked as if it had lain forever on the woods and passive earth, and as if it would never go away. Transient as it is, there is more of eternity in this calm illumination than in the swift and stimulating light of the sun. Fenn thought, "What if we two were to be stricken by some lasting change, here in this pale light, and kept together forever in it, — dead, or mute and blind, — yet conscious of our companionship!" It was an unearthly fancy, but his heart throbbed warmly and fiercely under it. He felt an insatiable desire for some isolating fate which should separate them from everybody else. Yet there was a something within him that remonstrated against this desire: for an instant, he even felt the despair of a drowning man, and struggled within himself for something to hold by and keep himself from being drawn under. In vain!

Such silence was in the air that they could hear the whistle of a locomotive at some great distance, — so far that it was hardly louder than the coo of a bird. But nearer and slighter sounds from the road they had been traveling,

as is sometimes the case, did not reach them.

"It is strange," said Fenn, in a dry tone that gave no hint of what was going on in his mind, "that we don't hear them coming."

"Very," said Anice. "How fresh and sweet it is here!"

Their voices sounded cold, in the moonlight.

"Ah, what was that? Is n't it the carriages?"

A faint rumbling of the vehicles could be detected. "Yes; that's they at last," assented Fenn, and immediately touched his horse.

They did not wait again, and when they entered the village they were far in advance. As they came up the hill to the junction of roads which formed an irregular square among the houses, some men moving across this space, with their legs very black against the moonlight, presented a queer appearance.

"Up so far above us, they look like insects crawling on the top of the hill," Fenn observed; and Anice laughed. They tried to put themselves at ease, with trifles of this sort.

He accompanied her at a light trot to the farm-house, where Star was housed by the man, and Fenn's gray hitched in the barn. "I shall wait here," Fenn had explained, "until Mr. Evans comes. I don't like to leave you quite alone."

"Let us go around into the garden, then," said Anice. "There are some seats, and it will be pleasanter there." She was nervous at being thus thrown passively alone with him, and fancied that going into the house would increase her constraint.

The garden lay in an angle between the house and the bank formed by the cutting of the hillside. There were trees here and there, among them one that was dead; and their shadows fell with soft abundance on the brightly flooded paths and beds.

"This is where you found those flow-

er-pods that you sent me?" he asked. It was the first allusion he had made to them.

"Yes," she replied, her voice coming much fainter than she wished. She would have offered some remark to divert him, but her wit failed her.

Fenn stopped abruptly. They were under the shadow of the dead tree.

"I cannot be bound by that symbol," he declared, with resistless impetuosity. "I have thrown those skeletons of flowers away, for my honesty is more than a common one; and before I go I must speak." She drew back, terrified; but he went on, crying, "No, no! Anice — Anice! — don't judge me as you would other men. There is some fate upon me; I don't know what; I cannot resist it. Oh, I have tried! But the passion that was beginning and never had free play, when I knew you so long ago, has come again, and will not be stifled. I love you, Anice! You cannot tell me of faiths and duties. I only know this one thing, and it is truer than all others."

"This is cowardly," she gasped, when she could. "It is unworthy of you."

"No, it is not cowardly," he answered, pale and determined. "It is braver than to keep a lying face. Have you not seen, have we not both known for weeks what was growing up around us? And is it better to part, with that knowledge smouldering in us, than to face it and speak of it faithfully?"

She collected all her force, and said coldly, "If you knew this, you should have gone away long ago, never to see me on earth again. And will you tell me what you think is to be gained by declaring to me now a love that dishonors us all? It is a sin against yourself, and an unpardonable wrong to me."

He looked at her in rigid silence. "You may deceive yourself," he said; "but you cannot me. You know well, — very well, — the power you have had over me. I fancied it was a thing that could be turned into some new kind of

devotion, like that we talked of. But you saw how it was overcoming me, and you forbade me to see you again. Why do you accuse me, when you had it all in your hands, and allowed our acquaintance to continue?"

"Because I trusted you and wished you well," Anice returned, with less firmness. Then, seeing that the only hope was in an immediate parting, she added, "I shall not leave this garden, Mr. Fenn. It is for you to go!" She pointed commandingly towards the entrance by which they had come in.

For an instant, all his strength forsook him. Then he burst into a fierce, broken laugh.

"I understand at last," he said, with a bitter intensity she had never even dreamed of. "You have taken a terrific and skillful vengeance. Out of resentment for a clumsy, boyish mistake, you have deliberately ruined a man's heart, and made him put his honor in the dust before you. Yes, I'll go." He turned, so dizzy that he could hardly see the path, and began to move away.

There was a moment of passionate effort on her part to repress the storm within herself; but as she beheld him receding she yielded, and made a detaining gesture. He saw it, and came back rapidly.

"Am I wrong?" he cried, searching her face. "You felt more than that; you — you loved! Tell me it was so."

She tried to steady herself by putting her hands out into the air. Then she gasped, "No — no!"

"You did not?" he repeated.

But she could no longer reply. She was on the point of falling; and with an instinct of protection he stretched out his arms, almost enfolding her in them. As they stood thus for an instant, the shadow of the dead tree lay motionless upon them, and the icy moonlight around gave visible bounds to that isolation for which he had so lately wished.

She had confessed nothing ; but at that instant Fenn felt that all had been confessed between them. He saw, with a pity that wrung his heart, what her struggle had been ; and remorse struck through him like a sword for his own sin against Ethel, and for the attitude into which he had forced this woman who stood with him here. Was this the joy of liberation he had looked forward to ?

Anice recovered herself at once. She drew away from his contact, and held on to the bench near at hand. "This will kill me !" she was moaning, like one only half conscious. "All these years — No ; oh, no ! You must leave me instantly. For Ethel's sake go ; go ! Tell her all you have said, — everything."

"Thank God, Anice, you are nobler than I !" Uttering these words with lips that seemed chilled by a frost, he fled.

XIII.

Up the bank and through the fields saturated with a cold dew he hurried, flying and stumbling, forgetting the horse he had left tied in the barn ; and only when he reached the old arbor, with its early-flaming woodbines looking ashen in the light of the moon, he paused, and strove to collect his senses.

When he came into the hotel, those who saw him wondered at the breathless and exhausted appearance about his face, ordinarily so strong and composed and glowing with healthy color ; but they attributed it to anxiety, for his first words were an inquiry about his wife.

"No, she has n't come back," answered one of the ladies of the lake party, who had returned, as he stood with his hand on the stair-rail, about to go up and look for her in their room.

"That's strange. What road did you come by, — the tannery ?" he asked her.

"No ; the usual one."

"And you did n't see her, driving with Mr. Evans ?"

"No. They were behind us, I think."

Fenn went on into the empty sitting-room, where the over-fatigued piano stood, with its cover thrown back as usual, and exposing the perpetual grin of its white keys. He was at a loss to understand Ethel's failure to arrive. Time enough had passed, he thought, for them to make up the distance by which Anice and he had outstripped them, and Mr. Evans would naturally bring Ethel to the Institute, first.

Some newspapers were lying on a side-table, and he picked up one, thinking to allay his feverishness and divert a growing anxiety about his wife. The first paragraph that took his notice was one which recorded with business-like vigor the pursuit and arrest of a man who had abandoned his wife and attempted an elopement. He threw the sheet down in disgust. "Great heaven, what have I not been saved from !" he muttered, as he went out. He knew, from the shock of remorse that had pierced him there in the garden, what a frightful deception he had subjected himself to. He had not intended, at the worst, to do what this man in the newspaper was guilty of ; his original plan of flight, which he had been on the point of broaching to-night, had conformed to a species of propriety. Anice and he were to disappear separately ; they were to wait till he could obtain a release from his legal ties ; or, he had even said to himself that if he could only offer her his devotion unrestrainedly and live near to her, seeing her each day, no other step should be taken. But now all this plausible refinement settled down, in his view, to the vulgar level of the criminal he had just read about. His limbs shook with the horror in which he held himself, at recognizing what he had been drifting to. He wished that he might be torn in pieces, annihilated. But he saw that

his punishment was worse than that: it lay in continuing to breathe and being forced to contemplate himself.

One of the young men sitting in the colonnade suggested that perhaps Mr. Evans had changed his mind after starting, and had turned off on to the tannery road. This afforded Fenn a slight relief; but he went on pacing up and down, his mind busy with possible catastrophes, — an attack by tramps, a runaway, a broken bridge, or something else that he could not imagine. It occurred to him to go back for his horse and ride out along the regular road, to meet the belated team; but the bare possibility that Mr. Evans might have taken the other route overruled this plan. He had come to the point when to have Ethel arrive while he should be out searching for her would be an additional distress, of which he did not want to run the risk. By a considerable effort, however, he decided to go over to Pincott's, and ask questions there.

"Oh, they *must* have gone the other way," the artist's wife said, confidently. "Don't look so worried, Mr. Fenn. I don't believe anything has happened."

He thanked her, and went back to the hotel, saying that it was likely she was there even now. But she had not come. It was growing late, and the boarders who had not retired gave all their attention to the source of his alarm.

"Miss Hamill has just gone upstairs," the same young man informed him who had before offered a hint. "She came by the tannery, and says Mr. Kingsmill left them, and trotted back to join Mr. Evans's carriage; and *he* has n't come back yet. So it must be all right."

"Oh," said Fenn, with an air of being obliged. But the news excited still more apprehension in his mind.

Thinking that he was giving his nervousness too much prominence, he went out into the road, and walked quickly towards the point where the carriage

must enter the village if it had not followed in the course he had taken with Anice. Kingsmill's absence filled him with a sickening dream of what his condition might have been if this rich young man had drawn Ethel into any such insane bewilderment as that in which he himself had so lately stood with Anice. Fortunately, that had not happened, and Mr. Evans's being with Ethel prevented his conjuring up any phantasm of jealousy; but he felt a vague, unreasoning anger against Kingsmill for being away with Ethel at this crisis.

He stood still in the street, and noticed all at once that the moonlight had nearly waned, — the weird illumination which, an hour or two before, had seemed so permanent. It gave him a bitter satisfaction to think how his madness had crumbled and slipped away with it. A huge field of cloud was rising, and had swallowed half the stars.

"Oh, my God! If I should never see Ethel again! What if some accident has happened, from which she will die?" This was the cry in his heart.

A horse and rider, springing out of the feeble light a little way off, and dashing by, roused him. It had been but a flash, but the face of Kingsmill seemed to be printed on the night air, and to be lingering behind like a vision, while the rider swept on.

Fenn ran after him towards the hotel, at his greatest speed. The young man was there already, dismounted, quivering with excitement, and talking to a little dusky group of men.

"What is it?" cried Fenn, with an awful fear, as the others fell back before him.

"There has been an accident," said Kingsmill, rapidly.

"Where? Tell me where!"

"The railroad crossing" —

"Is she killed?" The words burst from Fenn like the red drops that spurt from a knife-thrust.

"She was not badly hurt," said Kingsmill. "The cars struck them just as they had got over, and they were thrown out. But some people are taking care of them."

"I must go!" cried Fenn, wildly rushing to get Kingsmill's horse, which was being led away.

"Not that one!" exclaimed the owner. "I have a fresh one in the stable."

There was a sharp scurry to saddle the fresh steed, and just as Fenn put his foot in the stirrup the farmer from Mr. Evans's came up with the tired gray and a message from Anice, who had also become alarmed.

"For God's sake, go and tell her, Kingsmill!" shouted Fenn, mounting.

The next instant his horse had shot away, under spur, for the tannery road.

It was a solemn group that wound up the highway from the railroad crossing, coming back.

By the time the wagon that had been obtained was ready to start, Anice, also, had arrived on horseback; and the two mounted figures moved at a funereal pace beside the cart. Ethel had fainted at first, but was restored; and, unless she had suffered internal hurt, was judged to be the worse only for a few bruises. Mr. Evans had not come off so well. He had a broken arm, and was prostrated by the shock he had sustained. His light carriage was left behind, a partial wreck, and the borrowed wagon had to proceed slowly, in order to avoid possible injury to the sufferer.

Fenn and Anice did not exchange a word, but both were lost in wondering at the chance that had thus brought them together again on this same night, under such altered conditions. From time to time Fenn, bringing his horse close to the wheels on Ethel's side, spoke some low word of inquiry or soothing, as indistinguishable to any but her ear as the murmur of the night breeze in the

pinetrees. Sometimes, when he fell back and watched the muffled forms reclining in the wagon, a picture presented itself to him in which he saw Ethel as she might have been, motionless and darkly covered and insensible to the jolting of the springs, — a picture of the dead being brought home silently from the place of her death; and then he would turn away and curse himself, in the midst of a mute thanksgiving.

The chemist sat by his wife all night, and watched while she slept, after many vain attempts. In the morning, the physician who had been telegraphed for from a distance arrived, and pronounced with some confidence that she had no unseen injuries.

It was late in the afternoon that Fenn knelt by his wife's bed, while a soft light from the fading west pervaded the room. Seeing that she was strong and recovered, he spoke: "Ethel, I cannot put off any longer the confession I must make of the wrong that has been in my heart these last few weeks."

"I have been afraid," she answered calmly. "Oh, yes, I knew;" and the tears rose in her eyes. "But I must not hear it. I cannot."

The blood mounted to his face. "How despicable I am!" he groaned. "But you don't know all, Ethel. You cannot know that I told her" —

She covered her face with her hands, crying, "Oh, why must I believe this! Why can't I forget it all, pretend that I did not see?" Then, with a hot beating in her temples, she took away her hands, and said with forced deliberation, "Never tell me any more. I cannot promise to be the same to you or to hold you so; but I will hear nothing. Only tell me, — did you mean to do me a wrong? Are you true to me?"

"The wrong," he replied, "was a madness, an infatuation. That was all. But I am not fit, now, even to say I am true to you." He lifted his eyes to hers.

She looked into them with a calm, just scrutiny; and Fenn thought that he knew what the light in the recording angel's eyes must be like. But it was only the glance of a tender woman possessing deep intuitions. She said at length, "I will believe in you."

Ethel put her hand upon his head, with a touch so simple and gentle that it was the best of benedictions.

He had held, once, that there was a peculiar mystery about Anice, and the belief had made her the more dangerously fascinating. Ethel was transparent enough, exteriorly; but the mystery of her nature lay deeper down, and he was only just beginning to apprehend it. The quality in Anice served merely as a unit of measure for its larger presence in Ethel. Kneeling here before his wife, with too much humility in him even to put his lips to hers, Fenn saw that he was touching the mystery which is profounder than intellectual choice; which diffuses itself through earth and heaven, and solves all but explains nothing, — pure love.

They went on living. That is generally the way with people.

If we were constructing an ideal drama from their lives, it might be said that Fenn's punishment was too light; but we do not altogether know what that punishment was; and the justice of the heart should leave a chance for improvement, which could hardly be were the chastisement too heavy. Fenn and Ethel not only went on living; they were also better, though I will not say happier. For, in opposition to formal moralists, I maintain that people often grow less happy as they grow better. The opinions of these two were not identical, after this experience, any more than they had been thitherto; and they sometimes had little quarrels. But both of them were better, I think, than they had been. Something, indeed, had gone from their lives, which would never

come again; but they lived with a sad hope of something just beyond. Ethel's great love and generosity restored Fenn's self-respect as far as anything could restore it; but who could exorcise the hidden grief, brighten the tarnished memory? Not even she. The highest that remained to him was so to live every day as to become worthier of her love. And as for her, having once reached a great height, her endeavor was not to fall often, or for long, below it.

Mr. Evans was supposed to have recovered from the accident; but it kept him in bed for a few days, and this gave Anice an excuse for not seeing the Fenns when they came to say good-by, — as, in view of the old gentleman's ignorance of the situation, they felt bound to do. Within a year he died; but he had written several times to Fenn, chiefly on the topic of agricultural chemistry, and in his last letter he said: "I have come to the conclusion that the chemist's analysis of soils is almost useless to the farmer. The man who has to take the growth from the land, whatever it may be, knows more about the nature of the soil than the most careful scientific deduction can teach him."

Fenn took this patiently, because he was convinced that something similar could be said with truth about analysis of the moral deposits of character.

Three years after the summer at Tanford, when he had prospered and become part owner in some profitable chemical works, Ethel and he, being in New York, unexpectedly encountered Mrs. Eulow at a crowded evening reception.

"Does she sing as beautifully as ever?" Mrs. Fenn asked their hostess.

"*More* beautifully than ever, I believe," was the answer. "But she can never be induced to let us hear her; at least, not in companies. There are a few ladies to whom she has sung, and she will take part in a charity concert very rarely. But if you want to hear

her, you must go to some of the homes for poor children. She has regular days which she gives to them, and there she will pour out her voice for an hour or two at a time."

"How singular!"

"Yes, it is very eccentric. But since her father died she spends more of her time here, and has been devoted to good works. She has entered into benefaction as a sort of career, I fancy. Some of us predicted, when she began, that she would be a failure,—she was not the sort of person. But we were wrong. She seems to be completely in earnest, and does a great deal of good."

When Fenn heard this, he remembered what had been said by Anice so long ago,—that she wanted him to put purpose into her life, and that to have a career she must make a sacrifice. Her sacrifice had been the relinquishing of her destructive power over him. Her purpose? It gave him a very strange

feeling to reflect that in this, too, he had aided, without his will; for her devotion to merciful deeds certainly implied a memory of him which shut out for her any further seeking after personal happiness.

He stood a little way from Ethel, and when Mrs. Eulow came by, simply dressed in black, she bowed to him in passing. In her eyes there was a light of conquest, but it was of conquest over herself. To Ethel, also, she bowed. "I am just going," she said, with a slight quivering in the tone, and the glance with which she accompanied this was one of melancholy and appeal; yet it was trustful. Ethel Fenn saw in it something which meant, "You at least are a woman who can forgive a woman, and you understand me."

Then, as the figure in black turned away, Ethel responded gravely and sweetly, in a way that satisfied the widow's appeal, "Good-by!"

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE NIXIE MAIDEN.

THE Nixie maiden, so white and soft
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea),
 The Nixie maiden, so white and soft,
 How shall I tell what she did to me?

She came through the waves when the fair moon shone
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea);
 She came where I walked on the sands alone,
 With a heart as light as a heart may be.

Soft as the crest where it combs and curls
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea),
 White as the glint of her own white pearls,
 The Nixie maiden, she came to me.

She looked in my eyes; she smiled and sighed
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea),
 She said she was weary of wind and tide,
 She said she would stay on the shore with me.

She lay on my arm like a child at rest
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea);
 She slipped her soft hand into my breast,
 And stole my poor heart away from me.

And again she smiled, and again she sighed
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea),
 Then down she slipped through the shining tide,
 And the sea-depths hid her away from me.

Ay me! I walk on the sands alone
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea),
 Ay me! 't is so cold when one's heart is gone;
 I knew not before what cold might be.

Is that the gleam of her soft, bright hair?
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea)
 Are those her eyes that shine on me there?
 Is she coming again through the waves to me?

Ay me! I shiver with cold and pain
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea);
 But the Nixie maiden comes never again,
 Never again comes my heart to me.

L. E. R.

SHAKESPEAREAN OPERAS.

IN nothing is the lofty character of modern musical ambition so evident as in its ceaseless effort during the last two hundred years to interpret the great dramas of Shakespeare. It is also remarkable that it is the supernatural dramas which have most persistently attracted musicians,—the *Tempest*, the magical *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and the tragedy of human destiny, ambition, and crime as told in the story of *Macbeth*.

That the *Tempest* is eminently fitted for music, few musical people will deny. Moreover, it seems probable that this play was the first which in the Elizabethan age assumed in some degree the form of an opera; for pieces to be sung are richly interspersed throughout

the whole play. Indeed, all its revivals, till within a late period, were in operatic form, with music by different composers. That of Purcell and Arne is to-day as fresh as ever. Purcell was born in 1658, and in his time the musical drama had no separate existence. Yet many of Shakespeare's plays had overtures and pieces to be performed between the acts, as well as numerous incidental songs. Purcell in this way embellished *Timon of Athens* and the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, but his fame rests, in a great measure, on his exquisite music for the *Tempest*.

In 1667 Sir William Davenant and Dryden altered the text of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, for the avowed purpose of affording opportunity for scenic decora-

tion and music. The alteration was an act of sacrilege, and a wretched failure throughout, but Purcell's music to it contains gems that no musical era or taste will relinquish. For surely, if ever musician had ear to catch and hand to record any of those "noises" of which Prospero's isle was full, those "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," it was Purcell. He understood thoroughly the great principle that the vocal music of every country must be founded upon the peculiar accent or modulation of its spoken language, and therefore his music is remarkable for its genuine English character. The fairy lightness of Ariel's little song, "Come unto these yellow sands," with its wild and simple burden, is still a great favorite; and there is in the same play a soprano air, "Halcyon days," that is perfectly delightful. Caliban's song, "The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad," might have been imagined by Weber. In fact, Purcell's *Tempest* music is generally so excellent that if it was wedded to the proper words it would well deserve to be restored to the stage.

On the revival of the *Tempest*, in 1746, at Drury Lane, Dr. Arne supplied new music for the play, one song of which will keep his memory green for all time, "Where the bee sucks." Nothing that has ever been written is more truly "fairy music;" and it has a perennial freshness that neither time nor use seems able to deprive it of. He has been equally felicitous with Amiens' first song in *As You Like It*:—

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall you see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

The Forest of Arden, with all its charm of shade and song and good company, is in this delightful melody; while in a

different manner his "Blow, blow, thou winter wind" is quite as effective.

After Purcell and Arne two German musicians, Rolle and Winter, gave a musical setting to the *Tempest*; but they were feeble and commonplace composers, and their works live only in a line or two in some musical dictionaries. Later, the fine possibilities of the drama haunted for years the imaginative brain of Mendelssohn, and it is probable that, in conjunction with Immerman, he had already sketched out some portions, when, in 1850, he received offers from a London manager to write an opera on Shakespeare's *Tempest*. His immense success in translating the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* prompted this proposal, and Mendelssohn seemed well inclined to accept it. But the libretto had been prepared by M. Scribe, a Frenchman, and it was impossible to reconcile their peculiar idiosyncrasies. Mendelssohn on the subject of "faëry" was of "imagination all compact;" Scribe's notions on the subject were essentially "stagey." The story of the *Tempest* was far too simple and dreamy for the dramatist's ideas; he rendered it piquant by "intrigues" and "situations;" and this "audacity" so offended the purist taste of Mendelssohn that he indignantly rejected Scribe's book of the opera, and refused to move any further in the matter, although the opera had been largely advertised in his name, and the portraits of the actors in their costumes given to the public.

To supply Mendelssohn's place, M. Halévy, who was also French, was procured. The choice might have been worse. If Halévy was not fanciful, he was at least free from vulgarity, and he wrote like one to whom all the resources of his art were known. The cast for Halévy's *Tempest* was of the highest promise: Sontag was Miranda, Lablache, Caliban, Grisi, Ariel; and Parodi, Ferraris, Coletti, and Baucarde filled the minor parts; while Scribe and Halévy

both came to London to superintend their work.

It was presented on the 8th of July, 1850, to an overflowing audience, and received with "frenzied acclamations" of delight. It was peculiarly rich in melodies, but amid them all "Where the bee sucks" — appropriated from Arne's *Tempest* by Halévy — stood out in exquisite and delightful freshness. After the triumph, Halévy was overwhelmed with congratulations, especially by the foreign artists: "How charming! How beautiful is this *motivo*!" and then all hummed a melody, the same invariably. It was Arne's ever new "Where the bee sucks;" and poor Halévy, in the midst of his glory, winced under the unconscious criticism.

In this revival of the *Tempest*, Lablache created his last and his greatest character, Caliban. The dull earthiness and the brute ferocity of the savage, his grovelling, revengeful despair, and above all the admirable propriety with which Lablache managed difficulties which might easily have become abominations combined to form one of the greatest masterpieces of force, versatility, and subtle judgment ever seen on the musical stage. In this opera Mademoiselle Parodi gained great applause by her spirited singing of Stephano's song, "The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I," a ditty whose coarseness has generally deterred musicians.

Since Halévy's effort, M. Benedict, M. Berlioz, Herr Taubert, of Berlin, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan have attempted the *Tempest*. Herr Taubert's work is of mediocre merit; M. Benedict's and M. Berlioz's are both unfinished. Mr. Sullivan has given us the latest and the very best opera on the subject extant; and the sensation which it caused in musical circles was well deserved. "A new storm and a new Ariel were not easy to conjure up, but the feat has been done; the music is bright and fresh, and

full of delicate fancies." Mr. Sullivan has been called "England's Mendelssohn Scholar;" and he has certainly given the *Tempest* a musical interpretation which does no dishonor to that of his great master's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

For, beyond all doubt or question, the most perfect, the most exquisite, illustration of Shakespeare that musical art has produced is the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. That when a mere boy he should have struck out such an incomparable prelude to it as the marvelous overture to this opera is one of the wonders of genius. Yet the overture lay for a dozen years or more, solitary in its perfection, till it pleased the late king of Prussia to command a revival of the fairy play and its overture, with complete music by the same master hand.

Mendelssohn was delighted with the commission, and towards the end of the year 1843 it was brought out on the Leipzig stage. Much of the music was the unfolding and completing of what had already been given to the world in the overture; but the charming chorus of fairies singing Titania to sleep, the beautiful Night Song without words, which accompanied Titania's rest in the grotto, and the wonderfully brilliant Wedding March, with its fascinating trio, were entirely new; and yet they perfectly corresponded in tone to the older overture.

Schumann, who heard it soon after its completion, declares, "It is a bridge between Oberon and Bottom, without which it would now be almost impossible to enter fairyland, however much in vogue that was in Shakespeare's time: The bloom of eternal youth sparkles on it; from the first entrance of Puck and the elves, the instruments chatter and jest as if the elves themselves played them. Here the finished master, in his happiest hours, reached

his highest flight." It is certain that Mendelssohn's portrayal of fairy life has become typical; all later composers on similar subjects have followed in his footsteps. Louis Tieck, whose readings of Shakespeare had a European reputation, had the charge of putting the opera on the stage, and he conceived the ridiculous idea of making the Athenians wear Spanish dresses! Mendelssohn used to crow with laughter when telling this incident, and also how the First Stick in Waiting came to him, after the first court performance, and said, "Charming, delicious music you have made, doctor; but what a wretched, stupid play!" "So you see," the musician would add, "we are not without our Bottoms and Quinces at his majesty's court." As a whole, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer-Night's Dream* is one of two most perfect works, and it ranks in its world as high as does his *Elijah* among oratorios. Had he lived, it is very likely he would have completed his ideas regarding the *Tempest*; and he had also seriously thought of the *Winter's Tale*, a sketch from which he had by him. "Something merry could be made with *Autolycus*," he said to a friend, and how merry he could have made it, the world has since learned by the publication of his operetta, in which the peddler *Kanz* plays so notable a part. There is an opera on the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, by an English musician of some eminence named *Smith*; and some of the airs sung in this version have had an immense and enduring popularity.

The third play of Shakespeare demanding supernatural music, which has seemed irresistibly to charm musicians, is *Macbeth*. It was used as the subject of an opera in England by *Matthew Locke*, in the first quarter of the seventeenth century; and somehow it is a canon of musical faith in England to regard *Locke's Macbeth* as final. Certainly it is full of genius, and promises

to partake of the immortality of the great tragedy with which it is associated. The melodies are highly rhythmical and full of energy and expression; the harmony is free from petty details, and thrown into masses of astonishing grandeur and breadth. The *aria parlante* of the opening dialogue, "Speak, sister, speak," is said to be different from anything in either ancient or modern music, and yet so simple and natural that it seems to be the only possible way in which the words could have been uttered. Other critics, of more modern schools, say that the music is often bald and monotonous, and that the incantations recall by painful comparison that grand page in *Händel's Saul*, where the *Witch of Endor*, in intense and ghastly simplicity, calls up the prophet *Samuel*.

The Germans, quickened by *Schiller's* translation, and by the great fame of *their Siddons*, *Madame Schröder-Devrient*, as *Lady Macbeth*, set themselves heartily to work to procure music for the great tragedy. *Spohr*, *Eberwein*, *André* of *Offenbach*, *Holly* of *Breslau*, *Reichardt* of *Berlin*, *Rastrelli*, and *Taubert* have attempted it, but none have produced anything worthy of the subject. *Chèlard*, a Frenchman, grappled with its difficulties better, and *Mr. Henry F. Chorley*, a musical critic of great authority, says that the skill and effectiveness of some portions of *M. Chèlard's Macbeth* ought alone to save his name from being forgotten. Of all his operas it was the most successful, and the overture to it is still a favorite piece for concerts. *Madame Schröder-Devrient* played the "Lady" in *Chèlard's Macbeth*, but scarcely with her usual power, for she was hampered with the music, which demanded an executive facility she did not possess. Later it was admirably sung by *Sophia Cruvelli*.

It is an interesting fact that the text for *Chèlard's Macbeth* was arranged by the clever, unlucky *Rouget de Lisle*,

the author of *La Marseillaise*. He never took another flight so high, and he had peculiarities of temper that wore out all his friends and admirers, so that he died at Weimar, some years afterwards, an obscure and friendless man.

The Italian version of *Macbeth* was written by a much more famous man than Chêlard, Signor Verdi. In it he has only shown his perfect incapacity to deal with supernatural subjects. "His witches are mere Vauxhall sorceresses, and his Lady's Song at the banquet might be transferred to the free and easy supper of *La Traviata*." The last monologue of the heroine is far inferior to Chêlard's, though it had the advantage of being presented by one of the greatest actresses of any time, Madame Garcia Viardot. Evidently, no music that can be accepted as final has been inspired by *Macbeth*, and the play awaits its musical interpreter.

Of all Shakespeare's passion plays, *Romeo and Juliet* has been the favorite with the great masters of musical thought. It has been set and re-set in operatic form ever since the days of Zingarelli, who composed it for Grassini about the close of the eighteenth century. Yet there is no play which, in one respect, offers so great a difficulty as this: it demands, in addition to fine singing and fine acting, both youth and great beauty. Signor Mario was the only possible *Romeo* during the last half century. The exceedingly plain Rubini, the singular-looking Duprez, would have appeared ridiculous in the balcony scene. Then, if a *Romeo* is found, the *Juliet* is equally important; and there is besides this difficulty, that a competent singing *Juliet* would of necessity be an experienced and not a very young woman.

The earliest musical *Romeo and Juliet* was by Benda, one of the musical officials of that flute-playing, philosophical king, Frederick the Great. Only its tradition remains; not a note of the

music has come down to us. Herr Steibelt, whose *Storm* is still well known, and whose Spanish Tune inspired Keats to write for it, "Hush! hush! tread softly," treated the tale for the Opera Comique of Paris with some success. The charming Madame Scio, whom Cherubini's *Medea* killed by its strain on her voice, was the *Juliet*. But Steibelt's music has perished, as well as a subsequent opera by Dalayrac.

There were five Italian operas of *Romeo and Juliet* before Bellini took it in hand. Of these five Zingarelli's alone is worth noticing. It may be noted, in passing, that Robert Schumann said that Zingarelli "read the church Fathers in order to gather inspiration for his *Romeo e Giulietta*." This work is remembered now only because its libretto served Bellini for an opera which was the vehicle of Madame Pasta's superb acting and singing in the title rôle. No one has ever approached Pasta as *Romeo*. Her rich and original ornamentation gave a superb Italian charm to the tomb scene, in no respect contradicting that burst of despair with which, raising tenderly a long lock of *Juliet*'s hair, she used to thrill all hearts with her "Ah! mia Giulietta! Ah! sposa!"

Bellini's opera was received in Venice with enthusiastic approbation. In London it owed what success it had to the genius of Pasta, who "took with a royal license everything that pleased her from every opera, and made a mosaic for herself, the recollection of which is among the imperishable things of art."

Romeo and Juliet had an enthusiastic musical translator in Hector Berlioz, who gave his clever, paradoxical work in Paris in 1839. Of the events which led to the composition of this work he himself tells the story: "An English company came to Paris to give some plays of Shakespeare, at that time wholly unknown to the French public. I went to the first performance of *Hamlet* at the Odéon, and saw that for the next

day *Romeo and Juliet* was advertised. I had my passes to the orchestra of the Odéon; fearing that the doorkeeper of the theatre might have orders not to let me pass as usual, I ran to the booking office to make assurance doubly sure.

"Seeing this love, quick and sudden as thought, burning like lava, imperious, irresistible, boundless, pure and beautiful as the smiles of angels, those distracted embraces, those struggles between life and death, was too much after the melancholy anguish, tearful love, cruel irony, madness, tears, and calamities of *Hamlet*. At that time I did not know a single word of English; I only caught glimpses of Shakespeare through the fog of Letourneur's translations. But the play of the actors, and especially of the actress, Miss Henrietta Smithson, who was the *Ophelia* and the *Juliet*, the succession of the scenes, the accent of the voices, the pantomime, filled me a thousand times more with Shakespearean ideas than the text of my colorless, unfaithful translation. An English critic in the *Illustrated London News* said that, after seeing Miss Smithson in *Juliet*, I cried out, 'I will marry that woman, and write my grandest work on this play!' I did both these things, but I never said anything of the sort."

Berlioz spent seven months of incessant labor on *Romeo and Juliet*, and then sent the score to his friend and admirer, Paganini, who was ill at Nice, and who wrote to him, saying, "Now all is done, envy has nothing left but silence." Berlioz was exceedingly careful with this score, and it was only after several years that he finally left it in the form it now stands. It has been extravagantly praised and unmercifully criticised, and has had a certain measure of popularity, but it is generally conceded that it is unsuitable for dramatic representation.

In 1851 Bellini's *Romeo and Juliet* was revived in London, with Frezzolini

as *Romeo* and Parodi as *Juliet*; and later, in 1856, it was made the vehicle of the splendid début of Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner. She was heralded by an immense Continental reputation, and the curiosity of the operatic world was strained to its utmost tension. She stepped before the public as *Romeo*, — tall, stately, self-possessed, clothed in glittering, gilded mail, with her fine, fair hair flung in masses upon her neck. Her clear, sonorous voice rang through the house like a clarion, her declamation was well accented, and her every attitude was a pictorial study. Mademoiselle Wagner took the house by storm, but her *Romeo*, though one of the great financial successes of her Majesty's theatre, cannot be ranked artistically with Pasta's and Malibran's, or even with Madame Schröder-Devrient's.

What Mendelssohn did for the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Rossini in a great measure did for *Othello*. As set by Rossini, it is a gallery of Paul Veronese pictures, and to re-set the third act would be simply impossible. This act stands alone in music as the exponent of melancholy pathos and frenzy, united withal to a noble simplicity, all the more remarkable by its contrast with the rich and florid garniture of the first part of the opera. Rossini composed it about the year 1816, the chief part being then taken by the great singer Davide, who was in his day the Rossini of song. Still Davide, however grand, was by no means a conscientious artist; for, considering that the final duet of *Othello* did not sufficiently show off his voice, he substituted for it a duet from *Armida*, which is very excellent, but anything but passionate and despairing. As it was impossible to kill Desdemona to such a tune, Davide, after going into the violent passion of jealousy, used to sheathe his dagger, and begin in the most tender and graceful manner his duet with Desdemona, at the conclusion of which he politely took her hand, and

retired amid the bravos of the Neapolitan public, who seemed to think it a very appropriate finish.

Garcia made a grand Othello, his daughter Maria, the famous Malibran, being his Desdemona. There was no question in Garcia's mind about the killing of Desdemona, and one night, after a stormy domestic quarrel between the father and daughter, Malibran really thought he had determined to slay her. At the moment when Othello, with lowering brow and eyes sparkling with rage, approached her, she was struck with terror, and, almost frantic, screamed out in Spanish, "Papa, papa, for the love of God, do not kill me!"

When Malibran sang the part of Desdemona in Paris in her nineteenth year, she made an immense sensation. She knew the temper of a French audience and their love of effect, and in order to gratify them in the *finale*, instead of being smothered quietly by the Moor, she endeavored to escape. Expectation was prolonged, and to complete the horror of the scene she caused the incensed Othello to draw her to the front of the stage, and there complete his vengeance.

Many musical critics assert that in the part of Desdemona Pasta gained her highest point of excellence. It is certain that in her singing of the last scene her transitions from hope to terror, from supplication to scorn, culminating in her vehement cry of "*Sono innocente!*" always electrified an audience. Pasta also attempted the part of Othello, and her personation was extremely powerful, something fierce and Oriental, the like of which had never been before expressed in music. To Pasta's Othello, Sontag sang the Desdemona; and in her second stage life Sontag again took up the part, and made it one of her grandest characters. Pauline Garcia, Malibran's younger sister, also made Desdemona the vehicle of her triumphant debut in London; and Madame Schröder-Devrient played it skillfully

and enthusiastically, but she never rivaled Pasta, Malibran, Sontag, and Pauline Garcia in the character.

In Rossini's Othello the chorus gained a great importance, and the successive entrance of two choruses, each with a fine crescendo at the end of the first act, is one of the most striking musical effects of this magnificent musical scene. The instrumentation of Othello is very sonorous, and when Sigismondi looked over the score with Donizetti, he exclaimed with horror at the prominence given to clarinets, horns, and trombones. "Third and fourth horns!" he cried. "What does the man want? The greatest of our composers have always been content with two. Four horns! Are we at a hunting party? Four horns! Enough to blow us to perdition." The old professor was still more shocked by 1°, 2°, 3° *tromboni*, which, according to an anecdote which is scarcely credible, he mistook for "123" trombones. No play has so tempted the greatest of great singers as Othello. Pasta, Malibran, Sontag, Grisi, Garcia, Viardot, Schröder-Devrient, have all expended the utmost resources of their genius on its grand last act.

Verdi's failure in Macbeth was a signal one, but the fault lay in the master, not in the subject. As regards all attempts at operatizing Hamlet, the difficulty is inherent in the subject. A Hamlet without Hamlet's philosophy would be bad enough, but a Hamlet searching his own soul to orchestral accompaniments must be absurd. Still, Gasparini, of Venice, dared the attempt, and his opera was represented in London under the name of Ambleto. How little the subject was understood we may gather from Dr. Burney, who says "the overture had four movements *ending in a jig!*" This, too, in 1711, when the Spectator was keeping a sharp lookout for everything ridiculous in operatic performances; yet it has not a single sarcasm for Ambleto.

The Abbé Vogler, who is chiefly remembered as the master of Weber and of M. Meyerbeer, wrote an opera on Hamlet, which was printed in the sleepy old cathedral city of Speyer; and perhaps a copy of it might be found in some dusty library of the Palatinate. We were all made familiar eight years ago with the Hamlet of Ambrose Thomas, with Mademoiselle Nilsson as Ophelia. The text of this opera is often very absurd; as set upon the stage of the Grand Opera House in Paris, the play concludes with the accession of Hamlet, or Amleto, to the throne of his father, the ghost appearing in the last scene to assist at the proclamation. As represented in New York, the opera concluded with the death of Ophelia; the fate of Hamlet, the King, the Queen, Laertes, and Polonius being left to everybody's individual imagining. The sixth tableau — in which the madness and death of Ophelia are portrayed — alone prevents the opera from being forgotten. But this scene was admirably adapted for Mademoiselle Nilsson, and she awakened in it a great enthusiasm. It is evident, however, that while the story of Hamlet itself might form the basis of an opera, any attempt to adapt Shakespeare's Hamlet to lyric representation must necessarily be a failure.

In the list of Shakespeare's passion plays which have been translated into music, it would not do to omit Weber's Euryanthe, which is in fact the Cymbeline of Shakespeare transformed and altered to suit Viennese tastes. Euryanthe was received coldly in Vienna at its first presentation in 1823, although the original Imogen (for Euryanthe is Imogen changed for Austrian uses) was the young *prima donna*, most fair to see and exquisite to hear, Henriette Sontag. It won its way very slowly; the Viennese wits called it *Ennuyante*, and Beethoven said it was "a collection of diminished sevenths." However, it gradually won the success it deserved, and

it was in the part of Euryanthe that Madame Schröder-Devrient made her first great triumph.

The comedies of Shakespeare have not attracted musicians in the same degree as his supernatural and passion plays. Even those which have been essayed have not been the wisest selections. The comedy most in favor is the Merry Wives of Windsor. It was first attempted by Salieri, the friend and co-worker of Glück, in 1750, but only one air in his opera, "*La stessa stessissima*," is remembered, and that because Beethoven treated it as a theme for variations. Nicolai, though inferior to Salieri as a musician, has produced from this comedy one of the very best of modern German comic operas. Then the lively and fortunate Mr. Balfe tried his hand at the Merry Wives for Laporte, manager of the Italian Opera at her Majesty's theatre. The cast was magnificent: Lablache was Falstaff; Rubini, Fenton; Grisi, Mrs. Ford; Tamburini, Master Brook. The opera was bright, but unequal, and only the capital, droll trio for the two wives and Anne Page keeps the work in memory. It has, however, been heartily accepted in Italy, and ranks among her best comic operas.

As before stated, Mendelssohn had seriously meditated a setting for the Winter's Tale. The project has been feebly attempted by M. von Flotow. That puzzling man of musical genius, Hector Berlioz, also tried Much Ado About Nothing, which contains among all its entanglements and perplexities one real flash of clear, tender genius, a night piece for Hero and her gentlewoman. But nothing has yet been done with any of Shakespeare's comedies that can in any way approach Mendelssohn's Midsummer-Night's Dream in the supernatural, or Rossini's Othello in the passion plays.

These examples cover operas written upon the text of Shakespeare, but the number of quotations which have been

set to music is far too large a subject to enter upon here. Alfred Roffe's catalogue enumerates three hundred and fifty glees, trios, solos, etc., mostly of

modern date; having words taken from the plays, sonnets, the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Passionate Pilgrim* of the inspired and inspiring poet.

A. E. Barr.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

VI.

SOME PERVERSE OPINIONS OF MR. BAINBRIDGE.

RUSSELL BAINBRIDGE, among others, joined the bright procession, on the Avenue, which he had himself called the dress-parade of the toilsome drill down town. He lapsed into a querulous mood, as he went along, and inveighed against the spring as an unsettling season.

"I shall be laying violent hands upon some of these prosperous people next, out of pure spite," he said.

He met Bentley, who had been a friend of his, leading his charming boys by the hand, and thought, "I dare say I should have made a very tolerable figure of a family man myself." But, immediately afterwards, he met Madeline Scarrett, by whom he believed he had been betrayed, on mercenary grounds alone, with her elderly invalid capitalist, Elphinstone Swan; and then he reflected that, whatever turn fortune might now take, this form of happiness was of course for him impossible.

It was better, no doubt, to have been disillusioned early. One was wiser for such experiences, and they were useful in the heavy play of life, which comes later. But he had not been in search of that kind of wisdom. Why could not his beliefs have been left to him? Why could not his modest business ventures have been crowned with success, as he saw those of others about him daily

crowned? "I had the economic virtues," he said. "I was not afraid of work, and I think I should have made an exemplary use of fortune. Ah, these eternal Whys!" He checked himself, in order to inveigh also at Sunday, when one is abruptly cut off from the duties that keep his mind profitably employed during the week, as the most unsettling of days, just as spring is an unsettling season.

Well up towards Central Park, he encountered Miss Emily Rawson, and a companion whom he recognized, with a movement of surprise and interest, as Ottilie Harvey. They had just issued forth from the ornamental iron gates of Saint Adrian's.

"Will you not join us?" asked Miss Rawson, in her high-pitched, agreeable voice. "I borrowed Miss Ottilie, this morning, to come and hear me sing. You have met before. I am going to put her in a horse-car, at the end of my street, so that she can get back to early dinner at the Regina Flats. She is stopping with the Hasbroucks, and they insist upon it. I have actually been singing in the choir. Would you have come if you had known it? I *know* you would not. You have not been at church at all this morning. One sees that with half an eye. Oh, you young men! you young men! You need looking after." She had an almost affectionate air in her banter, as though she would not have been averse to looking after this one herself. "What were you sitting up so late over, last night, that you could not

come and hear our fine sermon,—even if you cared nothing about *me*?”

“To tell the truth, something a little out of the common. I have just dissolved my connection in a menial capacity with Chippendale, Bond & Saxby. You see before you Russell Bainbridge, Esq., Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds for several States, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth, on his own account. I spent a good part of last evening meditating, in my new office, down among the ghosts of lower Broadway. The watchmen flashed their lanterns at me and wanted to shoot me for a burglar, when I came out. It is up in the three-story mansard roof of the Magoon Building. As it contains as yet only two chairs, a table, and a book-shelf, you see, a good deal of adjustment is needed to produce any great gorgeousness of effect. Have you no cases you want undertaken, no unlucky debtors you want persecuted? I know you are in need of a first-class bond and mortgage,—no commission charged the lender,—at any rate; and I have reason to believe that, if this opportunity be not taken advantage of, there will never be any others.”

“Oh, yes, you shall have all my litigation. I shall become as quarrelsome as possible. And how long will it take you to become Judge?”

“It may not be this year, perhaps. The law is said to be ‘slow, but sure,’ but it sometimes happens that the proportion of slowness to sureness is rather large.”

Whether the meeting had acted as a stimulus upon Bainbridge, or he had the faculty of putting his unpleasant moods under control, he now conducted himself with quite the animation most usual with him.

“I am so glad to get rid of that odious Kalophlogullmos,” said Miss Rawson, as, in their turn, they drew near the new dwelling of the merchant prince,

from which the high fence, with its advertisement of the infallible complexion renovator, had been taken down.

“You did not find it all that it was represented to be, then?”

She had not even a fan with which to do him a bodily injury, and was obliged to forego the attempt. “No, but they have no business to poke those things into our faces so. You see it everywhere. I recollect your telling me how it impressed itself curiously upon you as a detail of the scene in your exciting experience with Rodman Harvey’s tenants, up among the rocks of shanty-town.”

“It struck me as about the right thing in the right place there, if I remember correctly,—that is to say, if the brick-bat, and flail, and cart-rung, and brawny human fist can really be considered injurious to the complexion.”

But he passed hastily over this point, and, giving his attention to the house, said, “Why do they not build palaces? It is high time—since somebody estimates that there are three hundred fortunes of a million dollars each, and plenty of these of from five to a hundred millions each—that we had palaces in New York. What are they expecting to do with their money, these Croesuses? Does experience show that their children spend it to any better advantage than themselves? I should think not. Here is simply one more large, genteel house, with no ideal but that of a wretched little comfort. No breadth, no solidity, nothing monumental,—everything thin and niggling. Wherever there was going to be an honest space of blank wall in an American building they have punched it with a window.”

“I trust you are not forgetting Miss Harvey’s relationship to the owner,” interposed the elder young woman, as if solicitously.

“Not at all; but that need not trammel our investigations into the pure realm of the higher arts, I suppose. Be-

sides, these opinions, be assured, are the genuine article. They are eternal verities, as it were. I get them from Aureolin Slab and G. Lloyd."

He directed a pleasantly questioning glance at Otilie, who was on the other side of Miss Rawson. He was wondering privately what resentment, if any, she still cherished for his part in that peculiar first meeting with her uncle, now nearly two months ago.

"Oh, I am sure" — murmured Otilie. She had raised her eyebrows at some of his views: she heard, for instance, for the first time that comfort was so very poor and despicable an affair, but she found him amusing, and had no idea of further offense.

"Sardanapalus, now, — that kind of person, — understood the thing," he went on, confessedly with the extravagance of one whose theories were never likely to be put to the test of realization. "I should have a residence with a portico like that of the Sub-Treasury, or the Custom House. I should have perfumes burned at my banquets, menials with pots of jewels on their heads, roast peacock on the bill of fare, and, on state occasions, a pearl or two dissolved in everybody's wine-glass."

"And you would ride out in a circus chariot, drawn by twenty-four white horses with nodding plumes, perhaps?"

"I do not know but I should. On the whole, I think I should, — just in order not to be browbeaten by other people's ideas of what was right and proper for one with so much larger opportunities than themselves."

"The people about you would be very insincere."

"I dare say I should not be very sincere myself, but we would have a good time, all the same."

"You are dreadful, this morning. I wonder we listen to you. But here is our street. *Good-by!* Can you not come up on Friday evening? Otilie and the Hasbrouck girls will be with

me. Bring your violin. Oh, well, come without it, then. *Good-by!*"

"Perhaps I could put Miss Harvey in her car for you?" Bainbridge now volunteered. "Or," deferring politely to her, "perhaps, even, she might feel like walking down, — though that, I dare say, would be too fatiguing?"

"I am an excellent walker," said Otilie, hesitating. The delightful morning and the many novel sights and sounds about allured her. If she had borne resentment it did not survive these fascinating influences. She did the young man a tardy justice. After all, it had probably not been his fault that he was present at the disagreeable interview. "Thank you; I will," she concluded. "One hardly knows what distance is, in this entertaining New York."

This arrangement may not have met with the perfect approval of Miss Rawson. She repeated her farewells graciously, however, and they saw her disappear down a block of one of the numerically entitled cross streets. Its collection of red sandstone façades, with all their projecting porches, cornices, and window heads, seen in profile, had somewhat the aspect of sculptured palisades, the solid banks of stone steps standing for the customary slopes of *débris*, at the angle of forty-five degrees.

Otilie explained that Amy and Lulu Hasbrouck had brought her down to spend the short spring vacation with them and their mother, at the Regina Flats. "They would not take No for an answer," she told him. Bainbridge speculated as to whether she had quixotically refused for this an invitation from the family of her uncle; but she had not in fact been subjected to such temptation, though she may have expected it. The estrangement, so far as she was concerned, was unaltered.

"Are you as firm a Westerner as ever?" he inquired, when they had gone on some little way, discoursing with a gradual decrease in formality.

"Oh, *bigoted*," she replied, laughing. She was dressed in black silk, of a soft character, fitting her neat figure trimly. A white handkerchief, bordered with lace, was crossed over her shoulders. In facing him she was obliged to turn the upper part of her body at the same time, as the satin bows of her small bonnet held her round chin a little stiffly. They might be fancied to take a certain pleasure in the embrace. The sun, shining from the south, was incommencing, at times, and to shade her eyes she held up a small morocco prayer-book against the fringe of brown hair on her forehead, and looked at him from beneath it.

They went down, past the unfinished Cathedral, the Moorish synagogue, and the Egyptian reservoir, with the castellated dwellings opposite, on the battlements of which an Ivanhoe, a Sister Anne, or the yellow dwarf might have appeared; past the quaint tower of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, with its angels trumpeting to the four corners of the heavens; past the incredibly tall hotels and apartment houses, past the scattered shop-fronts of tailors, confectioners, and jewelers, come into neighborhoods where they were not much wanted, and commending themselves to favor by a profuse display of decoration in the Eastlake taste.

A few tender flowers had opened in the beds along the base of the massive granite reservoir; and in one door-yard, a peculiarly warm and sheltered nook, was seen a lovely magnolia shrub, already covered with its large white blossoms, though the leaves had not yet appeared. Otilie exclaimed over it with pleasure. Such a tree might have grown in Paradise.

"It is very young and ignorant," responded Bainbridge, pretending cynicism even at the expense of the poor plant. "It will find out that such splendid effusiveness will not do. You will see it soon enough adopt a foliage more

in keeping with the actual conditions of a cold and heartless world."

"How many faces one sees in such a crowd," said Otilie, turning again towards it, "that look kind, and good, and interesting!"

"There are faces occasionally, in such a crowd, that give one almost a pang to think he is never to see them again. But no doubt it is better that he should not."

"You do not think, on the whole, that they would prove worth knowing? You imagine they would be disappointing?"

"My misgiving is, at least as much, the more modest one, whether I should prove worth knowing."

He made himself in some small degree her cicerone, and furnished comments on the people they passed, in whom he thought she might be interested. They saw the upright Walkills; the wicked Huyskamps; Watervliet the wit; young Stillsby, whose latest inanity went the rounds with Watervliet's latest gibe; the journalist Blithewood Gwin, and Wrye the banker, who was thought to carry Blithewood Gwin almost as much in his pocket as a copy of his journal; Mrs. Stoneglass, whose literary receptions are so highly considered; Mrs. Eglantine, who turns her social position to something like pecuniary account for strugglers, and entertains her friends at other people's parties; the Hudson-Hendricks, the Antrams, the Schinkos; Hackley and Hastings, two intimates — cronies, as far as so staid a character could be said to have cronies — of Rodman Harvey; Daisy Goldstone, Ada Trull, Alice Burlington; and the Misses Callahan, daughters of the ex-state senator of that name, who had laid the foundations of his fortune at a corner grocery in the so-called "Bloody" Sixth Ward.

"What a variety of people! And how do you know about them all?" exclaimed Otilie.

"Oh, I have been at the Misses Callahan's entertainments as well as at Mrs. Antram's. It has so happened. *There* is an interesting class, now, — that of the immigrants of the commoner sort, who arrive at prosperity with all their native traits unchanged. In it refinement of speech and manners is mingled helter-skelter with broken dialects and boorish coarseness of all kinds. The elder Callahan did not wish to move from his Sixth Ward even when he was rich, until prevailed upon to do so by these daughters, who insisted on his giving them a house on Madison Avenue while they were young, and not when they had grown old, and were unable to enjoy it. They have generally engaged more or less in politics, and held offices, — these wealthy ex-plumbers, bricklayers, and liquor-saloon keepers. They are not unappreciative of education, but wish to have their children superior to themselves; and this, when they have made them so, results in numerous heart-burnings. They are purse-proud, too, on the other hand, and not unfrequently cut their children off with a shilling, in good old-fashioned style, for what they think misalliances. The younger generation is full of renegadisms, and full, no doubt, of prickings of conscience for old-country customs and creeds it has abandoned, and old-country kith and kin it is ashamed of, in the effort to conform to the ways of the ruling class which calls for its admiration."

"You are a student of types and characters, then?"

"A student very backward at his lessons, if so. I have seen a random collection of people and places, while drifting along; that is all."

He lightly sketched Kingbolt and St. Hill, when these two were seen in their dog-cart.

"Should you think they would dare parade up like that, under the eyes of everybody, just as the churches are

out?" Otilie inquired. "Is it not severely disapproved of?"

"As likely as not they take some credit to themselves for going up with only a single horse, instead of, for instance, a tandem, of alternate bays and grays. As a matter of fact, nobody is better received in society than Arthur Kingbolt."

"They put up with his bad qualities, perhaps, in consideration of his good?"

"I think they rather put up with his good qualities in consideration of his bad. Nobody ever seriously disapproves of a person who is the heir to such a property. It is five millions."

"What does he do?"

"Spending the revenues of the Eureka Tool Company is a very pretty occupation. He has numerous caprices. He went abroad with young Lloyd, the architect, to get up plans for model buildings for his tenantry, but abandoned the project, quarreled with Lloyd, and brought back St. Hill with him instead. He spent a hundred thousand dollars on a church at Bridgefield; then left it half completed. His latest hobby, I believe, is to foster the English sport of fox-hunting in this country. He has his circle in red coats, corduroys, and top-boots, and they go flying over the fences of Westchester County in the most picturesque and dangerous fashion. He has corresponding whims about his personal appearance. Sometimes he is very simple; again, he will have gold buttons to his dress coat, half a dozen costly rings on each hand, bangles, like a woman, on his wrists, and will pack up a dozen suits of clothes for a two days' visit. When he first went to Bridgefield, in all his magnificence, after having been absent for some time, the good people held up their hands in holy horror. They had never seen a 'swell' before, he said, and he thought he would show them what one was like."

When this personage alighted, and, passing our friends, came back present-

ly, after the manner in which his movements have been described, Otilie, like others, had her glance of interest for this trio. "What a beautiful girl!" she exclaimed.

Bainbridge, embarrassed, and finding her looking towards him inquiringly, said, "Your cousin, Miss Angelica Harvey, and Mr. Austin Sprowle, whom she is engaged to."

Otilie was a little flustered. Fate seemed to insist upon an intimacy between them on this basis. But she adopted the policy of entire frankness as the best. "There have been disagreements, as you know, between the two branches of the family," she said, "and I have seen little of these relatives. My cousin is very accomplished, I suppose, as well as beautiful?"

"So I have considered, in the pleasure of but a slight acquaintance. She speaks every conceivable language, as our friend Miss Rawson would say; which means French and German quite well, and Italian enough to pronounce her music correctly. She has visited titled people abroad, and been presented at court. She rides, dances, sings, and converses. She does not always converse amiably, except with favorites. Some of the young men are said to be afraid of her, on account of the sharp things she says to them. *She* is a student of characters. She has discovered that I, for instance, am a very matter-of-fact person."

"And Mr. Sprowle, what is he like? What is his profession?"

"He is a genteel idiot, as I think. His profession is the same as Kingbolt's, though he has not the same amount of money to carry it on with."

Otilie was not wholly pleased with this. She would have preferred her kinsfolk to be left in their attitude of dignity, at least. "I should not think my uncle would like it," she commented more distantly.

"The women take him for his family.

That is what they want; and Mr. Harvey lets them have their own way. Sprowle is the sixth of the same name, in descent, from an ancestor who was a governor, or something of that kind, long before the Revolution. Sometimes he is named in the fashionable intelligence as Austin Sprowle, Sixth, as though he were part of a regular dynasty. You cannot do any better than such a connection in the way of an aristocracy of the wholly American sort."

"But do you not think that every young man should have a useful occupation?"

"That is one of those things that the newspapers put down as 'Important if True.' Why should he? If the young millionaire is going to have a tremendous business energy, together with the power that his money gives him, what is to become of the rest of the world? No! Pigeon-shooting, polo, racquets, coaching, yachting, fox-hunting, with the graces of life, are his proper field. He should aim to hand down the best possible constitutions to the next generation or two, which will surely need them, for the work of accumulating again, when the fortune has slipped through their fingers, as in the natural course it must. Sprowle does a little of all these things, but he is not very good at any of them."

"He might at least do them well."

"So he might; yet, as I say, he does not. But it is a fine, hearty, natural existence, like that of your Pottawatomies at the West." She frowned at the allusion. "The polo mallet is the worthiest implement of husbandry in the world, unless it be, perhaps, the Creedmoor rifle, or the hickory oar. The bold young savage, of a high state of civilization, instead of going down town of a morning to an office desk and a dyspepsia and a hectic flush, is off to the chase in the glades of the forest. Back he comes at night, his sinews strengthened, his blood bounding, and

throws down the spoils at the feet of his primitive spouse. A few friendly barbarians of the vicinity, in evening dress, are gathered around the frugal mahogany, and compare notes on the prowess of the day; and so to a well-earned repose, upon silken mattresses and eider-down pillows."

"But if Mr. Sprowle be stupid also? A bright, intelligent girl, as you say my cousin is, might be capable of so much under better circumstances."

"Oh, if the wise married only the wise, and the beautiful the beautiful, you know" — And with this they were at the Regina Flats.

Ottillie saw that most of what he said was, on the face of it, drollery; but it was impossible to divine at the same time what part, under the semblance of drollery, might not be his own actual sentiments. She did not care for a person who used so much ridicule. And she did not like it that he spoke of himself as one who drifted in life, and did not square his doings to a fixed plan.

VII.

PROSPECTS FROM HARVEY'S TERRACE.

The Regina Flats was a very tall, red brick apartment house, with many picturesque balconies and a gray slate roof, close to Madison Square. Bainbridge, whose own lodging was not far distant, began to make frequent ascensions in the smoothly-working elevator there, by which one was taken up to the modest quarters of the Hasbroucks.

He devised some plans for the entertainment of his friends and of Ottillie, their guest. He took them to the theatre, and again to dinner at one of the restaurants kept in the foreign style, with the novelty of which Ottillie was charmed. His income at this time was esteemed too paltry to be worth the least husbanding. He adopted the habit

of looking upon himself as a mature person engaged in ministering to the pleasure of ingenuous youth, a view in which the three Vassar undergraduates (who had no small idea of the importance of their age and station) would not at all have coincided. When he talked with Ottillie he fancied that it was her enthusiasms, her unhesitating belief in the possibility of doing anything and everything, — in contrast with his own cynical enlightenment, by virtue of which he knew perfectly well that little or nothing could be done, or was worth doing, if it could, — that afforded him distraction.

They two had plenty of opportunity of talking together. Mrs. Hasbrouck was of a social nature, and though she could now entertain in but a poor way, numbers of her compatriots came to see her and her daughters in the evenings, and on her day at home. Her abode became something of a rallying point for the Southern *émigrés* who, tired of stagnating, at last had gravitated to New York, to try to repair their broken fortunes. Most of the men had titles, from the land or naval service of the extinct Confederacy, and agreed in a military way of carrying themselves, though now engaged in civil pursuits, often of an unpretending character. Among the ladies seen there was the poetess, Mrs. Anne Arundel Clum, who had written, in the heat of the struggle,

"Will ye cringe to the hot tornado's rack,
To the vampires of the North?"

and was now the fashion-and-literary editress of the *Saturday Evening Budget*.

Ottillie learned much in this way of the Southern element in New York, — much of some persons who did not come as well as of those who did. She repeated to Bainbridge stories of battles and sieges she heard, which gratified her liking for the marvelous. She professed interest in some honest-faced, taciturn young men, with traditional

Virginian names, who were studying medicine and engineering here on scanty means. Whereupon Bainbridge, examining himself, strangely found them worthy of just no interest at all. Mr. Dinwiddie related to her instances of fidelity and devotion between the slaves and their masters under the old *régime*. Colonel Roanoke, in depicting the ruin wrought by the war in various ways, showed that the valuation of the State of Georgia had shrunk from a total of six hundred millions of dollars to one hundred and fifty millions, by the abolition of property in slaves alone.

"How singular it would have been, would it not," speculated Otilie, "had they succeeded instead of us, and were now existing alongside of us as a foreign country, with its separate flag and uniform, and long line of custom-houses! It would have been interesting to travel in. Both sides would have gone on growing more and more unlike."

"One of the schemes for its future, among others, was that nobody should have a vote who did not own at least five slaves, and that the slave trade should be reopened; thus driving out the poor whites, and constituting probably the most aristocratic society in the world. It might have taken the place, for us, of Europe; only I dare say we should not have found it easy to regard it with quite the abject reverence that is the proper feeling of the truly good American towards everything European."

"I will not listen to any sacrilege against Europe. It is my dream."

"Oh, I shall not do Europe any harm. Only let it keep to its own side of the water."

The young girl talked to him, being led on to do so, of the things of greatest moment in her present life, — her catalogue of studies, her friends, and the routine at the school. She showed a conscientiousness in saying, "I am not naturally inclined to mathematics; hence I give them the greatest attention, as it

shows that it is the side on which I am weakest." The characters, too, in her books were an interest of leading importance. She considered them worthy of not less serious discussion than living persons. Secretly, there were those among them she would have liked to imitate. She would have liked to resemble Ethel Newcome, generously giving away her property, while herself remaining unknown; or Romola, attending upon the steps of the blind old scholar, her father; or Theresa, assuaging the lot of the poor prisoner of Fenestrella.

Whatever was magnanimous and tender moved her. She was quickly responsive to sweet music and fine poetry. She had a capacity for getting pleasure out of simple things, — a shop window, an odd figure or animal, a condition of the atmosphere. And together with her alert observation, she was of a rather ingeniously reflective turn.

Looking down into the streets, from their high balcony, in which a muezzin might have stood and called the faithful to prayers, she said to the young man, "How strange that the whole traffic should be for the purpose of supplying our material wants alone! Just see! First a dry-goods store, then crockery, then millinery, then shoes, jewelry, drugs, fruits, hardware, groceries, — everything. Only once in a long way books, pictures, or even flowers. Do you suppose there will come a time — the millennium, perhaps — when there are to be just as many signs and banners swung out; baggage wagons and walking advertisements; clerks with pens behind their ears, and marking brushes, and paint pots; and just as many people shopping, only all concerned about something for the higher faculties instead of the lower? Will they shop for something to *think*, do you suppose, instead of something to eat and wear?"

But she was by no means an oppressively serious person. Bainbridge was

privileged to see her, as he began to know her well, in moods of a breezy playfulness, that bore out the forecast of her illuminating smile. She carried her hands in the pockets of her jacket, whistled softly to herself over her embroidery, and, seated on the piano stool, threw out her arms in gestures of despair or disdain over certain music.

There came up one of those small discussions, so common in our language by reason of its want of logic. Should one pronounce *e*-ther or *i*-ther, *acclimated* or *acclimated*, or spell certain words with double letters or without? Otilie had got the large dictionary in her lap, and bestowed herself in an easy-chair. She had placed an ottoman, also, for further support, and there was a glimpse of her small slippered feet and pretty blue, clocked stockings below the hem of her garment.

"I say *i*-ther when I am afraid of people, and *e*-ther when I am not," she announced as her ultimatum on this point.

"My conviction is that Webster gives but one *i*," said Bainbridge, arguing a question of spelling.

"But *I* give two *i*'s," she declared intrepidly.

"Do you mean to say you do not believe in Webster?"

"I mean to say that I believe in Otilie Harvey."

But when she was forced to consult the authority, and it was found against her, she refused to announce the decision, and endeavored by flagrant subterfuges to change the subject, and disguise her defeat.

The balcony commanded extensive views. There was seen from it, immediately in front, the interior quadrangle of a block of city houses. The small yards, separated by high fences, looked like a series of bins. In their depths were occasional vines, metal vases, and statues. Of a pair of these white-painted figures, Bainbridge, of an afternoon

when he had come up early from his office, made out one to be the goddess Flora.

"And the other," said Otilie, "is certainly Fauna. You always hear of those two together."

She had good eyes, and made tests of their ability to distinguish distant objects, in the genuineness of which her companion, whose own vision was less perfect, affected to disbelieve. She read on the high wall of a manufactory, far off towards Eighth Avenue, the sign "Hackley and Valentine, School and Domestic Furniture." But the young man declared it to be simply "Coffins, Millinery, and Assorted Railroad Iron;" and, in further derision, pretended to describe the pattern on the seal ring of a man looking out of a window at the lower end of the block below. When a glass was brought, however, it appeared that she was right, and she endeavored to give the credit of her excellent eyesight, somehow, to her much-maligned West.

One afternoon they went out together, to visit studios and picture galleries. Otilie was to be left afterwards at Harvey's Terrace, where she had promised to call upon Wilhelmina Klausner, now returned from her musical studies at Leipsic. The Klausners were to see to her safe return in the evening.

They went to Tenth Street and to the Association Building in Twenty-Third Street, some artists in which had issued cards for the day, and thence to the well-known place of a dealer in modern works of the best class, of Paris, Munich, Rome, and Madrid.

Hardly had they entered this gallery when Otilie recognized her cousin, Selkirk Harvey. He was in company with a richly dressed lady, of middle age, and a man, of a bluish-black complexion, the trace of shaving, quite bald, though of a figure still young and of an effeminate voice. The three were grouped about a salesman, who was expatiating on the

merits of canvases before them. The recognition was mutual. Selkirk came over hesitatingly and shook hands with her, and then led her back to make the acquaintance of his mother, her aunt. The gentleman with them was introduced as Mr. Aureolin Slab.

Mrs. Rodman Harvey stared at her niece, in a way no doubt permissible "in the family," and complimented her broadly, as if it were a surprising circumstance that she should be found so presentable.

"I have heard of you. Your uncle told me about you," she said; "but I have been so busy—I have so many cares—Nobody who has not been through them can have the faintest conception. We are decorating and furnishing the house now, and it seems as if every mortal being connected with it had conspired to annoy me. We are looking at pictures to-day, for the gallery. What we had in Union Square are but the merest item towards filling it. Mr. Slab has been kind enough to give me his assistance. What do you think of that?" pointing incidentally to one of the works close by with her parasol. "Is n't it too dreadful? Here, Mr. Bainbridge, perhaps you are a critic. Did you ever *see* such sheep? One would not have them at any price." She did not wait for replies. Otilie thought her style of conversation very fragmentary, and also that it must be rather unpleasant for the dealer and for Aureolin Slab.

But the dealer was used to many kinds of people. He led on with unbroken patience from one to another of the Bouguereaus, Gérômes, Jacquets, Knaus, Von Marckes, Pasinis, and Madrazos. He dwelt on their desirability as investments, and enforced his arguments with anecdotes of the remarkable advances in price of certain names. As to Aureolin Slab, he was never so happy as when selecting a work for a friend, having lost the fortune he had

once possessed, and being now able to select so very little for himself. He spoke of broken and pure colors, of masses, focus, and "sympathies of lines, radiating and converging." He spread his open palm at times before a picture, without other comment, as if paddling deliciously in its combined excellences.

"If I had only thought, I could have sent for you just as well as not," said Mrs. Harvey to Otilie later. It happened that they were a little apart from the others. "Can you not come now for a few days? Whom are you staying with? What Hasbroucks? Oh, those must be the people that have made your uncle so much trouble!—And I hardly think you ought to go about alone with a young man," she added, glancing at Bainbridge. "Well, I am so glad to have met you."

Otilie departed, not pleased with the scrutiny to which she had been subjected, nor the unpleasant allusion to her friends, yet profoundly impressed. She had seen the purchase by her aunt of an actual Gérôme, the photographs of which alone, in the window of the principal picture store at Lone Tree, had been esteemed very choice artistic treasures.

Her companion took steps to sound her as to what change of sentiment, if any, had been effected by the meeting. She was found more warmly devoted to the Hasbrouck cause than before.

"And you," she said, after some impartial-seeming remark of his,—"I do not understand how you can be friendly to both sides."

"In international contests—and this was a kind of international contest, you know—the justice of the cause is considered equal."

"I do not see that there is anything equal about it. The Hasbroucks paid what they owed, once, and now my uncle makes them pay it again. He has got the courts to decide in his favor, and it is only some minor delay that keeps

him from taking everything they have; and meanwhile they have had no use of their property for years. The Confederate government passed a law that all debts of its citizens to Northern people were confiscated to its own treasury, and this was one of them. But it seems that after the war the Confederate laws were not considered binding."

"I should say not," interpolated Bainbridge.

"And so they must pay twice. *I* think it outrageous."

"The courts do not seem to think so, as you admit."

"But they *had* to pay it," insisted Otilie, impatiently. "They may not have wished to; I know they did not; but their government made them."

"It strikes me as their misfortune, then, to have had that kind of a government. I fail to see where Rodman Harvey was benefited. It simply raised a forced loan from them, to that particular amount, whatever it was, and matters between them and Rodman Harvey remained as before. We are sorry, of course, that it is our friends the Hasbroucks, but the thing is perfectly just. Your uncle, besides, has never had any means of knowing what agreeable and deserving people they are, and he cherishes a peculiar bitterness towards the South. Perhaps if there were anybody to put the case to him in a very persuasive way he might be induced to relent."

Otilie may have been more impressed by this suggestion than at the moment appeared. But she said, perversely, "I should not think lawyers would want to practice their heavy arguments on just ordinary persons, unversed in legal technicalities. My aunt said I ought not to go about alone with you, and I do not think I will."

"*Did* she say that, now?" he exclaimed, in a hearty manner, with a laugh. "And has it reached that point? Well, you and I know better. This is the chaperon business, the latest great

American problem. A matron must be on hand everywhere, to play propriety. Perhaps it is an indication of our growing wickedness. At any rate, since communication with Europe has become so easy, in these last years, European manners are rapidly making their way here. The amusing thing is to see aspiring young women forcing it, as a pure piece of fashion, upon their dazed mammas, who would never have thought of it of their own accord. It has considerable vogue already, however, and if you lived in New York I dare say you would come to it; it is often convenient to follow the mode, even when it is based upon absurdities. But let us not begin yet. Mrs. Hasbrouck is a sensible woman, and she has not enforced it. It has scarcely touched the interior as yet, and you and I well know what can be done in the interior."

This view seemed to Otilie wholly reasonable. Indeed, she knew so well the entire freedom prevailing between young people at her home, and she was met by this new restriction so almost for the first time, that the puzzling caution of her aunt had seemed adapted to no other purpose than to be used, as she had used it, in her pleasantry.

By some favoritism in early times the rocky site of the old Muffett mansion, an area now containing a number of blocks of houses, and known as Harvey's Terrace, had been exempted from being reduced to the general grade. It rose from its surroundings, close by the East River, a kind of domestic Ehrenbreitstein. On all sides but that of the sloping ascent from Second Avenue, it was precipitous. At one end of the *cul-de-sac* of the top was the gate of a German garden and pavilion, utilized for Turnverein and Saengerbund feasts, for balls of the Dennis J. Burns Association, the Box-Makers' Union, the Lady Violets, and the Happy Seven, for political caucuses, and Father McIntyre's lectures on the Ancient Great

ness of Ireland. Near the centre of the Terrace a small space was left between the houses, closed by an iron railing along its edge, for a promenade and lookout upon the wide river view.

Harvey's Terrace was very quiet and genial on the April afternoon when our friends entered it. They took the wrong turn at first, in seeking their number. As they paced along, they could discern something of the blue prospect, and of the sails moving in the river, through the windows of the basement stories of the houses. "It is like looking into those crystals in which the seers pretended to read the prophecies of fate," said Otilie.

They stopped a little at the railing, as they retraced their steps, for the enjoyment of the view. There lingered by it, also, a shabby old person, whose only object seemed to be to warm himself in the early spring sunshine. A wooden oriel, projecting from the side-wall of the house abutting on the open space, at the left, contained a blonde young woman, sewing, with somewhat the air of a bird in its cage.

The river below was blue, and was ruffled by the swift passage through its tortuous channels of ships, dragged in and out by the tugs. The tops of the masts came nearly to a level with the eye. The interminable expanse of suburban city spread along all the farther shores, red and black, and bristled with the sharp points of steeples. In the ruffled blue river lay a number of islands, with singular buildings upon them, which were explained to be the institutions for the poor, sick, and criminal, housed by the great city in the stern charity of self-defense.

It was the penitentiary that especially drew Otilie's attention. It exercised a kind of fascination upon her, and she gazed at it steadfastly. A long, low, sullen, loop-holed, granite building, under the great light and air, it blasted the sight. A gang of convicts were seen

to come out of it, and marching in lock-step to move like some strange reptile life across the ground, from which they were hardly distinguishable in color.

A guard-boat, manned by convicts, with a vigilant keeper, armed with a rifle, in its stern, was patrolling the island. There might have been noticed a yawl, which had put out from the shore, and, clumsily handled, as if by inexperienced persons, was nearing the guard-boat.

Bainbridge also was serious. "Great heaven!" he exclaimed; "that there is possibly but one life to live, and human beings must pass it like that!"

"No, there is, there must be, another!" said Otilie, with fervor. "These inequalities and sufferings more than anything else convince one of it."

The shabby old party lounging in the sun, not quite so inoffensive as he had seemed, drew nearer, and by way of overture at conversation began, "There's them in it as shud be out," nodding towards the island, "and minny a wan out as shud be in it, so there is."

Bainbridge at first returned him a careless monosyllable, but finding that he came so close as to annoy Otilie, who changed her position, he said sharply, "Go off, will you! We don't want you here."

"I will not go off, then," said the man defiantly. "Has any wan o' yez a better right? Used n't it to be me own house and home? Used n't I to be livin' here aisy and peaceful, wud me frinds and neighbors, till Harvey kem wud his coort of law, and his lyers, and his police, and his sowljers, and evicted us out of it?"

"Oh, if you are going to set up for the Last of the Mohicans, or Philip of Pokanoket, brooding over the ruins of departed empire, and that sort of thing, all right!" said the young man humorously. "I dare say you have heard of the Last of the Mohicans?"

"I *have* not," replied the man sullen-

ly, moving off a little, "nor the first of them, nayther, — your Gashagans, and your Poky-Woky."

Ottillie could scarcely contain her laughter at his discomfited air. But the movements of the awkwardly managed yawl in the river were becoming very peculiar, and she desired to follow them. It had approached quite close to the patrol-boat, and the armed guard seemed to be warning it away.

The man drew off somewhat further, and then, as if having meditated his grievance, turned back with —

"I *have* not heard o' thim, but I heard tell o' chatein' a poor man out of his bit of a house and ground. And I heard tell o' yourself, that was wan o' thim that was helpin' him wud it. I know the cut o' you. And I heard tell o' chatein' a bank, what's more of it," he said, after a short pause, bending forward his head in increasing excitement. "Harvey's Terrus, is it? It's over beyant, on the Island, Rodman Harvey shud be, if he had what's coming to him be rights."

"What *does* he mean?" asked Ottillie, turning back with an anxious expression.

"Nothing at all. He was one of the squatters, who were put off when the land was wanted for useful purposes, and naturally feels sore over it. I recollect him as one who was particularly violent at the time. His name is McFadd. They say he was some kind of a bank messenger once, who lost his position through shiftless habits, and finally drifted to this place, where it cost him little or nothing to live. See here! Worse will happen to you than being put off a piece of land that was not yours, my abusive old friend, if you do not keep a civil tongue in your head," he added, to McFadd.

"Others was knowing to it, besides meself," persisted McFadd, — "plinty more. The prisidint o' the bank was knowing to it. A party be the name of

Hackley was knowing to it. A party be the name of Gammage, of the same Antarctic Bank, was knowing to it. Did n't I go to the prisidint meself, whin I was put out o' me house and ground, thinkin' I'd get a bit o' satisfaction be rayson of it, and divil a satisfaction did I get. Sure, what is the word o' the likes o' me agin the word o' the likes o' him? But was n't I the missinger o' the bank? and did n't I carry the tilegrams? and did n't I bring Harvey to it meself, affrighted out of the life of him?"

Bainbridge knew that Gammage was the elderly, broken-down personage, once an occupant of positions of high respectability, for whom he had obtained the employment of directing circulars in the office of the Prudential Land and Loan Company. He had heard from him some formless hints, in like manner to the detriment of Rodman Harvey. These were nothing more, he was convinced, than the mouthings of an impotent feeling of revenge, on the one hand, and of a mind disordered by excesses, on the other; but the coincidence of the mention of the name made him determine to question the old clerk, at a favorable opportunity, and draw from him whatever he might have to say, in a definite form.

He was anxious, for Ottillie's sake, just now, to check this flow of abuse, but before he could have taken any step to do so, she uttered a little excited cry. It was doubtful if she had heard the last remarks of McFadd at all. The yawl from the shore had collided with the patrol-boat, and instantly capsized it. The armed guard, losing his rifle, which sank to the bottom of the river, was forced to swim to secure his own safety. His convict crew were seen helped aboard and supplied with fresh clothing by their now openly discovered friends, who at once turned back and pulled again for the shore, with the sturdy sweep of trained oarsmen. So sudden and bold

had been the manoeuvre that they had reached the covert supplied by the freighting schooners, the coal and wood yards, the shot tower, and the breweries, below Harvey's Terrace, before steps for their arrest could be taken on either side.

McFadd had raised and lowered himself on his stiff knee-joints with interest during this exciting transaction, and cried, "Heaven be wid ye, boys!" He now hobbled down from the Terrace to witness the concluding scene below, where heated policemen, with clubs and revolvers in their hands, had begun to beat a grand battue among the lumber yards.

Ottilie, in trepidation lest the runagates should somehow appear in her own vicinity, now made haste to her destination. It proved to be the very house next at hand, and the young woman in the bird-cage window was no other than Wilhelmina Klauser. The unusual incident they had witnessed became the basis of an animated acquaintance at once. At the boarding-house dinner, at which Ottilie took part, since Klauser himself had not yet returned from down town, the whole subject of the escape and of the prison in the neighborhood was treated in a facetious light. The sentiment of McFadd also was repeated, to wit, that there were many outside the prison who might justly be in it.

The humorous tone was that which prevailed generally. The lively Mr. Cutter, whose engagement to Miss Speller was the latest piece of social gossip, made many sallies, of which Miss Speller did not conceal her admiration. This couple would be married within the month, Ottilie was told, and the quiet, plain Miss Finley, Miss Speller's inseparable friend, would go to live with them.

Mr. Cutter said to the waitress, in imitation of her way of offering alternatives of "roast beef or boiled mutton," "baked dumpling or boiled Indian pud-

ding," "I will take a little boiled tea, Sarah," or, "Some baked bread, Sarah, if you please."

To which the flustered Sarah, unable to cope with him in wit of his own sort, rejoined, "I suppose you think that very smart. Well, *I don't*."

This afternoon made a deep impression on Ottilie. The escape of the prisoners was an incident, indeed, to take back to school and narrate among the experiences of her vacation. It proved afterwards to have been a case of collusion, in the interest of an influential convict who was in the boat, and that the apparently ill-used keeper had been well paid for his ducking.

Her active mind and her sympathies opened quickly to a subject with which she had never before been confronted at close quarters. She asked Bainbridge and others many questions. A party was made up to visit the city prison, called the Tombs, and she talked there with hardened malefactors, and accepted ingenuously their stories of the malice and errors of others, which alone had placed them there.

"Why is nothing *done*," she inquired, "to make such people better, — to prevent its going on? If women had authority, it seems to me *they* would do something."

"I am sure they do a great deal," answered Bainbridge. "They send all the first-class murderers flowers and quail-on-toast and their photographs, and try to get them out and introduce them into the best society."

But she was serious, and desired him to tell her what steps had been taken in the direction of the permanent reformation of criminals. He could think of nothing further than the plan at Valencia, in old Spain, where forty-three distinct trades are taught in the prison, and the inmates are allowed a share in the proceeds of their labor; and the Maconochie system, by which convicts of good behavior are finally left almost

free from supervision. But he had some pamphlets which he could send her, on her return to school. "Only, you must tell me, when you have finished them," he said, "which plan, on deliberate reflection, you like the best. Will you not write me a purely philanthropic note, setting forth your system for the final settlement of these vexed questions?"

It was not etiquette, at Lone Tree, to be hasty in opening correspondence with young men, although she might walk or ride with them to her heart's content. "I am sure I shall not have any opinion," she replied; "but if I should — Well, I will see."

A considerable part of the pleasure of her vacation was due to him. She thought it a little odd that he should care to be so considerate to her, when his way was to scoff at almost everybody else. He seemed to delight in representing himself, too, to the very worst advantage. One would have imagined at times that he favored Indian massacres, arson, house-breaking, and residence in malarial neighborhoods, and that he was opposed to charities, railways, education, and all civilized observances. As to money matters, he said, "What you spend you have had, and that alone;" and, "It is better to live rich than die rich." And he crowned his preposterous sayings with the assertion,

"It is more admirable to be a martyr to error — conscious error, of course —

than to truth, because then you have nothing to sustain you, and it is pure, solid heroism."

With his apparent absence of convictions on all the important matters of life, matters as good as settled beyond dispute, he was a person to be looked at with serious misgivings, this young woman deemed, from any other point of view than that of a very superficial companionship.

Miss Rawson thought it odd, too, that he should interest himself in an immature school-girl, "a mere bread-and-butter miss," when he so rarely came to her. He presented himself at her Friday evening, for the first time in ages, when Otilie was there. She took occasion to compliment Otilie to him ingeniously. "You see at once that she is not a New Yorker," she said. "There is a certain lack of — but I *like* it, you know. It is such a pity her uncle is so hard! There is not the slightest possibility, I suppose, that he will ever do anything for her. And her family, in that obscure Western hamlet, — perfectly upright and honest, of course, but so poor, — he might do so much for them."

And to Otilie she said of him, with a meaning smile, which the young girl took to indicate a kind of proprietorship, "Is he not charming? You must like him very much, or we shall quarrel."

William Henry Bishop.

A MODERN HINDU REFORMER.

"TEN years ago, the most influential religious teacher in India was Keshub Chunder Sen," said an officer in the English civil service to me, as we were crossing the Indian Ocean, and were waiting for our first glimpse of Bombay. Religious influence in India means as

much as in Scotland. From the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, religion of some sort holds undisputed sway. The power of England is not comparable to it. It was the mere suspicion, so it is generally believed, that their faith was about to be tampered with that aroused

both Hindu and Mohammedan into such a frenzy of hate against the English, that the mutiny of 1857 failed only through lack of leadership from becoming a successful revolution. The people of India are naturally religious. They have always been ready either to fight or to die for their faith. The Ganges has been reddened as often as the Rhine with blood shed in religious wars. On the great plains of India, battles as cruel as Germany saw in her Thirty Years War have been repeatedly fought. To-day, if there were no strong-handed government to hold them apart, Hindu and Mohammedan would rush upon each other, in the madness of religious hate; or, burying their animosities for a moment in an intenser hatred, they would combine against their common enemy, the Christian.

For a teacher of religion, under thirty-five, to attain in such a country to a position of such marked prominence is a phenomenon. It is still more remarkable that this position was reached not by a leader of any of the old powerful religious parties, whether Hindu, Mohammedan, or Christian, but by the founder, or at least the acknowledged interpreter, of a new religion, in opposition more or less marked to each of these three parties. Keshub Chunder Sen is a disciple neither of Moses, nor Buddha, nor Zoroaster, nor Mohammed, nor Christ. He calls himself by none of these names. He is an apostle of the new dispensation. He is the bringer in — so he believes — of a new epoch to India and humanity. Why may it not be? All the ancient religions were once new. They were all born in the Orient. India herself was the first to hear the infant cries of Sakyamuni, the first to heed his teaching, and the first, too, to forget it. Why may she not, even in the last half of the nineteenth century, have given birth to another as great as the great Buddha himself? The hour is ripe. The old is passing away. Bud-

dha is dead. Brahma and Mohammed are not revered as they once were. The Hindu laughs heartily with you over the hideous puerility of the idol worship from which he has just come, and to which he will probably to-morrow return. India has need of a new dispensation, and some fifty years ago a few of her leading spirits began to organize a reform, which has resulted at least in the establishment of a new church, — the Brahmo Somaj.

"At first," says Chunder Sen, "this Brahmo Somaj to which I belong was simply a church for the worship of the one true God according to the doctrines and ritual inculcated in the earliest Hindu Scriptures." For the time the members of this church held to the infallibility of the Vedas; "but," continues Sen, "the Brahmo Somaj, because it was the work of God, could not but break with the Vedas as soon as they were found to contain errors." The Brahmo Somaj, released from the nature worship and absurdities of the Vedas, became a pure theistic church, "the centre," says Sen "of a moral, social, and religious reformation." "In the Brahmo Somaj," he adds, "we see concentrated all those great, urgent, and pressing reforms which India needs at the present moment. Is it the amelioration of the condition of women that India wants? Look at the Brahmo Somaj, and you see already are gathered in some of its chapels ladies who have discarded idolatry, superstition, and caste altogether; who have learned to pray in their own houses unto the one true God, and have set their faces boldly against every form of polytheism and idol worship; and some of whom have published most beautiful theistic verses and hymns. Is it the distinctions of caste that are to be leveled? You see among the Brahmos a good number of valiant and brave men, who not only dine with men of all classes, irrespective of the distinctions of color, caste, and creed, but who have promoted

intermarriages between members of different castes. The high-caste Brahman has accepted as his wife a low-caste Sudra, and *vice versa*."

This monotheism is certainly immensely superior to the idolatrous worship which one may still see everywhere in the Hindu temples of India. These women of the Brahmo Somaj, praying to the one true God, and singing the theistic hymns which they themselves have composed, have indubitably a vastly superior type of religion to that of their sisters of Benares, and of Calcutta as well, who, with their little copper vessels filled with water, go from temple to temple, pouring out libations not only to hideous idols, but also to obscene symbols. These "valiant and brave men," dining with all colors, castes, and creeds, are incomparably nobler specimens of humanity than their brethren, who would not touch a Sudra with the tip of one of their fingers to save his life or his soul, and who would consider themselves, the poorest, wretchedest, and dirtiest of them, disgraced forever, if they should eat with the Viceroy or even with the Empress of India, her majesty Queen Victoria. Any church that can show such fruits has no need to bring forward other *raison d'être*. That Keshub Chunder Sen should have found his way into a church of this sort is the most natural thing in the world. How it came about was explained by Lord Lawrence, once Viceroy of India, at a great meeting of welcome given to Chunder Sen on his arrival in England in the spring of 1870. "Our guest," said Lord Lawrence, "is a Hindu gentleman, of respectable and well-known lineage. His grandfather was the associate and coadjutor of one of the most profound Sanskrit scholars in this country. Left an orphan in his youth, he was placed by his uncle in an English school, and afterwards was graduated in the college at Calcutta, where he gained a thorough knowledge of English lan-

guage, literature, and history. It was impossible that, with this knowledge, he could remain an idolater. Early in his career he learned to despise the worship of idols, and by degrees, by thought, by reflection and prayer, he learned to believe in one God. He then joined a party known in Lower Bengal as the Brahmo Somaj, who worship Brahma, the creator. After a short time he became the head of a reforming party among those reformers, so that in Keshub Chunder Sen they saw the representative of the most advanced section of the great reforming party which was rising in Bengal."

That such a man, so eager for light, should not have become a Christian may at first glance seem very strange; but the Hindu has always looked upon Christianity as the religion of his conquerors; it is almost inseparably associated in his mind with English cannon and English soldiers. It has come to him as something foreign and Occidental. The Christian convert suffers more socially than the Brahmanist, or Mohammedan, or the member of the Brahmo Somaj. These are reasons sufficient, if there were no others, why Chunder Sen should have cast in his lot with the theistic rather than the Christian church. For the last ten years he has been the leading spirit — it would not be an exaggeration to say the Pope — of the Brahmo Somaj. The form of its development is due to him rather than to any other member, or perhaps to all the other members combined. He is the pastor of the church in Calcutta, and the editor of the weekly newspaper published by the society.

It is next to impossible to determine accurately the creed of an organization that has no written confession of faith, no infallible books, no authoritative articles. But as Keshub Chunder Sen always speaks *ex cathedra*, we might form some idea of what the theistic church is from his own utterances, were it not that he always speaks, so he him-

self tells us, as an Oriental, in tropes and figures. He can cry, in an address to the Brahmo Somaj, in the town hall of Calcutta, on its fifty-first anniversary, "Blessed Jesus, I am thine. I give myself, body and soul, to thee. If India will revile and persecute me, and take my life-blood out of me, drop by drop, still, Jesus, thou shalt continue to have my homage. Son of God, I love thee truly!" But he can say also in the same address, "Christ's dispensation is said to be divine. I say that this dispensation — the Brahmo Somaj — is equally divine." With his missionaries he can go on pilgrimages, as he calls them, in the "worship room" of his own house, or in his study, "where, surrounded by book shelves loaded with the wisdom of ages, and in the midst of literary associations, they communed with Socrates." "The following saints were visited on the dates specified against their names: Moses, 22d February; Socrates, 7th March; Sakya, 14th March; The Rishis, 21st March; Christ, 8th August; Mohammed, 19th September; Chaitanya, 26th September; scientific men, 3d October."

"Before the flag of the new dispensation," cries this broadest of broad churchmen, "bow, ye nations, and proclaim the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In blessed eucharist let us eat and assimilate all the saints and prophets of the world. Thus shall we put on the new man, and say, The Lord Jesus is my will, Socrates my head, Chaitanya my heart, the Hindu Rishi my soul, and the philanthropic Howard my right hand." The doors of this modern Pantheon stand always wide open. There is room enough within for all heroes and prophets, if not for all gods. The Brahmo Somaj is an attempt to render equal service to many masters.

I went, one hot afternoon last May, to call upon Keshub Chunder Sen at his home in Calcutta. I had heard that he was in "retirement," — such was the

term used, — and might refuse to see any one; and, mistaking at first the house where he once lived for his present residence, a tall, stout Indian Baboo, of whom I made inquiries as he was about stepping into his palanquin, turned upon me rather sharply, and said, "May I ask why you wish to see Chunder Sen?" To which question, considering my nationality, there could be but one appropriate reply: "May I inquire why you ask?" "Oh," answered the Baboo, "I am a relative, and I doubt if he will see you; but I will with pleasure direct you to his house." A comfortable European house it was, somewhat better even than most American societies provide for their missionaries, though they are nearly always of good size and appearance, as they should be. I took it for granted, though foreign missionaries do not live ordinarily in native houses, that an Indian reformer would have a purely Indian home; but this reformer has been to Europe, has associated more or less all his life with Europeans, and has gradually and almost necessarily substituted Occidental comfort for Oriental simplicity. I was shown into just such a drawing-room as one might find in almost any of the smaller London houses, with the one exception of a large tiger skin stretched upon the floor, which did service as a rug. Almost immediately Keshub Chunder Sen entered: he was a tall, well-formed man, with a tendency to over-stoutness; coffee-colored skin; eyes of the deepest black and flashing with fire; a handsome face, of the Eastern sort, full of animal life and passion, yet the face of a possible mystic; long, delicately formed hands, such as men of the West rarely, if ever, possess. A good type of the Oriental; dressed, too, as a native gentleman. A long, loose, toga-like garment, lighter than any fabrics ever used by us, supplied the place of the much more numerous and much less comfortable and graceful articles which make up the or-

dinary costume in every country of Europe.

His welcome was very cordial. He said nothing about his "retirement," but began at once to ask the usual questions which are put to all travelers, in English as pure and grammatical as one would hear in Oxford or Cambridge, though without that certain accent or inflection of the voice which one rarely finds except among native-born Englishmen. He spoke with perfect freedom, and with that openness of manner which invites questioning. When I asked if a member of the Brahmo Somaj would ever speak of himself as a Christian, he said, with a smile, "Oh no, that is a term of narrowness; the Christian must hate" (I wondered from what sources he had formed this idea) "the Hindu and the Buddhist and the Mohammedan, but we honor all. Christ is to us the greatest, his life is the purest, but he is only *primus inter pares*." Remembering what I had heard about his retirement, I inquired if asceticism found any place in their system. "Not with the meaning which is ordinarily given to that word," was his reply. "We believe in and advocate the greatest simplicity of life; we live on alms, we eat no meat, and there are times when we go into the wilderness to be alone for days." Then he showed me a picture of himself and his wife, seated on the tiger skin which was under our feet, spread apparently on some hill-top of sand, in a barren Indian desert. He held in his hand, so the picture represented him, the *ektara*, an instrument of a single string, — the only one, I believe, ever used by the Brahmo Somaj. "We sometimes spend hours in that position," he said, "communing with the Infinite."

Do you believe, I asked, in modern revelations? It was somewhat generally thought in Calcutta, I had found, that whenever Keshub Chunder Sen's authority was questioned by the Brahmo Somaj, he had the habit of falling back

upon a revelation just received as the motive and authority of his action. "Certainly," he said; "God has not become dumb; he speaks now as of old." You have missionaries, I said. "Oh, yes; we are sending them into nearly every part of India, and they are meeting everywhere with good success." But, I asked, what if one of these men should say, I have had a revelation to go to Allahabad, when the church wishes him to work in Trichinopoly? "He would be forced to yield," was the reply. "We should not believe in a revelation of that sort, in opposition to the opinion of the whole church." This might lead, I suggested, to schisms. Have you ever had any division into parties in the Somaj? "Yes," he answered; "within a very short time there has been one of a somewhat serious nature. It resulted in part from the marriage of my daughter, of which you may have heard something." One can scarcely mention Keshub Chunder Sen or the Brahmo Somaj anywhere in India without being told the story of this marriage, and in a more or less incorrect form, so that I was very glad to have him speak of it of his own accord, and to hear from his own lips the truth of the matter. It was a rather romantic story, and one that could not fail to excite sympathy as well as interest.

The marriage of children has long been general in India. I was present, one evening, at a wedding where a boy of six was married to a girl of four. The boy must become a man before he takes his wife to his home; but if he should die in the mean time, the child whom he ceremonially married must always remain a widow. Latterly the more thoughtful have come to look upon these early marriages as among the greatest of evils. One of the obligations which members of the Brahmo Somaj took upon themselves was not to marry their daughters till they had reached the age of sixteen.

A few years ago a Maharajah, or prince, was left an orphan, and became

necessarily a ward of the English government. His property was cared for and his education — a very careful one — seen to by the lieutenant governor of Bengal. This young Maharajah of Kuchberge became one of the best known characters in Calcutta, and was universally liked, both by the natives and the Europeans. It was thought wise for him to travel in Europe, but it was more than probable that if he undertook the journey unmarried he would return with a European wife, and this would injure his influence over his future subjects. The English government wished him to be married at once, and, on looking around for a wife suitable for their ward, they decided to make proposals for the hand of the daughter of Keshub Chunder Sen. It was a great temptation, a real Indian prince, and called by the English the best of them all. It was too great a temptation to be resisted, and a few months before the young lady had reached her sixteenth birthday she was married to the Maharajah, but

with the condition that she was not to be taken to his home till his return from Europe. Even the Europeans considered the marriage unobjectionable, but the members of the Brahmo Somaj moved a court of inquiry into the conduct of their minister, and in spite of his assurance that he had received a direct revelation from heaven that this marriage was right and proper, a large number withdrew from the Brahmo Somaj, and organized a reformed Somaj of their own.

Keshub Chunder Sen answers to Dr. Johnson's definition of a remarkable man, for few could pass even the English philosopher's meagre allowance of time with him without feeling that he was possessed of extraordinary powers. One of the Lessing-like seekers after truth he seems to be, who would say with the author of *Laocoön*, "If God held all truth in his right hand, and in his left only the everlasting search after truth, I would bow humbly to his left hand, and say, Father, give; keep the truth for Thyself alone."

Charles Wood.

IN VENICE.

"YES, we came over again in February, and have been here in Venice since the last of March. For some reasons, I was sorry to come back; one *is* so much more comfortable at home! What I have suffered in these wretchedly cold houses over here, words, Mr. Blake, can never express. For in England, you know, they consider fifty-eight Fahrenheit quite warm enough for their drawing-rooms, while here in Italy — well, one never *is* so cold, I think, as in a warm climate. Yes, we should have been more comfortable, as far as *that* goes, in my own house in New York, reading all those delightful books on Art, in a properly-warmed atmosphere

(and I must say a properly-warmed spirit too), and looking at photographs of the pictures (you can have them as large as you like, you know), instead of freezing our feet over the originals, which half the time the eyes of a lynx could not see. But it is not always winter, of course. And then I have lived over here so long that I have, it seems, acquired foreign ways that are very unpopular at home. You may smile, and it *is* too ridiculous; but it is so. For instance, last summer we went to Carley Ledge (you know Carley; pretty little place), and we found out afterwards that the people came near mobbing us! Not exactly that, of course,

but they took the most violent dislike to us; and why? It is too comical. Because we had innocently treated Carley as we treat a pretty village over here. One lady said, and, I am told, with indignation, that we had been stopping, 'more than once, right in the main street, and standing there, in that *public* place, to look at a cloud passing over the mountain!' And another reported that she had herself discovered us 'sitting on the *grass*, no farther away from the main street than the open space in front of Deacon Seymour's, just as though it was out in the country!' That 'out in the country' is rather good, is n't it? Always that poor little main street!"

"Still, I think, on the whole, that the cold houses are worse than the village comments," replied Mrs. Marcy's visitor. "A New Yorker I know, a confirmed European too, always goes home to spend the three months of winter. When he comes back in the spring his English friends say, 'I hear you have had so many degrees of frost over there, — fancy!' — meaning, perhaps, zero, or under. To which he assents; but always inflexibly goes back. They look upon him as a kind of Esquimaux. But how does Miss Marcy like exile?"

"Oh, Claudia is very fond of Italy. You have not seen her, by the way, since she was a child, and she is now twenty; do you find her altered?"

"Greatly."

"At home she was never thought pretty, — when she was younger, I mean. She was thought too — too — vigorous is perhaps the best word; she had not that graceful slenderness one expects to see in a young girl. But over here, I notice, the opinion seems to be different," continued the lady, half questioningly. "And, of course, too, she has improved."

"My dear Miss Sophy — improved? Miss Marcy is a wonderfully beautiful woman."

"Yes, yes, I know; Mr. Lenox thinks so too, I believe," answered Mrs. Marcy, half pleased, half irritated. "It seems she is a Venetian, — that is of the sixteenth century, — and dressed in dark green velvet, with those great puffed Venetian sleeves coming down over her knuckles, a gold chain, and her hair closely braided, she would be, they tell me, a perfect Bonifazio. In fact, Mr. Lenox is painting her as one. Only he has to imagine the dress."

Mrs. Marcy was a widow, and fifty-five. It had pleased her to hear again the old "Miss Sophy" of their youth from Rodney Blake; but, as she had been one of those tall, slender, faintly-lined girls who are called lilies, and who are associated with pale blues and lavender, she naturally found it difficult to realize a beauty, even if it was that of a niece, so unlike her own. Mrs. Marcy was now less than slender; the blue eyes which had once mildly lighted her countenance were faded. But she still remained lily-like and willowy, and her attire adapted itself to that style; there was a gleam of the lavender still, she wore long shawls and scarfs.

In the easy-chair opposite, Rodney Blake leaned back. He was fifty-six, long and thin, with a permanent expression on his face of half-weary, half-amused cynicism, which, however, seemed to concern itself more with life in general than with people in particular, and thus prevented personal applications. He was well-to-do, well dressed. There was a generally received legend that he was rather brilliant. This was the more remarkable because he seldom said much. But perhaps that was the reason. Miss Marcy had entered as her aunt finished her sentence.

"The sitting is over, then," said the elder lady. "Has Mr. Lenox gone?"

"Not yet," answered the niece, giving her hand to Mr. Blake as he rose to greet her.

She was, as he had said, a beautiful

woman. Yet at home there were still those who would have dissented from this opinion, as, secretly, her aunt dissented. She was of about medium height, with the form of a Juno. She had a rich complexion, slowly moving eyes of deep brown, and very thick, curling, low-growing hair of a bright gold color, which showed a warmer reddish tinge in the light. She was the personification of healthy life and vigor, but not of the nervous or active sort; of the reflective. Wherever the sun touched her, it struck a color: whether the red of cheek or lip, or the beautiful tint of her forehead and throat, which was not fair but clear; whether the brown of her eyes, or the gold of eyebrows, eyelashes, and the heavy, low-coiled hair. Her features were fairly regular, but not of the pointed type; they were short rather than long, clearly, almost boldly, outlined. Her forehead was low; her mouth not small, the lips beautifully cut. She was attired in black velvet, — she affected rich materials, — and as she talked she twisted and untwisted a string of large pearls, which hung loosely round her throat and down upon the velvet of her dress.

"Mr. Lenox does not have to imagine much, after all," observed Mr. Blake in his slow way to Mrs. Marcy. "In velvet, with those pearls, she does very well as it is."

"They are only Roman beads," said Claudia. "I don't know what you mean, of course."

"I had been telling Mr. Blake that they say that if you had a green velvet, with those big sleeves, you know, and your hair braided close to the head, to make it look too small in comparison with the shoulders, it would be a Bonifazio," explained the aunt.

"Your pearls are not so effective as they might be, Miss Marcy," continued the visitor, again scanning her as she took a seat.

"I do not wear them in this way,

but so." She unfastened the clasp, and rewound the long string in three close rows, one above the other, round her throat, above the high-coming black of her dress.

"That is better," said her critic.

"It feels like a piece of armor. So I unloosen it as soon as I can," she answered.

Here the artist came in, hat in hand. "I am on my way home," he said. "Good-morning, Mr. Blake. I have only stopped to ask about our expedition this afternoon, Mrs. Marcy."

"Oh, I suppose we shall go," answered that lady; "the day is so fine. How are they at home this morning, Mr. Lenox?"

"Elizabeth is quite well, thanks; Theocritus as usual. Shall I order gondolas, then?"

"If you will be so good; at four. Mr. Blake will, I hope, go with us."

And then Mr. Lenox bowed, and withdrew.

"Does the — the idyllic personage accompany us?" asked the gentleman in the easy-chair.

"It is only a child appended to the name," said Claudia, laughing. "For some reason, Mrs. Lenox always pronounces it in full; she could just as well call him Theo."

"It is her nephew, and she is devoted to him," explained Mrs. Marcy. "He is nearly ten years old, but does not look more than five. His health is extremely delicate, and he is, at times, rather — rather babyish."

"Peevish, isn't it?" said Claudia. She had taken up two long black needles entangled in a mass of crimson worsted, and, disengaging them, was beginning to knit another row on an unfinished stripe. Her beautifully moulded hands, full and white, with one antique gem on each, contrasted with the tint of the wool. The thin fingers of Mrs. Marcy were decked with fine diamonds, and diamonds alone; in spite of the "foreign

ways" of which that lady had accused herself, she remained sufficiently American for that. She could buy diamonds, and Claudia an antique ring or two; both aunt and niece enjoyed inherited incomes, that of Claudia being comfortable, that of Mrs. Marcy large.

These ladies occupied rooms on the third floor of a palace on the Grand Canal, not far below the Piazzetta. The palace was a stately example of Renaissance architecture, with three rows of majestic polished columns extending one above the other across its front. Between these columns the American tenant, who had once been called "the lily," and her niece, who was so like a Bonifazio, looked out upon the golden Venetian light—a light whose shadows are colors: mother-of-pearl, emerald, orange, amber, and all the changing gradations between them—thrown against and between the reds, browns, and fretted white marbles of the buildings rising from the water; that ever-moving water which mirrors it all,—here a sparkling, glancing surface, there a mysterious darkness, both of them contrasting with the serene blue of the sky above, which is barred towards the Riva by the long, lean, sharply-defined lateen spars of the moored barques, and made even more deep in its hue over the harbor by the broad sails of the fishing-sloops outlined against it, as they come slowly up the channel, rich, unlighted sheets of tawny yellow and red, with a great cross vaguely defined upon them.

Next to the Renaissance palace was a smaller one, narrow and high, of mediæval Gothic, ancient and weather-stained; it had lancet-windows, adorned above with trefoil, and a little carved balcony like old Venetian lace cut in marble. Here Mr. and Mrs. Lenox occupied the floor above that occupied by the ladies in the larger palace. Communication was direct, however, owing to a hallway, like a little covered bridge, that crossed the canal which flowed between,—a ca-

nal narrow, dark, and still, that worked away silently all day and all night at its life-long task of undermining the ponderous walls on each side; gaining perhaps a half inch in a century, together with the lighter achievement of eating out the painted wooden columns which, like lances set upright in the sand at a tent's door, the old Venetians were accustomed to plant in the tide round their water-washed entrances. At four o'clock the little company started, the three from the Gothic palace having come across the hall bridge to join the others. Two gondolas were in waiting; as the afternoon was warm, they had light awnings instead of the antique black tops, with the sombre drapery sweeping out behind.

"I like the black tops better," observed Claudia. "Any one can have an awning, but the black tops are Venetian."

"They can easily be changed," said Lenox.

"Oh, no; not in this heat," objected Mrs. Marcy. "We should stifle. Mr. Blake, shall you and I, as the selfish elders, take this one, and let the younger people go together in that?"

"I want to go in the one with the red awning,—the *bright* red," said Theocritus. This was the one Mrs. Marcy had selected.

"No, no, my boy; the other will do quite as well for you," said Lenox.

"It won't," replied the child, in a decided little voice.

"It is not of the slightest consequence," graciously interposed Mrs. Marcy, signaling to the other gondola, and, with Blake's assistance, taking her place within it.

Mr. Lenox glanced at his wife. She was occupied in folding a shawl closely over the boy's little overcoat. "Come, then," he said, giving his hand first to Miss Marcy, then to his wife and the child. The gondolas floated out on the broad stream.

Claudia talked ; she talked well, and took the Venetian tone. "The only thing that jars upon me," she said, after a while, "is that these Venetians of to-day — those men and women we are passing on the Riva now, for instance — do not appreciate in the least their wonderful water-city, scarcely know what it is."

"They don't study 'Venice' because they are Venice, — is n't that it?" said Mrs. Lenox. She had soothed the little boy into placidity, and he sat beside her quietly, with one gloved hand in hers, a small muffled figure, with a pale face whose delicate skin was lined like that of an old man. His eyes were narrow, deep-set, and dark under his faintly-outlined fair eyebrows ; his thin hair so light in hue and cut so closely to his head that it could scarcely be distinguished.

"I hope not," said Claudia, answering Mrs. Lenox's remark. "At least, I hope the old Venetians were not so ; I like to think that they felt, down to their very finger-tips, all the richness and beauty about them."

"You may be sure the feeling was unconscious, compared with ours," replied Mrs. Lenox. "They did not consult authorities about the pictures ; they were the pictures. They did not study history ; they made it. They did not read romances ; they lived them."

"I wish I could have lived then!" murmured Miss Marcy, her eyes resting thoughtfully on the red tower of San Giorgio, rising from the blue. No veil obscured the beautiful tints of her face ; Claudia's complexion could brave the brightest light, the wind and the sun. The dark blue plume of the round hat she wore curled down over the rippled sunny braids of her hair. Mr. Lenox was looking at her. But Mr. Lenox was often looking at her.

"That would not be at all nice for us," said Mrs. Lenox, in her pleasant voice, answering the young lady's wish.

"If you, Miss Marcy, can step back into the fifteenth century without trouble, we cannot ; Stephen and I are very completely of this poor nineteenth."

"I don't know," said Claudia slowly ; she looked at "Stephen" with meditative eyes. "He could have been one of the soldiers. You remember that Venetian portrait in the Uffizi at Florence, — General Gattamelata ? Mr. Lenox does not look like it ; but in armor he would look quite as well."

"I don't remember it," said Mrs. Lenox, turning to see why Theocritus was beating upon her knees with his right fist.

"You must remember, — it is so superb!" said Claudia.

"I want to sit on the other side," announced Theocritus.

"When we come back, dear. See, the church is quite near ; we shall soon be there now," answered his aunt.

"You remember it, don't you?" said Claudia to Lenox.

"Perfectly."

"No, — *now*," piped Theocritus. "The wind is blowing down my back."

"If he is cold, Stephen" — said Mrs. Lenox.

"I will change places with him," replied her husband. "Do not move, Miss Marcy."

"No ; aunt Lizzie must go too!" said the boy. He had wrinkled up his little face until he looked like an aged dwarf in a temper ; he stretched back his lips over his little square white teeth, and glared at his uncle and Miss Marcy.

"Let me change, — do," said Claudia, rising as she spoke. And Mrs. Lenox accepted the offer.

"When you have finished my portrait, suppose you paint yourself as a fifteenth-century Venetian general," continued Miss Marcy, taking up again the thread of conversation which had been broken by Theocritus' obstinacy. "The portrait of a man painted by him-

self is always interesting; you can see then what he thinks he is."

"And is not?" said Lenox.

"Possibly. Still, what he might be. It is his ideal view of himself, and I believe in ideals. It is only our real, purified,—what we shall all attain, I hope, in another world."

Thus she talked on. And the man to whom she talked thought it a loveliness of nature that she passed so naturally and unnoticingly over the demeanor of the spoiled child who accompanied them. Mrs. Lenox could, for the present, take no further part in the conversation, as Theocritus had demanded that she should relate to him the legend of St. Mark, St. George, and St. Theodore, climbing down from their places over the church porch, the palace window, and the crocodile column, to fight the demons of the lagoons. This she did, but in so low a tone that the conversation of the others was not interrupted.

They reached the island, and landed; Mrs. Marcy and Blake were already there, sitting on the sun-warmed steps of the church whose smooth white façade and red campanile are so conspicuous from Venice. "We were discussing the shape of the prow of the gondola," said Mrs. Marcy, as they came up. "To me it looks like the neck of a swan." Mrs. Marcy never sought for new terms; if the old ones were only poetical—she was a stickler for that—she used them as they were, contentedly.

Mr. Blake, who always took the keynote of the conversation in which he found himself, advanced the equally veteran comparison of the neck of a violin.

"It is the shining blade of St. Theodore, the patron of the gondolas," suggested Claudia.

"To me, it looks a good deal like the hammer of a sewing-machine," observed Mrs. Lenox lightly. This was so true that they all had to laugh.

"But this will never do, Mrs. Lenox," said Blake, turning to look at her as she stood on the broad marble step, holding the little boy's hand; "you will destroy all our carefully prepared atmosphere, with your modern terms. Here we have all been reading up for this expedition, and we know just what Ruskin thinks; wait a bit, and you will hear us talk! And not one will be so rude as to recognize a single adjective."

"You admire him, then,—Ruskin?" said the lady.

"Admire? That is not the word; he is the divinest madman! Ah, but he makes us work! In some always inaccessible spot he discovers an inscrutably beautiful thing, and then he goes to work and writes about it fiercely, with all his nouns in capitals, and his adjectives after the nouns instead of before them,—which naturally awes us. But what produces an even deeper thrill is his rich way of spreading his possessive cases over two words instead of one, as, 'In the eager heart of him,' instead of 'In his eager heart.' This crows us completely."

"I want to go in the church. I don't want to stay out here any longer," announced Theocritus. And, as his aunt let him have his way, the others followed her, and they all went in together.

Compared with the warm sunshine without, the silent aisles seemed cool. After ten minutes or so Mrs. Marcy and Blake came out, and seated themselves on the step again. "You have known her for some time?" Blake was saying.

"Mrs. Lenox? No, only since we first met here, six—I mean seven—weeks ago. But Stephen Lenox I have always known, or rather known about; he is a distant connection of mine. His history has been rather unusual. His mother, a widow, managed to educate him, but that was all; they were really very poor, and Stephen was hard at

work before he was twenty. He had some sort of a clerkship in an iron-mill, and was kept at it, I was told, twelve and thirteen hours a day. Before he was twenty-two he married. He worked harder than ever then, although he had, I believe, in time a better place. His wife had no money, either, and she was not strong. Their two little children died. Well, after twelve years of this, most unexpectedly, by the will of an uncle by marriage, he came into quite a nice little fortune; the uncle said, I was told, that he admired a man who, in these days, had never had or asked for the least help from his relatives. And so Stephen could at last do as he pleased, and very soon afterward they came abroad. For he had been an artist at heart all this time, it seems; at least he has a great liking for painting, and even, I think, some skill."

"I doubt if he is a creative artist," answered Blake. "He is too well balanced for that, — a strong, quiet fellow. His wife is of about his age, I presume?"

"Yes; he is thirty-six, and she the same. They have been over here already nearly two years. She is a very nice little woman" (Mrs. Lenox was tall and slender; but Mrs. Marcy always patronized Mrs. Lenox), "although one *does* get extremely tired of that spoiled boy she drags about. Do you know," added the lady deeply, "I feel sure it would be much better for Elizabeth Lenox if she would remember her present circumstances more; there is no longer any necessity for an invariable untrimmed gray gown."

"Does n't she dress well?" said Blake. "I thought she always looked very neat."

"That is the very word, — neat. But there is no flow, no richness. She has been rather pretty once; that is, in that style, — gray eyes and dark hair; and she might be so still if she had the proper costumes. Of course, going

about Venice in this way, one does not want to dress much; but she has not even got anything put away."

"If one does not wear it, what difference does that make?" asked the gentleman.

"All the difference in the world!" replied Mrs. Marcy. "Let me tell you that the very *step* of a woman who knows she has two or three nice dresses in the bottom of her trunk is different from that of a woman who knows she has n't."

"But perhaps Mrs. Lenox does not know she 'has n't,'" remarked Blake. This, however, went over Mrs. Marcy's head.

Within, the others were looking at the beautiful Tintoretto in the choir. After a while the ill-favored but gravely serene young monk who had admitted them approached and mentioned solemnly "the view from the campanile;" this not because he cared whether they went up or not, but simply as part of his duty.

"I should like to go," said Claudia; "I love to look off over the lagoons."

They turned to leave the choir. "I don't want to go," said Theocritus, holding back. "I want to stay here and see that picture some more; and I'm going to!"

This time Miss Marcy did not yield her wish. "Do not come with me," she said to Mr. and Mrs. Lenox; "it is not in the least necessary. I have been up before, and know the way. I will not be gone fifteen minutes."

"I really think that he ought not to climb all those stairs," said Mrs. Lenox to her husband, looking at the child, who had gone back to his station before the picture.

"Of course not," answered Lenox. Then, after a moment, "I will stay with him," he added; "you go up with Miss Marcy."

"I want aunt Lizzie to stay, — not uncle Stephen!" called the boy, over-

hearing this, and turning round to scowl at them.

"He will not be good with any one but me," said Mrs. Lenox in a low tone. "You two go up; I will wait for you here."

"The question is, Is he ever good, even with her?" said Claudia, following Lenox up the long flight of steps, that winds in square turns up, up, to the top of the campanile.

"She says he is sometimes very sweet and docile, — even affectionate," replied Lenox. "She thinks he has quite a remarkable mind, and will distinguish himself some day, if we can only tide his poor, puny little body safely over its childish weakness, and give him a fair start."

"She is very fond of him."

"Yes; his mother was her dearest friend, his father her only brother."

Claudia considered that she had now given sufficient time to this subject (not an interesting one), and they talked of other things, but in short sentences, for they were still ascending. Twice she stopped to rest for a minute or two; then Lenox came down a step, and stood beside her. There was no danger; still, if a person should be seized with giddiness, the thought of the near open well in the centre, going darkly down, was a dizzy one.

At the top they had the view: wide green flatness towards the east, north-east, southeast, with myriad gleaming, silvery channels; the Lido and the soft line of the Adriatic beyond; towns shining whitely, in the north; to the west, Venice, with its long bridge stretching to the mainland; in port, at their feet, a large Italian man-of-war; on the south side, the point of the Giudecca.

"A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,
Vous étiez bien aise;
A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,
Nous étions bien là!"

quoted Claudia. "I chant it because I

have just discovered that the Zuecca means the Giudecca yonder."

"What is the verse?" said Lenox.

"Don't you know it? It is Musset."

"I have read but little, Miss Marcy."

"You have not had *time* to read," said Claudia, with a shade of emphasis; "your time has been given to better things."

"Yes, to iron rails!"

"To energy and to duty," she answered. Then she turned the subject, and talked of the tints on the water.

Down below, in the still church, the little boy sat beside his aunt, her arm round him, his head leaning against her. The monk had withdrawn.

"The angels were all there, no doubt," she was saying; "but only a few painters have ever tried to represent them in the picture. It is not easy to paint an angel if you have never seen one."

"Pooh! I have seen them," said Theocritus, "hundreds of times. I have seen their wings. They come floating in when the sunshine comes through a crack, — all dusty, you know. How many of them there do you suppose saw the angels? Not that big girl with the plate, anyhow, *I* know!" Thus they talked on.

When the two from the campanile returned, and they went out to embark, a slight breeze had risen. The little boy lifted his shoulders uneasily, and seemed almost to shiver. Mrs. Lenox felt of his head and hands. "I think I had better take him back in one of those covered gondolas, Stephen," she said. "He seems to be cold; he might have a chill."

"Surely, it is very warm," said Mrs. Marcy.

"Yes, but he is so delicate," replied the other lady.

"I will go with you, Mrs. Lenox," said Claudia.

"Oh, no; the gondolas here are the small ones, I see, and Stephen could not

come with us. Do not leave him to go back alone; if one of us sees to the child, that is enough."

It ended, therefore, according to her arrangement: she went back with Theocritus in a covered gondola, Mrs. Marcy and Blake returned as they had come, while Claudia and Lenox had the third boat to themselves.

Rodney Blake being added, this little party continued its Venetian life. Lenox made some progress with his portrait of Claudia, but it was not thought, at least by the others, that his wife made any with Theocritus, that child remaining as delicate as ever, and, if possible, more troublesome. In Mrs. Marcy's mind there had sprung up, since Mr. Blake's arrival, an aftermath of interest in Venetian art and architecture which was richer even than the first crop; she went contentedly to see the pictures, churches, and palaces a fourth and even fifth time.

Claudia had a great liking for St. Mark's. "But who has not?" said Mrs. Marcy reproachfully, when Blake commented upon the younger lady's fancy.

"Yes; but it is not every liking that is strong enough to take its possessor there every day through eight long slow weeks," answered the gentleman.

"Not so slow," said Claudia. "But how do you know? You have been here through only one of them."

"That leanest mosaic in the central dome is an old friend of mine; he has told me many things in his time (I am an inveterate Venetian loungeur, you know), bending down from his curved abode, his glassy eyes on mine, and a long thin finger pointed. Be careful; he has noticed you."

Several days later, strolling into the church, he found her there. "As usual," he said.

"Yes, as usual," she answered. Miss Marcy liked Blake; his slow remarks often amused her. And she liked to be

amused; perhaps because she was not one of those young ladies who find everything amusing. She was sitting at the base of the last of the great pillars of the nave, where she could see the north transept with the star-lights of the chapel at the end, the old pulpit of colored marbles with its fretted top and angel, and the deep gold-lined dimness of the choir-dome, into which the first horizontal ray of sunset light was now stealing, — a light which would soon turn into miraculous splendor its whole expanse.

"It always seems to me like a cave set with gold and gems," said Blake, taking a seat beside her. "And, in reality, that is what it is, you know, — a wonderful robbers' cavern. As somebody has said, it is the church of pirates, — of the greatest sea-robbers the world has ever known; and they have adorned it with the magnificent mass of treasure they stole from the whole Eastern hemisphere."

"I wish they had stolen a little for me, — one of those Oriental chains, for instance. But what pleases me best here is the light. It is n't the bright, vast clearness of St. Peter's that makes one's small sins of no sort of consequence; it is n't the sombreness of the Duomo at Florence, where one soon feels such a dreadful repentance that the new virtue becomes acute depression. It is a darkness, I admit, but of such a warm, rich hue that one feels sumptuous just by sitting in it. I do believe that if some of our thin, anxious-faced American women could only be induced to come and sit here quietly several hours a day, they would soon grow serene and physically opulent, like " —

"Like yourself?"

"Like the women of Veronese. (Of course I shall have to admit that I do not need this process. Unfortunately, I love it.) But those Veronese pictures, Mr. Blake, — after all, what do they tell us? Blue sky and balconies, feasts

and brocades, pages and dogs, colors and splendor, and those great fair women, with no expression in their faces, — what does it all mean ? ”

“ Simply beauty.”

“ Beauty without mind, then.”

“ A picture does not need mind. But, to be worth anything, beauty it must have.”

“ I don’t know ; a picture is a sort of companion. One of those pictures would not be that ; you might as well have a beautiful idiot.”

“ Ah, but a *picture* is silent,” replied Blake.

Claudia laughed. “ You are incorrigible.” Then, going back to her first subject, “ I wish Mrs. Lenox would come here more,” she said.

“ You think she needs this enriching process you have suggested ? ”

“ In one way, — yes. All this beauty here in Venice is so much to her husband ; while she — is forever with that child ! ”

“ But she does not keep him from the beauty.”

“ No ; but she might make it so much more to him, if she would.”

“ Why don’t you suggest it to her ? ”

“ There is no use. She does not understand me, I think. We speak a different language.”

“ That may be. But I fancy she understands you.”

“ Perhaps she does,” answered Claudia, with the untroubled frankness which was one of her noticeable traits. She spoke as though she thought indeed that Claudia Marcy’s nature was a thing which Mrs. Lenox, or any one, might observe. Claudia rather admired her nature. It was not perfect, of course, but at least it was large in its boundaries, and above the usual feminine pettinesses ; she felt a calm pride in that. She was silent for a while. The first sunset ray had now been joined by others, and together they had lighted up one half of the choir-dome ; its gold was

all awake, and glistening superbly, and the great mosaic figure enthroned there began to glow with a solemn, mysterious life.

“ Men should not marry until they are at least thirty, I think,” resumed Claudia ; “ and especially those of the imaginative or artistic temperament. Three quarters of the incongruous marriages one sees were made when the husband was very young. It is not the wife’s fault ; at the time of the marriage she is generally the superior, the generous one ; the benefit is conferred by her. But — she does not advance, and he does.”

“ What would you propose in the way of — of an amelioration ? ” asked her listener.

“ There can of course be no amelioration in actual cases. But there might be a prevention. I think that a law could be passed, — such as now exists, for instance, against the marriage of minors. If a man could not marry until he was thirty or older, he would at that time naturally select a wife who was ten years or so his junior, rather than one of his own age.”

“ And the women of thirty ? ”

“ They would be already married to the men of fifty, you know.”

Here a figure emerging from the heavy red-brown shadows of the north aisle, and seeming to bring some of them with it, as it advanced, crossed the billowy pavement, and stopped before them. It was Mr. Lenox. He took a seat on the other side of Blake, and they talked for a while of the way the chocolate-hued walls met the gold of the domes solidly, without shading, and of the total absence of white, — two of the marked features of the rich interior of the old pirate cathedral. At length Blake rose, giving up his place beside Miss Marcy to the younger man. “ I think we have still a half hour before that jailer of a janitor jangles his keys,” she said.

"Yes; but for the men of fifty it is time to be going," answered Blake. "They take cold rather easily, you know, those poor fellows of fifty."

He went away. Claudia and Lenox remained until the keys jangled.

Every day the weather and the water city grew more divinely fair. June began. And now even Mrs. Marcy saw no objection to their utilizing the moonlight, and no longer spoke of "wraps." The evenings were haunted by music; everybody seemed to be floating about, singing or touching guitars. The effect of the mingled light and shadows across the fronts of the palaces was enchanting; they could not say enough in its praise.

"Still, do you know, sometimes I would give it all for the fresh odor of the fields at home, in the country, and the old scent of lilacs," said Mrs. Lenox.

"Do you care for lilacs?" said Claudia. "If you had said roses" —

"No, I mean lilacs, the simple country lilacs. And I want to see some currant bushes, too; yes, and even an old wooden garden fence," replied Mrs. Lenox, laughing, but nevertheless as if she meant what she said. She went with them only that once in the evening, for when she reached home she found that the little boy had been wakeful, and that he had refused to go to sleep again because she was not there. After this the others went without her, in a gondola holding four. At last, although the moonlight lingers longer in Venice than anywhere else, there was, for that month at least, no more. Yet still the evening air was delicious, and the music did not cease; the effect of the shadows was even more marvelous than the mingled light and shade had been. They continued to go out and float about for an hour or two in the warm, peopled darkness. They went also, but by daylight, to Torcello, and this time Theocritus was of the party. During

half of the day he was more despotic than he had ever been, but later he seemed very tired; he slept in his aunt's arms all the way home. Once she made an effort to transfer him to her husband, as the weight of his little muffled figure lay heavily on her slender arm; but Theocritus was awake immediately, and began to beat off his uncle's hands with all his might.

"Do let me take him, Elizabeth; he will soon fall asleep again," said Lenox. He looked annoyed. "You are overtaxing your strength; I can see that you are tired out."

"It will not harm me; I know when I am really too tired," answered his wife. She gave him a little trusting smile as she spoke, and his frown passed off.

They were all together in one of the large gondolas; Blake noted this little side-scene.

That night Theocritus had a slight attack of fever. Mrs. Lenox said that it came from over-fatigue, and that he must not go on any of the longer expeditions. When they went to Murano, therefore, and down to Chioggia, she did not accompany them, but remained at home with her charge.

Mrs. Marcy was enjoying this last month in Venice greatly. "Naturally, it is much pleasanter when one has some one to attend to one, and one too who knows one's tastes and looks after one's little comforts," she remarked to her niece, with some intricacy of impersonal pronouns. The lily did not observe that the attentions she found so agreeable were being offered to her niece also, by another impersonal pronoun. As she would herself have said, "naturally," when they went here and there together, the two elders often sat down to rest a while, when Claudia and Lenox did not feel the need of it.

"Of course, with her beauty, her attractive qualities, and her fortune, Miss Marcy has had many suitors," said

Blake to the aunt, during one of these rests.

"Several," answered that lady moderately. "But Claudia is not at all susceptible. Neither is she so—so generally attractive as you might suppose. She has too little thought for the opinions of others. She says, for instance, just what she thinks, and that, you know, is seldom agreeable."

"True; we much prefer that people should say what they don't. I have myself noticed some plainly evident faults in her: a most impolitic honesty; and, when stirred, an impulsiveness which is sure to be unremunerative in the long run. I should say, too, that she had an empyrean sort of pride."

"Yes," replied the lily, not knowing what he meant, but concluding on the whole that he spoke in reprobation. "As I said before, she has not *quite* enough of that true feminine softness one likes so much to see, — I mean, of course, in a woman."

"Her pride will be her bane, yet. It will make her blind to the most obvious pitfall. However, I'll back her courage against it when once she sees where she has dropped."

"What?" said the lily.

"She will in time learn from you; she could not follow a more lovely example," said Blake, coming back from his reflections.

Towards the last of June a long expedition was planned, an expedition into "Titian's country," which was to last three days. This little pilgrimage had been talked about for a long time, Mrs. Lenox being as much interested in it as the others. Whether she would have had the courage to take Theocritus, even in his best estate, is a question; but, after the time was finally set and all the arrangements made, his worst asserted itself, and so markedly that it was plain to all that she could not go. Something was said about postponement, but it was equally plain that if they were to go at

all they should go at once, as the weather was rapidly approaching a too great heat. Claudia wished particularly to take this little journey; she had set her heart upon seeing the Titians and reputed Titians said to be still left in that unvisited neighborhood. Blake asserted that she even expected to discover one. It was next proposed (although rather faintly) that Mr. Lenox should be excused from the pilgrimage. But it could not be denied that the little boy had been quite as ill (and irritable) several times before in Venice, and that he had always recovered in a day or two. Not that Mrs. Lenox denied it; on the contrary, she was the one to mention it. She urged her husband's going; it was the excursion of all others to please him the most. It ended in his consenting; it seemed, indeed, too much to give up for so slight a cause.

"She looks a little anxious," observed Blake, as they waited for him in the gondola which was to take them to the railway station. Lenox had said good-by to her, and was now coming down the long stairway within, while she had stepped out on her balcony to see them start.

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Marcy. "To me she always looks just the same, always so unmoved."

Lenox now came out, and the gondola started. Claudia looked back and waved her hand, Mrs. Lenox returning the salutation.

On the evening of the third day, at eleven o'clock, a gondola from the railway station stopped at the larger palace's lower door, and three persons ascended the dimly lighted stairs.

At the top Mrs. Lenox's servant was waiting for them. "Oh, where is signore? Is he not with you? He has not come? Oh, the poor signora, — may the sweet Madonna help her now!" cried the girl, with tears in her sympathetic Italian eyes. "The poor little boy is dead."

They rushed up the higher stairway and across the hall bridge. But it was as the woman had said. There, on his little white bed, lay the child: he would be troublesome no more on this earth; he was quiet at last. Mrs. Lenox stood in the lighted doorway of her room, as they came towards her. When she saw that her husband was not with them, when they began hurriedly to explain that he had not come, that he had stayed behind, that he had sent a note, she swayed over without a word, and fainted away.

It was only over-fatigue, she explained later. The child had lain in her arms for thirty hours, most of the time in great pain, and she had suffered with him. She soon recovered consciousness, and was quite calm, — more calm than they had feared she would be. They were anxiously watchful; they tended her with the most devoted care. Blake did what he could, and then waited. After a while, when Mrs. Lenox had in a measure recovered, he softly beckoned Mrs. Marcy out.

"You must tell her that her husband will not be back in time for — that he will not be back for at least six days, and very likely longer. And, as his route was quite uncertain, we cannot reach him; there is no telegraph, of course, and, even if I were to go after him, I could only follow his track from village to village, and probably come back to Venice behind him."

"How can I tell her!" said the tearful lady. "Perhaps Claudia" —

"No, on no account. You are the one, and you must do it," replied Blake, and with so much decision that she obeyed him. Thus the wife was told.

What Blake had said was true; it was hopeless to try to reach Lenox before the time when he would probably be back of his own accord. He had started on a hunt after some early drawings of Titian's, of which they had unearthed dim legends. One was said to

be in an old monastery, among others of no importance; two more were vaguely reported as now here, now there. Lenox had not been certain of his own route, but expected to be guided from village to village according to indications. It was not even certain whether he would come back by Conegliano, or strike the railway at another point. "It certainly is an inexorable fate!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Marcy, in the emergency driven to unusual expressions.

But when Stephen Lenox's wife understood the position in which she was placed, she at once decided upon all that was to be done, and gave her directions clearly and calmly, — directions which Blake executed with an attention and thoughtful care as complete as any one could possibly have bestowed.

The little boy was to be buried at Venice, in the cemetery on the island opposite, early in the morning of the second day.

"She is *so* sensible!" Mrs. Marcy commented, admiringly. "Of course, under all the circumstances, it is the thing to do. But so many women would have insisted upon — all sorts of plans; and it would have been *so* hard."

"I would willingly carry out anything she wished for, no matter how difficult," replied Blake. "I greatly respect and admire Mrs. Lenox. But, as you say, the perfect balance of her character, her clear judgment and beautiful goodness, have at once decided upon the best course." (The lily had not quite said this; but, in her present state of distressed sympathy, she accepted it.)

Claudia, meanwhile, remained through all very silent. She assisted, and ably, in everything that was done, but said almost nothing.

The evening before the funeral the two ladies went across to Mrs. Lenox's rooms; they had left her some hours before, as she had promised to lie down for a while, but they thought that she was now probably awake again. They

found her sitting beside the little white-shrouded form.

"Now this is not wise, Elizabeth," began Mrs. Marcy, chidingly.

"I think it is; I like to look at him," replied the watcher. "See, the peaceful expression I have been hoping for has come; it is not often needed on the face of a child, but it was with my poor little boy. Look."

And, sure enough, there shone upon the small, still countenance a lovely sweetness which had never been there in life. The face did not even seem thin; its lines had all passed away; it looked very fair and young, and very peacefully at rest.

"His mother would know him now, at once; he was a very pretty little fellow the last time she saw him, when he was about a year old," she went on. "I was very fond of his mother, and his father, as probably you know, was my only brother. Their child was very dear to me," she resumed, after a short silence, which the others did not break. "His constant suffering made him unlike stronger, happier children, and I think that was the very reason I loved him the more. I wanted to make it up to him. But I could not. I suppose he never knew what it was to be entirely without pain,—the doctors have told me so. He did not know anything else, or any other way, but to suffer more or less, and to be tired all the time. And he was so used to it, poor little fellow, that I suppose he thought that every one suffered too,—that that was life. He has found a better now." Leaning forward, she took the small hands in hers. "All my loving care, dear child, was not enough to keep you here," she said, smoothing them tenderly. "But you are with your mother now; that is far better."

The funeral took place early the next morning. Then Mrs. Lenox came back to her empty rooms, and entered them alone. She preferred it so.

After the first explanation, the only allusion she had made to her husband's absence was to Rodney Blake. That gentleman had not expressed the shadow of a disapprobation. He had not told her that he had objected to Lenox's lengthened absence, and had done what he could to prevent it; he had stopped Mrs. Marcy sharply when she spoke of telling.

"Can't you see, Sophy, that that would be the worst of all for her?" he said; "to know that Lenox would go, in spite of my unconcealed opposition, just because Clau— just because he wanted those trivial drawings," he added, changing the termination of his sentence, but quite sure, meanwhile, that "Sophy" would never discover what he had begun to say.

Mrs. Lenox's remark was this. Blake had come in to speak to her about some necessary directions concerning the funeral, and, when she had given them, she said, "It will be a grief to Stephen, when he comes back, that he could not have seen the little boy, even if but for once more. And I hoped so that he would see him! I expected you back at eight,— you know that was the first arrangement,— and towards seven he seemed easier. Once he even smiled, and talked a little about that legend of St. Mark and St. Theodore, of which, you remember, he was so fond. Then it was half past seven, and I still hoped. And then it grew towards eight, and he was in pain again. Still, I kept listening for the sound of your gondola. But it did not come. And at half past eight he died. But perhaps it was as well so," she continued, although her voice trembled a little. "Stephen would have felt his suffering so much. I was more used to it, you know, than he was."

"Yes," answered Blake.

But she seemed to know that he was not quite in accord with her. "Of course, I feel it very deeply, Mr. Blake, on my own account, that my husband

is not here ; I depend upon him for everything, and feel utterly lonely without him. But his absence is one of those accidents which we must all encounter sometimes, and as to everything else, — the outside help I needed, — you have done all that even he could have done. You have been very good to me," and she held out her hand.

Blake took it, and thanked her. And in his words this time he put something that contented her. It was the sacrifice he made to his liking for Stephen Lenox's wife.

The evening after the funeral Mrs. Marcy, who had been made nervous and ill by all that had happened, went out at sunset for a change of air, and Blake accompanied her. Claudia preferred to stay at home. But, five minutes after the departure of their gondola, she went up the stairs and across the hall bridge that led to Mrs. Lenox's apartment. Mrs. Lenox was there, lying on the sofa ; it was the first time since the return that the two had been alone together. She looked pale and ill, and there were dark shadows under her eyes ; but she smiled, and spoke in her usual voice, asking Claudia to sit beside her in an easy-chair that stood there. Claudia sat down, and they spoke on one or two unimportant subjects. But the girl soon paused in this.

"I have come to say," she began again, in a voice that showed the effort she made to keep it calm, "that I shall never forgive myself, Mrs. Lenox, for — for a great deal that I have thought about you, but especially for having had a part in the absence of your husband at such a time. If it had not been for me, he would not have gone off on that foolish expedition. But I wanted those miserable drawings, or at least sketches of them, and so I kept talking about it. When I think of what you have had to go through, alone, in consequence of it, I am overwhelmed." Here her voice nearly broke down.

"You must not take it all upon yourself, Miss Marcy," answered the wife. "No doubt Stephen wanted to please you ; no doubt he wanted to very much, — to get you the drawings, if it was possible ; of that I am quite sure."

But Claudia was not quieted. "If you knew how I have suffered, — how I suffer now, as I see you lying there so pale and ill" — here she stopped again. "I come to tell you how I feel your suffering, and I spend the time talking about my own," she added abruptly. "I am a worthless creature !" And, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

Mrs. Lenox put out her hand and stroked the beautiful bowed head caressingly. "Do not feel so badly," she said. "You must not ; it is not necessary."

"But it is, — it is," said the girl, amid her tears. "If you knew" —

"I do know, Claudia. I know *you*."

"Oh, if you really do," said Claudia, lifting her head, her wet eyes turned eagerly upon the wife, "then, it is better."

"It is better ; it is well. My dear, — I think I have understood you all along."

"But — I have not understood myself," replied Claudia. She had nerved herself to say it ; but after it was spoken a deep blush rose slowly over her whole face until it was in a flame. Through all its heat, however, she kept her eyes bravely upon those of the wife.

"That I knew, too," rejoined Mrs. Lenox. "But I also knew that there was no danger," she added.

"There was not. It was unconscious. In any case I should in time have recognized it. And destroyed it, as I do now." These short sentences were brought out, each with a fresh effort. "I do not speak of — of the other side," the girl went on, with abrupt, heavy awkwardness of phrase. "There never was any other side ; it was all mine." And then came the flaming blush again.

"But you are very beautiful, Claudia?" said the other woman, not as if disturbed at all in her own quiet calm, but half tentatively.

"Yes, I am beautiful," replied Claudia, with a sort of scorn. "But he is not that kind of man," she added, a quick, involuntary pride coming into her eyes. Then she turned her head away, shading her face with her hand. She said no more; it seemed as if she had stopped herself shortly there.

After a moment or two Mrs. Lenox began to speak. "All this life, here in Venice, has been so much to Stephen," she said in her sweet, quiet voice. "You know he has worked very hard, — he was obliged to; just so many hours of each long day, for long, hard years. He never had any rest; and the work was always distasteful to him, too. It was a slavery. And it was beginning to tell upon him; he could not have kept it up without being worn out both in body and mind. Judge, then, how glad I am that he has had all this change and pleasure, — he needed it so! There is that side to his nature, — a love of the beautiful, and a strong one. This has been always repressed and bound down; it is natural that it should break forth here. I have not the feeling myself, — at least, not like his; but I understand it in him, and sympathize with it fully." She paused. Claudia did not speak.

"You have not been a wife, Claudia, and therefore there are some things you do not know," pursued the voice. "A wife becomes in time to her husband such a part of himself (that is, if he loves her) that she is n't a separate person to him any more, and he hardly thinks of her as one; she is himself. Many things become a matter of course to him, — are taken for granted, — on this very account. It does not occur to him that she may feel differently. He supposes that they feel alike. Often they do. Still, a woman's thoughts do not always run in the same channel as

those of a man; we are more timid, more limited, more — afraid of things, you know; but the husband does not always remember that. But there are some things in which a husband and wife do feel alike, always and forever; there are ties which are eternal. And my own life holds them, — ties and memories so precious that I can hardly explain them to you; memories of those early years of ours when we were so alone and poor, but so dear to each other that we did not mind it. We love each other just the same; but then we had nothing but our love, — and it was enough. The coming, the short stay with us, and the fading away of our two little children, Claudia, — these are ties deep down in our hearts which nothing can ever sunder. Stephen will go back to all that old grief of his when he comes home to find the little boy gone. For the greatest sorrow of his life, one he has never at heart overcome, was that he felt when we lost our own little boy. Stephen had loved the child passionately, and would not believe that he must go; and, when he did, he bowed his head in a silence so long that I was frightened. I had never seen him give up before. But even that is a dear tie between us, for then he had only me. Those early years of ours, with their joys and sorrows, — I often think of them. A man does not dwell upon such memories, one by one, as a woman does. But they are none the less there, a part of his life and of him." She stopped. "Do not mind," she added, in a changed voice. "I am only — a little tired, I think."

Claudia, who had not moved, turned quickly. Mrs. Lenox's eyes were closed; she was very pale. But she did not faint; owing to Claudia's quick, efficient help, she was soon herself again. "You know what to do, don't you?" she said, smiling, when the faint feeling had passed.

"It is not that I know, so much as that I long to help you," answered Clau-

dia. "I wish you would let me unbraid your hair, and make you ready for bed; you look so tired, and perhaps I could do it with a lighter touch than Bianca," she added, humbly.

"Very well," said the other, assentingly.

And, with much care and skill, the girl performed her task. "I will even put out the light," she said. "I will tell Bianca that you have gone to bed, and are not to be disturbed." When all was done and the light out, she paused for a moment by the bedside. "I am not going to talk any more," she said, "but I will just say this: aunt and I are going away. To-morrow, probably, or the day after. You will not be left alone, for Mr. Blake will stay."

There was a silence. Then Mrs. Lenox's voice said, "That is a mistake. It would be better to stay."

"I do not see it in that way," answered the girl. Then, "You must not ask too much," she added, in a lower voice.

Mrs. Lenox took her hands, which were hanging before her tightly clasped. The touch shook Claudia; she sank down beside the bed, and hid her face.

"Stay; it is far better," whispered the wife. "Then it will be over. By going away you will only think about it the more."

"Yes, I know. But" —

"I will answer for all. I know you better than — you know yourself. When you see us together, it will be different to you. Stay, to please me."

"Very well," murmured the girl.

They kissed each other, and she rose. When she had reached the door, Mrs. Lenox spoke again. "Of course, you know that I quite understand that it is only a girl's fancy," she said, with a tender lightness. This was her offering to Claudia.

On the evening of the seventh day after the funeral, Stephen Lenox came back; he had sent a dispatch to his

wife from Conegliano, and Blake was therefore able to meet him at Mestre, and tell him what had happened. He went directly home, and the others did not see him until the next evening. Then he came across to the larger palace. Blake was there; he kept himself rather constantly with Mrs. Marcy now, perhaps to direct that lady's somewhat wandering inspirations. For this occasion, he had warned her that she must not be too sympathetic, that she must be on her guard. So Mrs. Marcy was "on her guard:" she only took out her handkerchief four times; she even talked of the weather. Claudia scarcely spoke. Blake himself conducted the conversation, and filled all the gaps. They could naturally say a good deal about the health of Mrs. Lenox, as that lady had been obliged to keep her room for the three preceding days. Lenox did not stay long; he said he must go back to his wife. As he rose, he gave the small portfolio he had brought with him to Claudia. "I don't think they were Titians," he said. "But I sketched them for you as well as I could."

Mrs. Marcy thought this an opportunity; she took the portfolio, and exclaimed over each picture. Blake, too, put up his eyeglass to look at them. Lenox said a word or two about them, and waited a moment longer; then he went away. Claudia had not glanced at them.

He never knew of her visit to his wife; those are the secrets women keep for each other, unto and beyond the grave.

What passed when he came home was simple enough. His wife cried when she saw him; she had not cried before. She told him the history of the little boy's last hours, and of all he had said, and of the funeral. Then they had talked a while of her health, and then of future plans.

"I ought to have remembered that you were anxious about him even before

I went away," said Lenox, going back abruptly to the first subject. He was standing by the window, looking out; this was an hour after his return.

"But he had been ill so many times. No, it was something we could not foresee, and as such we must accept it. I wanted you to go, — don't you remember? I urged your going. You must not blame yourself about it."

"But I do," answered her husband.

"I cannot allow you to; I shall never allow it. To me, Stephen, all you do is right; I wish to hear nothing that could even seem otherwise. I trust you entirely, and always shall."

He turned. She was lying back in an easy-chair, supported by pillows. He came across, and sat down beside her, his head bent forward, his elbows resting on his knees, his face in his hands. He did not speak.

"Because I know that I can," added the wife.

That was all.

They stayed on together in Venice through another two weeks. Mrs. Lenox improved daily, and was soon able to go about with them. She seemed, indeed, to bloom into a new youth. "It is the reaction after the long, wearing care of that child," explained Mrs. Marcy. "And is n't it beautiful to see how devoted he is to her, and how careful of her in every way? But I have always noticed what a devoted husband he was, have n't you?"

These two ladies and Mr. Blake were going to Baden-Baden. But the others were going back to America. "We may return some time," said Lenox; "but at present I think we want a home."

"I wish we could have stayed on together always, just as we are now," sighed the sentimental lily, smoothing the embroidered edge of her handkerchief. "*Such* a pleasant party, and of just the right size; these last two weeks have been so perfect!"

The time for parting came. The

three who were going to Baden-Baden were to leave at dawn, and they had come across to Mrs. Lenox's parlor to spend a last hour. Claudia talked more than usual, and talked well; she looked brilliant.

At the end of the second hour the good-bys began in earnest. Everything that was appropriate was said, Blake, in particular, delivering himself unblushingly of one long fluent commonplace after another. They were to meet again, — oh, very soon; they were to visit each other; they were to write frequently, — one would have supposed, indeed, that Blake intended to send a daily telegraphic dispatch. At last the lily, having kept them all standing for twenty minutes, bestowed upon Mrs. Lenox a final kiss, and really did start, the two gentlemen and Claudia accompanying her down the long hall. But the hall was dark, and Claudia was behind; without the knowledge of the others she slipped back.

Mrs. Lenox was standing where they had left her. When she saw the girl returning, pale, repressed, all the sparkle gone, she went to her, and put her arms round her; Claudia laid her head down upon the other's shoulder. Thus they stood for several moments, in silence. Then, still without speaking, Claudia went away.

When Mrs. Marcy reached the stairway which led down to her own apartment, on the other side of the hall bridge, "Why, where is Claudia?" she said.

"Here I am," said her niece, appearing from the darkness.

"You will come down with us for a moment, won't you, Mr. Lenox?" suggested the lily. "Just for one *last* look?"

"Do not ask him," said Claudia, smiling; "he is worn out! We have already extended that look over two long hours. Good-by, Mr. Lenox; and, this time, I think, it really is the last."

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

DEVELOPMENT.

MILLIONS of years ago, within a lair
Gorgeous and rank with monstrous leaf and bloom,
A shape inhuman, yet with eyes aglare
With human gleams, escaped the lightning's doom.

Long shudders shook the huge and hairy form,
Spurned from the lightning's beauty-blasting path;
And dumb with fear it cowered, until the storm
Thrilled in remoter thunder-throbs of wrath.

Then, as once more the rainbow robed the earth
In radiant gossamer of dew and fire,
The creature slumbered, and its brain gave birth
To dreams of strange prevision and desire.

'Mid shadows of unconsciousness there grew
The gradual inkling of a shape to be,
Whose brows were blessed with the sweet light whereto
Men give the name of immortality.

The dull brute stirred: through his lethargic blood
Life for a moment flushed with quicker pace,
As though his being faintly felt the flood
Of dawning wisdom in the distant race.

For who shall say when first the brain of beast
To harbor human attributes began?
Or when rude dreams, to lower sense released,
Forefelt the advent of approaching man?

Perchance the soul that trembles in the seed
Has faint foreshadowings of leaf and flower;
Within its secret heart, perhaps, is freed
Some feeble prescience of the forest's power.

There is a spirit in all things that live,
Which hints of patient change from kind to kind;
And yet no words its mystic sense may give,
Strange as a dream of radiance to the blind.

And as, in time unspeakably remote,
Vague frenzies, in inferior brains set free,
Presaged a power no language could denote,
So dreams the mortal of the god to be.

A. E. Lancaster.

JACOB'S INSURANCE.

It resulted in a lawsuit.

The culmination was on the sixth day of September, 1881, — that strange yellow day that attracted so much attention in the Eastern and Middle States, — and the place of the trial was Albany.

Jacob's farm-house was near the Cove, about seven miles below Albany. From his door he could look down on the Hudson. The Cove, by the old landing, with its decayed houses, was also visible. The cars racing along the farther shore of the river were a lively feature. A dozen miles lower down the valley the river hides behind the Catskills.

In the house thus picturesquely situated, Jacob and his ancestors had lived for ninety years. The family name was an inheritance.

Jacob was forty-two years old, tall, blonde, with a mobile face, and a dash of red in his cheeks.

On the seventeenth day of September, of the year previous to that of the yellow day, Jacob was awakened in the night. He heard his pigs squealing and "bucking," as he termed it, against his house. He went out, half dressed, and found the pig-pen a heap of embers. Mary, his wife, and William, his boy, came out. They found all the pigs, but they were scorched and knocking about, and one died in a few minutes of his burns. The family went to bed again, but did not sleep much.

In the morning Jacob got out his insurance policy, and he and Mary and Willie looked it over. They did not see anything about a pig-pen in it, and so he put it away again.

A week later Jacob's small barn, four rods south of his house, burned. It was in the day-time, in the afternoon. Jacob came back from Albany at five

o'clock, and saw only the vacancy. Willie said that at three o'clock it was on fire. Some of the neighbors had come, but nothing could be done. It was of pine boards, thirty years old, and empty.

The insurance policy had "all about the barns" in it. Jacob therefore went down to "Silas's," at the Cove, and made an application for an award. They had a local insurance company in town. They had seen "enough" of large companies; the mutual affair at home was better. Jacob's policy was in the home company.

As soon as Jacob told his story, Silas said it was all right.

The committee came next day. They awarded Jacob a hundred dollars. It was satisfactory.

Five days later Jacob's large barn, farther away from the house and on the other side, north (towards Albany), where all his hay and wagons and implements and crops were, suddenly took fire and burned up.

It was "astonishing"! What could have caused it? It was a heavy loss this time. Jacob had hard work to get his horses out and save them; all else was consumed. It was a very mysterious fire; all three of the fires had been mysterious. This last fire occurred in the edge of the evening, just as it was growing dark. Jacob was at home in his house, and did not know of the conflagration until a woman came from the next house, screaming.

"I did n't know you had any enemy, Jacob," said old William Kamfer, just after the fire.

"I did n't, either," said Jacob gloomily.

There was comfort in the fact that the property had been insured. The day after the burning, Jacob went again to the Cove and made his application.

"Something seems to be after you, Jacob," said Silas, eying him keenly.

"Yes," said Jacob sadly.

Silas wrote the required papers, and said the committee would come up soon. The very next morning, at nine o'clock, the committee were on hand and examining the place where the barn had stood. They were "at it" more than two hours. There was a great deal of measuring and making inquiries; they said it was a heavy loss. Besides the long examination of the place where the large barn had been, they had the curiosity to go and look once more where the small barn had been, and took some measurements there, and they poked in the ashes of the hog-pen, and walked about the premises. One of them carried a book, and jotted down the measurements and other items.

The committee delayed making any award. They said it was an important matter, and they would take time.

After three days Jacob went down to the Cove and inquired of Silas. The answer was that the board would meet before the end of the week, and that then something would be done about it. Some of Jacob's own immediate friends and neighbors belonged to the board. He spoke to them about it; they seemed reticent.

There was delay, and another visit of the committee, with more measuring, and a first and then a second meeting of the board. After about fifteen days, however, Silas walked up from the Cove, a distance of two miles, and left a letter with Mary for Jacob.

When Jacob came in to dinner he got the letter. It had the insurance company heading, and said:—

MR. JACOB WILSON:—

SIR,—In the case of the barn on your premises, which burned on the 29th of September, 1880, it is decided, in view of all the circumstances, that no award will be made.

This was signed by Silas, as secretary of the company.

A week later Jacob was in a lawyer's office in Albany, in private consultation.

"I don't want no lawing," said Jacob, "and my wife says so, too, although we cannot stand it to lose eighteen hundred dollars."

"Are you going to let them say you burned the buildings?" said the lawyer.

"They dar'n't say it," replied Jacob, fiercely.

"That is the meaning of it," said the lawyer.

Jacob was silent. The old family name, distinguished for honesty, was at stake, as well as the property.

The papers were served in November, and in January the cause was on the calendar at the Albany circuit of the supreme court of the State. The calendar is always crowded, and there is delay in coming to trial. The cause was not reached until September the 5th, 1881, at an adjourned circuit, the day before the famous yellow day, already alluded to.

The city hall, in which the courts were held, having been destroyed by fire a short time before, the circuit was held in the Assembly chamber of the old Capitol. It seemed to Jacob an imposing scene, as he entered the famous room where so many laws were made, and in which the law was to be administered in his case. He had to wait, hanging around the court for three days before his case was reached. The time was not lost to him. He heard several trials, which were as interesting as story-books.

At five o'clock, on the evening of the 5th of September, number ninety on the calendar, which was Jacob's case, was reached. Jacob's lawyer and the opposing counsel announced themselves ready. Jacob was invited forward to a seat by the side of his lawyer, and the drawing of a jury began immediately.

A few were rejected, but before six o'clock — the hour for adjournment — twelve men who were satisfactory to both sides had been secured, and Jacob's lawyer had opened the case, and the trial was fairly begun.

The court accompanied its announcement of the recess until morning with a warning to the jury not to allow any one to talk with them about the case.

Jacob did not sleep that night. He was at the American hotel, a quarter of a mile down State Street, in front of the Capitol. He and his wife were on the third floor, at the end of the hall, in room No. 241. As Jacob was going to his room, a large man, with dark, piercing eyes, standing in the door of room No. 239, said, "Your case is on, hey?"

"Yes," said Jacob, as he was passing.

"You'd better look sharp," said the large man.

"Why?" inquired Jacob, wondering-ly, as he paused.

"Rough business, burning down buildings," said the large man harshly; and he closed the door of his room with a bang.

Jacob passed on to his own apartment. There he talked over the events of the day with his wife. When he tried to sleep that night, the Assembly chamber and the face of the large man in room No. 239 haunted him.

In the morning, after breakfast, down in the front hall, Jacob met the large man again.

"Try a twist at it to-day, I s'pose," said the large man sharply to Jacob.

"Yes, the trial," answered Jacob, nervously.

"Somebody has been committing an awful crime," observed the large man. "Have you seen the sky?"

"Yes; it is strange," said Jacob, not perceiving the connection.

"They say it is the end of the world, — Sodom and Gomorrah," said the large man; and he turned and walked away.

At ten o'clock the court convened. As Jacob approached the Capitol steps, he saw a chubby person, on the brick pavement at the foot of the steps, explaining to a group of people his views of the weather. "I do not think myself," said the chubby person, glancing at the yellow canopy, "that it is anything supernatural, but I have seen *fifty people* this morning who think it is the end of the world."

Jacob found it oppressive in the court. The judge said it was a gloomy room and a gloomy day, and directed the officers to light the gas. The artificial light did not relieve the atmospheric pallor very much, although it enabled the judge and the lawyers to read their papers.

Jacob, and Mary his wife, and Willie, and the woman who saw the fire first, and came to Jacob's house, screaming, testified to the facts. This, with the documentary evidence, made the plaintiff's case. The short-hand writer of the court took down the evidence very rapidly, and at about twelve o'clock noon the plaintiff's side of the case was before the jury.

Then the opposing counsel proceeded to open the defense. After a few general statements he began to hint that there was a painful revelation to be made bearing upon the character of the plaintiff. The intimation was that Jacob had burned his own buildings to get the insurance.

"That is a mean and contemptible insinuation," exclaimed Jacob's lawyer, springing to his feet, "and you have no right to suggest such a thing, when you know you can't prove it!"

"Sir," rejoined the opposing lawyer, uttering the words with a pause after each, and a scathing hiss that made Jacob's flesh creep, "*we will prove it!*"

Jacob felt as if the very ground was opening beneath him, as the lawyer went on, with diabolical coolness, to

state that they had, although with some difficulty, secured the very witness who saw "this miscreant" (indicating Jacob) fire his own buildings. Happening to turn his head just then, Jacob saw the large man sitting within six feet of him, and watching him closely. This completed his confusion. The subsequent proceedings upon the trial were not very clearly apprehended by Jacob.

The court took a recess for dinner. As Jacob went to his room the large man stood in the door of room No. 239 again. "Hard at it, hey?" he said, as Jacob passed.

"Yes, but they can't prove it," said Jacob, with a determined accent.

"Sir," said the large man severely, "they can prove *anything*, if they have the evidence," and the large man went into his room and banged the door again.

In the afternoon the evidence upon the part of the defense was given. The first witnesses called upon that side did not seem very important to the case. They were, however, some of Jacob's neighbors, and the evidence was very painful to him on that account. One testified that there could not have been as much hay in the barn when it was burned as Jacob insisted there was. Another thought that Jacob had exaggerated the size of the bay where the hay was stored, and he thought, for that reason, there could not have been as much as was represented. Still another had walked over Jacob's farm when the hay and grain were growing, and was confident that there was only a "middlin' crop," and by no means as much as the plaintiff claimed.

The opposing counsel explained, with a glance at the jury, that this evidence was presented not only as bearing upon the question of the amount of the loss, but as showing more clearly the nature of the attempt, "on the part of this wretched man," to defraud his neighbors.

There was a significant pause. The opposing counsel held a whispered conversation with his assistant attorney, and with some men whom Jacob recognized as members of the board; he then rose and said impressively, "We call Gotlieb Jansen."

A short, elderly man, rather thin than full faced, but evidently a German, was sent forward from the back seats. Jacob recognized him; he was a "hired man," who worked about the neighborhood at the Cove.

Jansen gave his testimony through an officer of the court, who acted as interpreter. His statement was that, standing "over beyond" a hollow, a quarter of a mile away, in the field back of Jacob's large barn, he had seen Jacob come behind the barn, deliberately strike a match, and set the straw and hay and barn on fire.

The cross-examination of this witness by Jacob's counsel was the interesting feature of the trial.

"Ask him," said the counsel, "if he could see how Jacob was dressed."

"He says 'yes, he could,'" responded the interpreter, after putting the question to the witness.

"Ask him what color his clothes were."

"He says he wore brown, or a kind of red, iron-cloth overalls."

"Ask him whether Jacob had on boots or shoes."

"Dey vos poots, — dey vos poots," said the witness, making a cross-lots answer in broken English to save time.

"You understand my question?" said the counsel.

"Yaas, yaas, I untersthan," said Gotlieb.

"Ask him in German," said the court to the interpreter.

The interpreter complied, and responded, "He says they were boots."

"Ask him what time of day it was," said the counsel.

"He says it was just getting dark."

"Ask him what Jacob had around his neck, when he saw him strike the match and set the fire."

"He says it was a black handkerchief."

"Ask him if he could see him plain."

"He says 'yes.'"

"Ask him whether he had on stockings," said the counsel.

This question caused a slight ripple of merriment. Old Gotlieb glanced around, saw the fun, and laughing and shaking his head said, "Naw, naw, could not tell de shtockings."

There was a brief re-direct examination, in which Gotlieb stated that he did not mean that he actually saw the match, but only saw Jacob stoop over and strike, as if it was a match, and then saw it kindle, and saw it grow to a large fire. He also explained that the overalls were blue instead of red.

It was apparent that Gotlieb's left eye had been injured or lost. His examination was concluded by a single question, asked by Jacob's lawyer, which drew out from Gotlieb the answer, "Naw, naw, can only see from von eye."

As the concluding evidence in the case Jacob was now recalled formally to deny, as the rules of evidence require, the statements made by the witnesses against him. As he came upon the witness-stand, it was apparent that a great change had come over him. Was there such a pallor upon his face, or was it the strange yellow light of that strange day? His voice had sunk almost to a whisper, and he seemed weak and uncertain in his steps. He quietly answered "no" to the long, formal questions involving the statements which had been made against him, and that closed the evidence in the case.

The counsel "summed up:" the opposing counsel assuming and urging to the jury that Jacob was the profoundest rascal and hypocrite in the county, and Jacob's lawyer asserting that Gotlieb was a perjurer. In a few words

the court charged the jury, and they were sent out, in the keeping of three officers, to a committee-room, to deliberate and find a verdict.

It was nearly six o'clock; the court adjourned for the day. It had been a dreadful day to Jacob. He had not imagined that his old and near neighbors could look upon him as a rascal, and he had not supposed any man living would have dared to assail his good name as the opposing lawyer had assailed it. The revelation of these facts, the strange story told by Gotlieb, and the gloom of the strange day seemed to mingle in a dreadful nightmare as he walked to the hotel. He went to his room, and lay down, and closed his eyes, hoping to rest. The scenes of the day were as vivid before him as a picture. And, through them, he would remember from time to time, with a sudden sharp throb, the dreadful suspense he was under. "Suppose the jury should find against him!" His father had been one of the consistory of a church when living, and Jacob himself had long been a church member. The hurt to his reputation and to the family name was the sharpest sting.

Jacob got up, and went to the "far end" of the hall to ask Willie to come. Willie's room was empty. Jacob came back, and with his wife had family prayers in their room. It was ten o'clock. His anxiety was intense. He knew where the jury-room was. He knew that when the jury agreed they would seal up their verdict and separate, because the judge had told them to do so, and to bring in their verdict in the morning. He walked up to the Capitol, and, looking at the windows, saw that all was dark. On his return the large man was in the hall, up-stairs near his door.

"I think the jury must have agreed," suggested Jacob falteringly. "I see it is all dark in their room."

"Sir," said the large man, glaring at

him, and speaking with a withering severity in his tone and manner that made Jacob shrink as if he had received the cut of a whip-lash, "the jury has found against you; I heard of it half an hour ago."

Jacob's eyes fell, and the great misery settled down upon his heart. He turned silently, and walked away to his room. What was the night that followed to Jacob Wilson? Those who have suddenly lost a good name may perhaps understand it.

Jacob did not stir out of his room until court-time, next morning. Then, as he descended the hotel stairs, every one seemed to him to be looking at him, and shunning him. He was very pale and weak, and walked slowly, breathing short. He had a century of family pride behind him; and he felt that he was going to meet his doom, — to pass under a cloud, that might never be lifted.

As he walked up the Capitol steps, a man near inquired of another, "Did that jury agree last night?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"How did they find?"

"Ain't supposed to know," said the other, indifferently.

Jacob passed on into the court-room. The judge was just taking his seat.

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "you may take the verdict of that jury that was out last night. I see they are all here."

Jacob had not yet sat down. He stood by a seat, looking. He had steeled himself; he was white and firm.

"Gentlemen," said the clerk, "have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman, rising, and handing a buff envelope to an officer. The officer carried it to the clerk. The clerk offered it to the judge.

"Open it," said the judge, sententiously.

Jacob saw the clerk tear open the envelope, unfold the paper it contained, and give it a long, earnest look.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the clerk, "you will listen to your verdict as the court hath recorded it."

Jacob held his breath.

"You say you find," continued the clerk, "in favor of the plaintiff, in the sum of eighteen hundred and fifty dollars; and so you all say."

The jurymen nodded.

"You will please vacate the box, gentlemen," said the judge. "Mr. Clerk, you may now draw a jury in ninety-seven."

Jacob stood, his eyes glassy for a moment, as if unconscious.

"Well, you are all right," said an officer who stood near him; and the officer offered to shake hands with him. Jacob put out his hand mechanically, and got a shake.

A hot flush was seen starting up from Jacob's neck. His sensitive, mobile face twisted and worked; his chin quivered; He turned and walked toward the door. He staggered; his step was almost that of an intoxicated person.

"What's the matter with that man that just went out?" said a lawyer, who came in a moment later, to an officer near the door.

"Got a verdict in that insurance case, — full amount. Did n't expect it, I s'pose," said the officer, indifferently.

"Kind of upset him, hey?" said the lawyer, laughing.

"Ratherly," said the officer.

Jacob went down the sidewalk toward the hotel. People did in reality look at him now, as he passed, trying to hide his flushed face and the tears. He got to the room and told Mary, and they had what the landlord described as "a time." The landlord said that he happened up there, and there was more praying and crying than was allowable in that hotel. As the painful, nervous strain was taken off, Jacob became faint, and lay down, and Mary went out and got him a lemon.

Soon there came a knock at Jacob's

door. It was the large man. Jacob sat on the edge of the bed, eating the lemon.

"I really must beg, Mr. Wilson, the privilege of making an apology," said the large man, advancing to the middle of the room, resting his hand upon a table, and speaking with a courtliness and respect that seemed to lift Jacob up into a position of importance.

He continued, "I must have been misinformed by the officer about that verdict last night. Of course we know there has been too much tampering with juries, and a habit of finding out verdicts before they are rendered. It is all wrong, certainly, though it is often done. We accept the deception which the jury employed to mislead the officer as a very proper rebuke. I don't want you to lay up anything against *me* about it."

"Oh, no," said Jacob.

"It's dreadful, ain't it? — burning people's buildings in this way," suggested the large man, confidentially.

"Yes; seems to be a sort of a crime," ventured Jacob, hesitatingly.

"Seems to be a sort of a crime!" echoed the large man explosively, "why, man alive, it's arson, state-prison, long term! And I *will* find him out. He may fool the people down your way, with his blind Dutchman, who can see the pegs in a man's boots a mile off in the dark, but he can't fool me. There is a villain behind this, and we are after him. I know him now; I am sure of him. I am watching, and I'll jug him within twenty-four hours;" and in saying this, by way of emphasis, the large man brought his fist down upon the table in a way that made the whole room jar.

"And that was what you were watching *me* for?" asked Jacob timidly, shuddering as he saw the gulf.

"Why, my dear, good fellow," said the large man, softening, "what else on earth did you *suppose* I was watching you for?"

Jacob pondered, and was silent. The large man turned, and walked out of the room.

Within half an hour the president of the insurance company came in. He said he desired to congratulate an honest man, and explained, mysteriously, that they were on the right track at last. He remarked, speaking in a confidential manner, that he had always told the folks that Jacob was "not that kind of a man."

"Thank you," said Jacob huskily.

"You and your father before you have lived in our town too long to be treated in this way," said the president, wiping a tear from his eye.

The president went away.

One by one, Jacob's old neighbors and various members of the company, dropped in, and went through with about the same formula the president had indulged in. Each explained so fully and satisfactorily that *he* had all the while told the folks that it "*could not be* Mr. Wilson" that did it that Jacob really began to wonder how it had come about that there had ever been any difficulty. Jacob also gathered, from the remarks which were made, that some clew had been gained in connection with the trial, and that soon all would be made plain.

After a good dinner Jacob began to be himself again. With an old friend and neighbor he went up to the Capitol once more, as a matter of curiosity. He saw another case on trial, — that of a suitor who was struggling to get his rights from a railroad corporation. He heard the lawyer for the railroad company allude to the suitor as the most barefaced, unscrupulous, and designing villain who had ever perjured himself in that court-room. Looking at the party thus described, Jacob saw only a thin, pale face, on which anxiety was painfully written. Jacob perceived that his own case was only one of many, and that in the court-room it had already been forgotten.

There was no reason why Jacob should remain longer in town. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he and Mary were in their wagon, in front of the hotel, about to leave. Just then Willie came running down the sidewalk in great excitement. He came to the side of the wagon, his warm brown eyes dancing, and said, with what breath he had left, "Oh, father, father, they have found it all out! It's Andrew Venner, and they have got him in jail."

"Andrew Venner?" said Jacob, surprised; and he added, turning inquiringly to Mary, "I never had any trouble with Andrew."

Just then the large man came down the sidewalk, walking very rapidly. He said pleasantly to Jacob, "Got him sure. I told you so. By the way," he added, turning back after he had passed, "did you ever have any difficulty with Andrew Venner?"

"No," answered Jacob; "only he worked for me one time, and my woman here did n't seem to" —

"Oh — oh! that unspeakable wretch!" said Mary, coloring painfully. "I never told anybody, and I never will, only if Jacob" —

"Very proper, — very proper indeed, Mrs. Wilson," said the large man politely. "If we should need you on the trial I will" — and he nodded to complete the sentence.

A boy stopped on the sidewalk, evidently listening curiously.

"Drive on, Jacob," urged his wife, in a flurry.

William climbed in at the back end of the wagon, and Jacob started. He had gone but a few steps when he pulled up his horses, and calling back said, — "Oh, say!"

The large man heard it, and came down the walk to where the wagon was.

"Would you mind telling me, now that it is all over," said Jacob pleasantly, "whether you really heard anything about that verdict last night, or whether you told me just to see how I would" —

"My dear sir," said the large man deprecatingly, "I beg that you will not think that I would willingly distress you by — Hullo, there is a man I *must* see before he goes," and the large man dashed off across the street.

Jacob looked after him a few moments, then gave his horses a cut with the whip, and started for home.

P. Deming.

A REALISTIC POET.

IN the history of English poetic literature there has perhaps never occurred a period when a single school has exercised so absolute sway as that which has been enjoyed for the last fifteen or twenty years by what may be called the school of beauty in art. Tennyson, Rossetti, Swinburne, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, and the men who came after these, though differing in thoughts and views as much as it is possible for men to differ, all prove by their work the theory that, whatever thought may

underlie their work, it must, *as work*, be beautiful, if nothing else, — must at least be a lovely structure of words. It is owing to this general insistence on beauty that the school of modern æstheticism has arisen, — a school which has been brought into ridicule by the follies of some of its later disciples, but one which was perfectly sound to begin with. Its creed was that it was good not only to worship Beauty on high days and holidays, but to import as much of it as possible into our daily

lives, thus transforming its worship from a dead into a living religion. Not only our pictures, but our houses, with their tinted walls and painted doors and their abundant blue china, were brought into conformity with the laws of beauty, and all was harmony.

Suddenly, into the very temple of beauty, with its wonderful, subdued light, its organ music, now high, now low, as the master bards chose to make it, its chanting, and its clouds of incense, burst a pilgrim with a coal sack on his back, the contents of which he emptied upon the sacred floor. What would the high priests do? Would they cast out the pilgrim, and spurn him from their midst? Consistently, they could have done nothing else; but, inconsistently, they received him as a man and a brother, and made much of his sooty offering.

To pass from symbolism to fact, the autumn of 1880 witnessed the publication of a poem in elegiac measure — alternate hexameters and pentameters — which was the boldest possible challenge to the school of beauty in art. It was entitled *Dorothy*.¹ No author's name was upon the title-page, but it was an open secret that it was written by Arthur J. Munby. Browning and half a dozen other poets received this work with enthusiasm; certain critics, secretly disaffected with the prevailing school, set it upon a pedestal, and did homage to it. It had a coarse though not unpicturesque preface, in which the author enunciated his theories with no uncertain note, and flew directly in the face of the poetic creeds which have governed our literature for the last half of this century.

His anger has been aroused because writers who treat of persons in humble life have too much idealized them, — have not sufficiently insisted on the hard, red, and oftentimes dirty hands which are incident to manual labor.

¹ *Dorothy: A Country Story*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1882.

He, at least, is resolved to gloze over none of these facts. He has two points on which to insist: first, that out-of-door workers *have* horny, red, and often dirty hands, yet that these hands are no impediment to the course of true love where it exists; second, that out-of-door labor is good alike for the bodies and souls of women.

It is clear that he regards with a strong, human, and most praiseworthy love the heroine of his poem, Dorothy Crump. He pictures her fair though sunburned of face, strong of limb, large of body, quick to turn her useful hands to anything, straightforward, honest, good, above all a daughter of the people. She is the author's ideal woman. He loves her strength as other men love grace. Her thick waist is as dear to him as the lithest shape would be to another. He glories in her ruddy, sun-tanned face, in her callous and stained hands, and in her strong red arms as so many evidences of her usefulness in the world. No dainty, pampered darling, she, — no soft-handed, bejeweled, indolent idler. The poem, as the following quotation will show, has at least the merit of thoroughness: —

"Winter, she helped old John a laying down
straw for the cattle,
Cleaned out the stables and byres, nothing afraid
of the bull;
Helped at the pig-killing, too, and cleared out the
pig-sty after:
She never thought, not *she*, that was a trouble to
do.
Spring, she looked after the lambs, and the
calves that wanted suckling;
Worked in the fields, too, a bit, clearing the land,
or at plow."

The story of *Dorothy* is really nothing. Her dead mother was a pretty, too-lightly-won farm-girl. Her father, the wild off-shoot of a noble house, turns up at the end of the poem, grave, dignified, and full of honors, —

"A Parliament man and a colonel," —

and gives Dorothy a handsome sum of money as a wedding present, without, however, at all acknowledging her as

his child. Practically, therefore, Dorothy is without relations. She is the favorite and trusted servant on White Rose Farm, doing her work remarkably well. Once there is just a glimpse of a danger that her mother's story may be relived in her. A young gentleman from London, whose morals, we fear, are not of the strictest kind, comes to visit in the neighborhood. He is attracted by Dorothy's pretty face, and fain would begin some tender passages with her. But Dorothy is wise in her generation. Exulting in her hands scarcely less than the author exults in them, she gives him one of them to hold for a second. It is only for a second, however; for, as she no doubt foresaw, her admirer had the bad taste to be repelled, instead of attracted, by the hardened palm; and thus, by means so natural and simple, Dorothy is rid forever of his persecutions. In the end she marries the man of her choice, who, being head gamekeeper at the hall, is in all ways quite a desirable match.

It will be seen from this sketch of the plot that it affords no special opening for eloquence. Dorothy is placed just where the author likes best to see her, in the midst of hard out-of-door work, and she is well treated by everybody. There is therefore no cause to plead, no wrong to redress, unless, indeed, it be the wrong of smooth, white hands.

There are two or three passages of description in the poem that are both faithful and imaginative, full of color, and quick with the smell of freshly-turned earth. Take, for example, the following:—

"Ah, what a joy for her at early morn, in the
spring-time,
Driving from hedge to hedge furrows as straight
as a line;
Seeing the crisp brown earth, like waves at the
bow of a vessel,
Rise, curl over, and fall, under the thrust of the
share;
Orderly falling and still, its edges all creaming
and crumbling,
But, on the sloping side, polished and purple as
steel;

Till all the field, she thought, looked bright as the
bars of that gridiron
In the great window at church, over the gentle-
folks' pew.
And evermore, as she strides, she has cheerful
companions behind her,
Rooks and the smaller birds, following after her
plow;
And, ere the ridges were done, there was gossa-
mer woven above them,—
Gossamer dewy and white, shining like foam on
the sea."

With the exception of a few such passages, this so-called poem seems to me an outrage on poetry, which, but for its acceptance in the quarters before mentioned, might be allowed to pass unnoticed; but since it has thus been taken up by men mostly thought capable of judging, I, as one sincerely believing in poetic fitness and in the worship of beauty, must needs assert that on nearly every page Dorothy sins against beauty and against poetic fitness.

The fact, however, of its acceptance with certain poets and critics is a fact charged with significance. It is a sure indication that the present school of poetry is near the end of its reign, and this for no other reason than that men and women are, to the end of their days, children. Leaving behind us the bald prosaicalness of much of Wordsworth, we yielded ourselves up gladly to the delight of wonderful, mystical beauty in art. Robert Browning — and no greater poet lives than Browning at his best — we have accepted with mixed feelings. There are whole tracts in his work that are neither good verse nor agreeable prose; yet even this portion has a bitter, stimulating flavor of its own, not to be obtained elsewhere. Mr. Browning is many other things besides a poet, and could write trenchant prose if he would; but, from some cause difficult to understand, he prefers to clothe thoughts of a prosaic nature in an ill-fitting garment of verse. We rebel; but we cannot do without him, and are therefore compelled to accept him on his own conditions.

Between Mrs. Browning's *Aurora*

Leigh and a poem uncompromisingly loyal to the laws of poetic fitness there is all the difference that there is between a warehouse where you may find many precious things deposited and a noble temple whose sculptured walls are themselves as precious as what they inclose. Excepting, then, Aurora Leigh and a large portion of Browning's own work, our other poets have for so long given us only what was essentially and ideally beautiful that the childish element in us longs to hear and to see some new thing, by way of variety. Without directly owning it, men have wearied of beauty and tired of perfection; and as change always comes when imperatively demanded, to the music of the cow-boy's whistle enters Dorothy.

The function of poetry has been as much discussed as the rights of women;

but for poetry the right to *be* itself is of all rights the first. Its legitimate business is not, surely, to reform the world; yet if, without sacrificing its ideal loveliness, it can help in the world's roughest work, so much the better; but poems like Dorothy give us pause. On the other hand, however, we have shining examples of great truths set forth in the very noblest poetry. Mrs. Browning's *Cry of the Children* is not less musical or poetic because it portrays the real wrongs of the children of the factories. Mr. Swinburne's splendid and fiery denunciations in *Songs before Sunrise*, are directed against real evils. And where shall we find more help to meet with fortitude and courage the brief ills of this brief human life than in Mr. Matthew Arnold's noble chant of *Empedocles on Ætna*?

Philip Bourke Marston.

SUNRISE.

[BY THE SEA.]

A WANING of the golden lamps
In heaven's eternal dome,
A glimmer on the dusky sands
(Ghost-like creeps up the foam);

A blended hue above the waves,—
The lily and the rose,—
A fleecy cloud of dappled bloom,
Like that the pansy shows;

A tinge the morning-glory wears,
With pearly dew-drops wet;
A blush as of the columbine,
A tint of violet;

And ever in the brightening sky,
Some changing splendor born,
Till leaf by leaf, a perfect flower,
Unfolds the bud of morn.

Albert Lighton.

DOCTOR ZAY.

NOTE.

BELMONT, *October 28, 1881.*

DEAR MISS PHELPS, — I am glad to learn from you that your story is soon to see the light; and I avail myself of the opportunity you give me to notice publicly that coincidence of some of its outlines with those of my novel, *Dr. Breen's Practice*, of which we have already spoken together. When you first mentioned your plot to me, I heard you quite through before I told you that I had already written and partly in type a story dealing with the same situations and the same characters in a certain degree; and then I strongly urged you to go on and complete your work, assuring you, as Editor of *The Atlantic*, that I should be all the more eager to publish it because of that coincidence. It seemed to me at that time, as it now seems to Mr. Aldrich, that this would give it an additional attraction with those interested in the problems touched; and that no one would suppose you to have borrowed any feature of your plot from so poor a contriver of such things as I am.

I shall fall back upon my good intention if, in the course of your story, this voluntary statement of mine appears, as I fear it may, a quite gratuitous impertinence. Yours sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

"To my nephew, Waldo Yorke, of Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, all such properties of mine as are vested in shipping, timber, or lumber, in the town of Sherman, in this State."

This was vague, but the more stimulating. What can compare with the bewitchment of arduous pursuit for uncertain privilege? There is an Orphean power well known to reside in testamentary documents, whereby the most insignificant legacy will draw the most imposing fortune to dance attendance upon its possession. But it is doubtful if Waldo Yorke, of Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, would have found himself inspired to a personal investigation of his departed relative's kind intentions concerning himself, but for a certain constitutional sensitiveness to

this allurements attending the pursuit of unknown results.

"Send a lawyer, Waldo." His mother had said this over the coffee for which she delicately prescribed the proper Yorke admixture from the Sèvres creamer. She spoke with the slightly peremptory accent which certain mothers retain, either from force of habit or from intrinsic delight in the sound, long after the expectation of filial submission has become a myth of the Golden Age. Mrs. Yorke, although quite lame, was a handsome woman, who wore *point appliqué*.

Her son had reminded her that in sending Waldo Yorke he really was not far from doing the precise, if remarkable, thing of which she spoke.

"Quite true," said the lady. "I had forgotten. Your having a profession so seldom occurs to one, Waldo. And cousin Don would have been glad to go, now the season is over at the Club. He has nothing else to do."

"I am somewhat overborne with that calamity myself, mother," the young man had said, coloring slightly. "I don't think we will discuss the thing. I am going to hunt up Uncle Jed's legacy."

Mrs. Yorke had not discussed the thing. Although not yet even indulgently talked of as "rising" in his profession, this idle, strong-limbed, restless son of hers had incisive preferences, with which she was familiar, as well as with his somewhat sturdy methods of executing them. And although they had only each other to be "beholden to" in all the world, — that is to say, in Beacon Street, — they were accustomed to yield one another the large liberty of assured affection. A summer of separation was to be expected, when one was the lame old mother of a nervous young man.

Mrs. Yorke had kissed her son good-by royally, and here he was.

Here he was, lazily riding at the laziest hour of the sleepy noon, — he and the sensitive horse he had been so fortunate as to find in Bangor for the trip. He had been alone with the pony and his own thoughts, through the magnificent Maine wilderness, for now two long, memorable days. An older traveler than young Yorke would have found them valuable days. He had chosen the land route, seventy-two miles from Bangor. He had a certain kind of thirst for solitude, which comes only to the city born and bred; most keenly to the young, and most passionately to the overtaken. Waldo Yorke had never been overtaken in his life. He leaned to the splendors through which he journeyed, enthusiastically, but criticised Nature, like an amateur, while he drank.

He had chosen the land route partly, perhaps, in deference to faint associations with wild tales of it, told him years ago by that myth of a dead uncle, in course of the only appearance he ever made in Beacon Street, — Uncle Jed, whom his mother, somehow, never urged the child's going to visit, while never distinctly discountenancing it, either. Poor Uncle Jed was a good man, but had never had papa's advantages, my son. But my son had conceived a passing chivalrous fancy for an uncle at a disadvantage, and remembered sitting in his lap, and stroking his grizzled cheek with the soft pink palm of first one little hand, and then the other, and asking him why he had n't any little boys, and if God left them in heaven, or forgot to send them down. Poor Uncle Jed was a bachelor, as well as a myth.

So this was the wilderness where the good old myth had lived, loved — did he ever love? his nephew wondered. Lived, loved, died. No: lived, loved, got rich, and died; or lived, got rich, and died, as you chose to put it. What a place to live and die in! Or to get

rich in. Or to love in, either, for that matter.

The young man leaned against the cushions of the covered buggy, which seemed to arouse as much bewildered effort of the perceptive faculties in the stray natives whom he met as if it had been a covered mill-pond, and indulged in that hazy reverie which is possible only to ease and youth. What were his visions? What *are* the thoughts of a distinguished-looking young man, with one foot swinging for very luxury of idleness over the buggy's edge against the step, the reins thrown across one muscular arm, and both gloved hands clasped behind a rather well-shaped head? A young man with well-born eyes, and well-bred mouth; and he scorns to stoop to vices who carries just such a fashion of the nostril and the chin.

The route that young Yorke had chosen led him into the unparalleled deserts and glories of the wild Maine coast. Sudden reserves and allurements of horizon succeeded each other. They were finely-contrasted, like the moods of a woman as strong as she is sweet, and as sincere as she is either. Forest and sea vied to win his fancy. At the turning of a rein he plunged into impenetrable green, cool solitude. He became, perforce, a worshiper in Nature's cathedrals. Arch beyond arch, they lifted stately heads. Density within density, hung shadows in which it seemed no midday light could see to find a target. Welcome chills came from these shadows that struck upon the feverish cheek. Dry, unrecognized perfumes fled across them, clean and fine. Above, the dome of ether quivered with the faint, uncertain motion of hot air upon a summer noon. Drops of light fell through, upon the neutral-tinted shade that broke the sienna color of the winding road. As far as eye could see, the forest locked mighty arms before the traveler, as if to hold him to its heart forever.

Then swiftly at the tripping of a cypress, at the surrender of an oak, at the fleeing of a rank of pines, at the shaking of a ghostly beard of moss, behold! the solemn barricade has given way. You have but turned a corner, yet the forest lets you go angrily, desperately, and yields you to the sea.

Now the straight noon sunshine palpitates before, behind, about you. The road sweeps, yellow and lonely, past a dreary little hut, a solitary farm. The ruts worn by the daily stage, passed an hour before you, begin to grow distinct in the white heat. Rocks loom, a mass of wealthy outline against unbroken sky, and curved and curious beaches kneel to wet their lonely foreheads in the sea.

Your cathedral has turned you out-of-doors utterly. Galleries of wonder beckon you on. Irregular sculpture starts, half-moulded, from the wild, gray cliffs. Sketches which Nature seems to have begun, but never cared to finish, unfold before you, vast, imperfectly interpreted, evanescent. Music, sweet from the now unseen birds in the deserted forest, sad from the waves upon the untrodden beaches, pulsates through the vivid air. It seems to the rider that the butterflies keep time to it; that the daisies in the gentle fields are nodding to it. Motionless cattle in the pastures, stray, solitary children on the fences, idle smoke from desolate chimneys, pass him by rhythmically. His thoughts, still busy with the forest, receive from all these things little else than a vague consciousness of the presence of life and light.

Life and light! The words have a familiar and a solemn sound.

Are they snatches from some forgotten sentiment of Holy Writ? John, perhaps? John, the golden-lipped, happy-hearted young enthusiast? What a poet that fisherman was! No wonder that modern dispute centres battling about the authenticity of the Fourth

Gospel. *Life and light!* In all the universe, those only were the two words that could interpret the summer-noon meaning of this virgin State of Maine.

In all the universe —

Nonsense!

Yorke remembered that he was hungry, and would have his dinner. In all the universe, — what then? Heaven knows! It was some mad fancy about womanhood, or youth, — love, perhaps, if the truth must out; how a woman sometimes came to a man's life — he had heard of such women — suddenly, thoroughly, as upon the reserve of the forest had flashed the glory of the sea. Meanwhile, a man must have his dinner; a matter not to be ignored in dealing with ideal wilderness or ideal woman. He pulled the rein smartly over the nervous pony, reflecting, with the hardened cynicism of a bachelor of twenty-eight, that he would like to see the woman who would be Life and Light to him! I think, though, if we stop to look at it, that the young fellow preserved, after all, for his sacred metaphor something of the reverence which is native to all delicate natures; and that in the innermost of all consciousness, which we hide even from ourselves, the words held under covert of a sneer the fugitive of a prayer.

With the fall from heaven to earth, discovering that he was hungry, the young man cherished a mild suspicion that he had strayed a little out of his way. Surely, the last reduced but hopeful sign-board had explicitly "arisen to explain" that it was six miles and a half to the town of Sherman. If he had traveled six miles and a half he had traveled ten since then, and of other guide-boards, those *ignes fatui* in which he confided with the touching faith of youth and inexperience, there were none to be seen. Two, indeed, he had passed, valorously guarding a cart-path, but wind, weather, or fate had long since decapitated them. Over against their

corpses one patient fellow stood on duty in a whortleberry thicket, for what concrete or abstract purpose no mortal could divine, with his head, from which all recognizable features were successfully washed away, held rakishly under his arm. Another, apparently a drunken, disorderly officer, seemed to have gone upon a spree, and tumbled face-down into a brook. But neither of these sources of Maine enlightenment had directed the dense Massachusetts mind to the town of Sherman.

Bringing the entire force of the Massachusetts mind now to bear upon the non-appearance of any visible means of dining, a process in which the Maine pony showed a sympathy above all provincialism, the traveler accosted the first native he happened to meet, and something like the following conversation took place:—

Yorke: "Can you tell me how far it is to Sherman, sir?"

Native: "Hey?"

Yorke: "Would you oblige me by saying how near I am to the town of Sherman?"

Native, interrogatively: "Sherman?"

Yorke, decidedly: "Yes; Sherman."

Native, reflectively: "Sherm-an."

A pause.

"Travelin' fur?"

"From Bangor to Sherman."

"Oh!"

"I fear I have got out of my way. I hope you can direct me."

"Wall. You said Sherman?"

Yorke, emphatically: "I certainly did!"

Native, cheerfully: "Wall. If it's *Sherman* you're goin' fur, Ish'd ventur' it might be a matter of eight mile—to *Sherman*. Hancock's nigher. So's Cherrytown."

Yorke, explosively: "But I do not wish to visit Hancock or Cherrytown!"

"Oh, you don't. Wall."

Native's wife, coming to the door, and standing with heavy hand raised,

gaunt forefinger stretching down the road: "That's the way to Sherman: down that there gully, and take your second left and your fust right, and then foller the wind. But it ain't no eight mile."

Yorke, lost in thinking how much she looks like a Maine sign-post: "Thank you, madam. How far do *you* call it to Sherman?"

"It ain't a peg over six, — Sherman ain't."

Native's boy, pushing between his parents, and appearing vivaciously in the foreground: "It's three mile'n' a half, mister! And you don't take your second left. You jest foller your nose, an' you'll make it. Folks hain't ben thar sence the old hoss died. I went one winter. I belong to the Sherman Brass Band."

"It's true," said the woman, apologetically, "me and Mr. Bailey don't get to Sherman very often. But Bob, — he don't know a mile from a close-pin."

A prolonged pause.

"Is there a hotel in this — this metropolis?" asked *Yorke*, looking vaguely about the beautiful wilderness.

"Sir?"

"Is there a tavern in this village?"

"No, sir."

"Do you ever accommodate hungry travelers with a dinner in your own family?"

"Wall, no; we never hev. They mostly go to Nahum Smithses."

"Can I get anything to eat, in this desert, of Mr. Smith or any other citizen of your acquaintance?"

"Wall, mebbe you might. Might ask. Nahum Smith is a gentleman as puts up."

Yorke, reviving: "A gentleman that puts up? That sounds hopeful. How far is it to this gentleman's?"

Native: "Two miles."

Native's wife: "It's two'n' a quarter."

Native's boy, disrespectfully and musically: "T ain't a mi-i-ile!"

Yorke turned away, with such gratitude towards this enlightened family as he could muster into expression, and set out grimly in search of the gentleman that put up.

The woman ran after him for some distance through the dusty, blazing, blinding noon. He reined up, and she called kindly, gesticulating with her lean arms, "If you come acrost a woman ridin' in a little frisky wagin with an amberel atop, just you ask her. *She'll know!*"

It was one of those coincidences which make, according to one's temperament, either the poetry or the superstition of life, that young Yorke, in the course of twenty minutes' savage and unsuccessful pursuit of the gentleman that put up, coming sharply to the top of a glaring hill, saw at the foot of it, dimly through the dust, a sight as foreign to the Maine wilderness as a sleigh to Florida or a barouche to Sahara. It was a pony phaeton. It stood before a gray old farm-house door, and the clean-cut, slender gray mare who drew it was tied to the crumbling fence. It was a basket phaeton, with a movable top of a buff color, — a lady's phaeton, evidently.

Yorke was, as yet, too inexperienced a traveler "across country" to know that in three cases out of five it is from a woman one will get most accurate geographical directions. He might have passed the pony phaeton with scarcely a serious remembrance of the advice he had received, but just before he reached the farm-house the owner of the carriage came suddenly out.

She came suddenly out and down the grass-grown walk, with the nervous step natural to a person in habitual haste; but a healthy step, even and springing. Yorke noticed as much as this in the instant that he balanced in his mind the advisability of addressing the lady.

For it was, unmistakably, a lady.

The young man — being a young man — took in with subtle swiftness a sense of her youth, for she was young; of her motions, which were lithe. Of her face his impressions were hazy. It might have been fine, or not. He seldom suffered himself to acquire an opinion of a woman's face at first sight; he had so often learned to hold such impressions as frauds on his intelligence. Her dress, he thought, was blue, or black, or blue-black, or black-and-blue. What did it matter? She was already escaping him, and with her, apparently, his only mortal hope of dinner. What superhuman power could do for a man even in the Maine wilderness he would not dogmatically decide, but his confidence in human assistance was at that faint ebb produced by prospective starvation; and Mr. Nahum Smith, or any other gentleman that put up, he had begun to locate with other interesting and amusing myths with which his education had made him familiar.

The young lady had untied her horse (with the quickness of a practiced driver), had swept into the phaeton, had gathered the reins, and was off. If she had noticed him at all, it was in a busy fashion, with the single quick, abstracted glance usual to strangers in a crowd, in vivid contrast to the Down-East stare. Yorke felt that it was becoming a desperate case. He reined in the Bangor pony.

"I beg pardon, madam!"

The basket phaeton, just whirling away, came to a pause unconcernedly.

"I beg pardon for the liberty, but *will* you direct me to the town of Sherman?"

Something in Yorke's accent of desperation *was* funny. The young lady's eyes twinkled for an instant. She looked as if she would have laughed if she had dared. But she answered him with grave politeness.

"It is four miles to Sherman."

"Thank you." The young man sat, with his hat raised, hesitating. "I ought to apologize for troubling a lady. But I have met nothing but dislocated sign-posts and admiring natives for ten miles. One gave me as correct information as another. Is Sherman the nearest place where I can get a dinner?"

"I think it is," said the young lady. "Yes, I know it is. If you take your first left below here, you will find it an easy four miles." She spoke with the unconscious ease with which only an American lady could have addressed a stranger met upon an unknown errand on a solitary road; but she gathered her reins as she spoke.

"I am extremely obliged to you," persisted Yorke. "You said the second left?"

"I said the first left. I am going to Sherman. If your horse is not too tired to keep distantly in sight, my phaeton will direct you without further trouble."

She spoke as simply as one gentleman might have spoken to another. Yorke, too profoundly grateful to her to notice this at first, remembered it as the gray mare sped away through the hollow.

How exquisitely it was done! The Beacon Street gentleman felt a glow of appreciation of the little scene, viewed purely as a specimen of the religion of good manners. He would have liked his mother to see it. It was the sort of thing she could estimate at its worth.

"Going to Sherman," — what a divine Christian recognition of the fact that he was a stranger, and the Maine wilderness had taken him in! Even that though a man, he might yet be a gentleman, out of his way, misdirected, tired, perplexed, and hungry. "If his horse were not too tired," — what a delicate fashion of comparing the exhausted and now abject-looking Bangor pony with her own sturdy little steed! "Distantly in sight," — could language more? Faint, swift, maidenly afterthought to the kind-

ly impulse! Yorke had wrought himself into rather a glow, perhaps, by dint of present gratitude and promised dinner, but that simple little speech certainly seemed to him, as he thought of it, a classic in its way.

Meanwhile, the "frisky wagin" had tripped along over knoll and hollow, and the bright "amberel atop" had turned into the thickly-wooded road and disappeared from view. Waldo Yorke whipped up and hurried on.

Distantly in sight, indeed! Was there an innocent sarcasm in that womanly thrust? The gray mare could make her eleven miles an hour easily, if put to it. The Bangor pony begged piteously now at six. The basket phaeton flew to Sherman. The buggy struggled after. The mare put her head down, and trotted straight and stiff, — a steady roadster. The buggy followed by the fits and starts, the turns of elation and depression, the jerks of hope and lurches of despair, familiar to drivers of nervous ponies at the end of a steady pull. Distantly in sight! He should do well, indeed, if he kept a mirage of her in sight.

They had turned now quite away from the coast-line. The scattering farms, the tiny huts with enormous barns attached, the intelligent natives, the heavy stage-track, the dust, the glare, the cliffs, the sea, had vanished. The forest opened its arms again to the travelers, and the world grew green and cool.

Off the stage-road here, the density seemed deeper, the shadow more abandoned. Through the impressive solitude the gay little phaeton cover danced along; through it the solemn black buggy-top lumbered and climbed. The figure of the dainty driver in the phaeton, erect, slender, and blue, sat motionless as a caryatide out of employment. The eyes of the traveler in the buggy vigilantly pursued it: chiefly, it must be admitted, because he wanted his dinner;

possibly, in part because he fancied the pose of the caryatide, — any man would.

The shadow deadened as they rode, but not from the darkening of the day. On either hand the solid serried oaks seemed to step out and press against the narrow drive-way; thickets, whose black hearts relieved the various outlines of wild blackberry, sumach, elder, and grape, netted themselves more tightly, and grew stiff, looking like bronze; the aspens and pallid birches wooed one another across the narrowing road. Vistas of soft gloom stretched on. There was no light now, but flickering needles, fine as those of the pines, and drifting with them, that with difficulty pierced the opaque green heavens of the over-reaching trees. One looked twice in the low tone of the place even to see what the roadside flowers were. Yorke had almost passed unnoticed an apple-tree in blossom, and it was past the first of June. Nothing could have so vividly presented to him a sense of the painful Maine spring, and the frozen, laggard life that looked out from behind it upon a gentler world.

It occurred to him for the first time, as the depth and solitude of the road made themselves fully manifest, to wonder if the young lady felt no hesitation in trusting herself to drive over it alone. Apparently, he had here some society girl, whose whim it was to be unfashionable, and in Maine, at this unusual season. She was a little intoxicated with Nature's grand unconventionality; had no more fear, it seemed, than a butterfly released from a chrysalis.

He wondered if she did him the credit not to take him for a cut-throat. But a grim glance at the widening distance between the phaeton and the buggy strangled this bit of self-satisfaction at its first breath. Plainly, the case involved not so much a high opinion of the man as a low one of the horse.

Those delicate lovers, the birch and aspen, and the more ardent ones, the oak

and hickory, beyond them, were now making themselves obnoxious, as lovers always do to third parties, and swept a fragrant and defiant arch low across the way. Swift in the passing, the buff umbrella went deftly down. Slow in the following, the buggy-top groaned back.

The blue caryatide was daintily cut now against the heavy shadow. Fine pencilings of light fell on her: she wore, it might be, a straw hat, which caught them; they struck her hair, too, and her shoulder. She stirred but once. Then she turned to break some apple-blossoms. She picked the flowers at full speed and standing.

Yorke, as he watched her with the half-amused attention of a traveler who has nothing better to do than to "follow the duty nearest him," got the jingle of Lucy Gray into his head: —

"O'er rough and smooth she trips along
And never looks behind."

And now Yorke put his case to the Bangor pony, and despairingly relinquished it. The buggy lagged dead at the foot of the hill. The phaeton speeding across the hollow, reached the crossing of the ways, turned a sudden corner, and was gone. •

"And never looked behind," sighed the young man, out of temper with the pony, or the jingle, or what not.

"And sang a melancholy song
That whistles in the wind."

When the Bangor pony panted up to the cross-roads the phaeton had vanished utterly. The caryatide had become a dream, a delusion, a slender and obliging deceiver. Four solitary roads pierced the forest at four separate green angles. A dull sign-board stood in the square, and the traveler hastened gratefully to it. It bore in faded tints, once red and yellow and inspiring, an advertisement of Hooflands' German Bitters.

Blue caryatides, indeed! In what hues less intellectually respectable was the young woman perhaps portraying him

by this time to the summer people at Sherman, a party of gay girls like herself?

The young man bit his lip somewhat distinctly, for a Bostonian, and stood for a moment irresolute in the heart of the cross-roads, uncertain which of the four narrow wooded ways looked least as if it ended in a cranberry swamp, or a clearing, or other abstractly useful but concretely dinnerless locality.

Suddenly, his eye caught the soft, irregular outline of some small object lying in the dust, a rod or so down the direct road. He drove up to it. As he approached it grew pink, as if it blushed. It was an apple-blossom.

II.

Yorke's faith in woman rallied. If the caryatide meant it, — and a caryatide might be capable of just such a picturesque procedure, — it was very delicately done. If she did not mean it, at all events he had got scientifically past the cross-roads on his way, and she had got successfully out of it. He picked up the apple-blossom, and drove on. It could not have been ten minutes before his dumb guide brought him abruptly from the forest almost into the heart of the village.

The little town of Sherman slept peacefully in the afternoon sun. No one seemed to be astir. No glimmer of a phaeton cover shone across the hot, still street. The caryatide was gone, — where, it really did not occur to the young man to wonder. He and the Bangor pony forgot her with equal rapidity and success, in the leisurely hospitality of the Sherman Hotel.

SHERMAN, MAINE, June 5th.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I hope you promptly received the letter I mailed from Bangor. Another went, also, from some indefinite locality in the Maine

wilderness: they called it a post-office; I believe it was a town-pump — or an undertaker's; but my memory is not precise on this point.

I am just settled and at work. Uncle Jed's affairs are a mesh as fine as that eternal tatting Lucy Garratt used to bring over to our house, when she was a school-girl. My regards to the Garratts, by the way, when you write.

It threatens to be a process of some weeks to unravel my tatting, and I have taken lodgings with Uncle Jed's executor. I stood the Sherman Hotel for twenty-four hours. I've saved one of their doughnuts for a croquet-ball, to complete your imperfect set. Direct your letters, if you please, care Isaiah Butterwell, Esq.

In Isaiah Butterwell I find a genuine "fine old country gentleman," and Uncle Jed's confidential and devoted friend. He is a man of property, influence, and honor in this place. It is kind in them to take me in. Mrs. Isaiah says she is glad of my society. She, by the way, has an eye like a linnet and a tongue like a Jonathan Crook pocket-knife, and a receipt for waffles which in itself has reconciled me to Sherman society for indefinite lengths.

I seem to be the only member of the family besides the united head. It is a huge house, with wings, dead white, and reminds me of a Millerite robed and wondering why he can't fly. We seem to live a good deal at one side of the house, and one of the wings belongs to me. I have not explored as yet beyond my own quarters and the dining-room. Strain the Beacon Street imagination, if you can, up to the level of waffles for tea! She asked me, too, if I would have feathers or hair, and did I prefer *woolen* sheets? The house is perfectly still, and altogether delightful. As I write a single sound of wheels breaks the deep, sweet country silence. They roll softly up and past my window to the barn; probably Mr. Butterwell has been to the prayer-meeting,

a dissipation to which his good wife endeavored to decoy me. Rather late for a prayer-meeting, too. Mr. Isaiah drives a good horse, I perceive.

Speaking of good horses, I lost my way, coming on, and was piloted through the forest by a caryatide in a basket phaeton. Remind me to tell you about her when I get home.

To-morrow I drive out about twelve miles along the coast, to see a man who knows another man who has heard of a "widder lady" who stands ready to purchase certain shares of a certain ship which come into poor Uncle Jed's legacy. They launch their ships in salt brooks here, and trustfully tug them out in search of the sea. I shall convert all these wandering investments into cash as soon as possible, at any reasonable sacrifice, for I fancy there can't be more than three or four thousand involved at most. The property is widely scattered, much of it in local loans, like that of most Maine merchants. My share, as you remember, is more concise. Write when you can. Remember me to cousin Don. Don't miss me. It does n't pay. Your affectionate son,

WALDO YORKE.

Waldo Yorke had started in search of the post-office to mail this letter, when Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell followed her guest to the door, and stood, while he was gathering the reins over the now gayly-recuperated Bangor pony. Mrs. Butterwell was a well-dressed woman, in the Maine sense of the term. She had a homely, independent face, with soft eyes, — not unlike a linnet's, as Yorke had said. She regarded him closely for a moment, and without speaking.

"What a charming day!" said Yorke, feeling it necessary to be polite even at the expense of originality.

"I'm too busy to bother with the weather," replied Mrs. Isaiah, briskly. "Can't spare the time for that Down East."

"Indeed! That is a frugal sentiment, at all events," Yorke ventured.

"There's no sentiment about it," retorted Mrs. Butterwell. "It's sense; as you'd find out if you lived here. If I'd spent myself noticing weather, I should have been in my grave ten winters ago. Are you fond of young women?"

The linnet put this startling question with gentle eyes, in which it was impossible to capture a ray of satire or of fun.

"As I am of the State of Maine, — with reservations," said Yorke guardedly, visions of Sherman "society" presenting themselves at once.

"Are you fond of an early dinner, then?" pursued Mrs. Butterwell, with the serene air of one who clearly sees the links of her own syllogism.

"Passionately, madam."

"We dine," said the hostess, bowing herself away with a certain dignity, "at half past twelve."

"I will be at my post," said the guest, smiling, "dead or alive!"

"I would n't say that if I was you," urged Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell, returning to the door-step, and looking gravely at the young man. "I've always thought, if I'd been God, I'd have been tempted to take people up that way, just for the sake of it. Talk about his tempting folks! Folks throw a terrible lot of temptation in *his* way. But there it is. It just shows he is n't made up like other people, after all. How that horse of yours does fuss!"

The Bangor pony was nervous indeed that morning; highly grained, after the journey, in Mr. Isaiah's generous stable. The buggy sped along the village street with emphasis.

It is doubtful if the caryatide would have offered her services as guide to its occupant that day, through the beautiful heart of the forest, four miles deep.

Waldo Yorke, as he clattered through that pleasant representative Maine town, where the meeting-house, post-office, and

"store" were the important features, and impressed him chiefly as reminiscences of American novels which he had tried to read and failed at the third chapter, amused himself by a rapid acquaintance with the business signs.

"Goodsell, Merchant." "Cole and Wood : Lumber Dealers." "Dr. A. Lloyd." "Coffins, cheap for Cash." "Smith and Jones, formerly Jedediah Yorke,"—and so on. He got these things into his head as he had the rhyme of Lucy Gray, the day before, with that idiocy which asserts itself in this exasperating form, and which threatens to prove the human intellect more lawless than the passions or the will. He found himself particularly a victim to the cheerful refrain of "Coffins, cheap for Cash."

His host overtook him before he had driven far. Mr. Isaiah Butterwell, as Yorke had observed, shared the apparently well-spread Maine appreciation of a good horse. He reined up his heavy, handsome sorrel, and the two men rode abreast for a mile ; they chatted, across wheels, of horses, the estate and Uncle Jed, and Maine politics, and the price of lumber, and horses again. The Boston boy listened deferentially to the gray Maine merchant ; perceiving in him something of the same rugged dignity that Uncle Jed had borne in Beacon Street. Yorke felt that here was a king in his own country ; he regarded the hard-worked man with respect, and pleased himself with drawing his points out, and storing them up, so to speak, with a sense of increasing one's knowledge of "types."

"I've got to leave you, to collect some interest," said Mr. Butterwell presently. "That's my turn,—the first right. You keep straight on till you find your man. Drive easy over the bridges. They're plaguey rickety, some of 'em. That pony of yours ain't used to 'em in Bangor. Back to dinner? Hope so. There, now, I wonder if my wife has told you—

whoa!—told you about—whoa, Zach Chandler!—about—Whoa!"

"Oh, yes, she told me!" called Yorke politely, as the two horses nervously parted company. He looked, laughing, back to watch the old man, thinking how sacred their dinner hour was to these two lonely people ; how large all little events must be in lives like theirs. His heart was full of a gentle feeling, half deference, half compassion. Mr. Butterwell's gray hair blew in the wind ; he held the reins wound double over his knotted wrist ; he sat with left foot forward. Zach Chandler was a long-stepping horse. Waldo Yorke, looking over his shoulder, saw, and long remembered that he saw, these trifling things. Suddenly he felt a thrill in the reins at which his own horse was tugging steadily and sensibly. He turned his head, to see the Bangor pony tremble, rear, and leap ; to see the loose yellow boards of a murderously-laid bridge bound up ; to see that there was no railing ; to perceive a narrow streak of black—water, presumably ; and to know that he was scooped into the overturned buggy-top, and dragged, and torn, and swept away.

The whole thing may have taken three minutes. All that occurred to the young man quite clearly, as he went down, was, "*Coffins, cheap for Cash.*"

Against the blackness of darkness a blur appears ; it stirs ; it has extension and intension ; it throbs and thrills, and with the eternal wonder of creation moving upon chaos there is light. After all, how easy a matter it was to die ! And coffins in Maine are cheap for cash. How could a man have believed that a process so abnormally dreaded for nearly thirty years could be, in truth, so normal and so deficient in the extreme elements of agony. To be sure, there was one crashing blow ; a compression of some endurance within narrow limits ; but he had suffered as much from neuralgia, far more from the prospect of death.

How clearly and distinctly, though slowly, vision returns, in this new condition! There is a handsome old lady in a *point appliqué* cap. Like the child of Adah, she "goeth lame and lovely." By the way, will one make the acquaintance of a man like Lamb, in the society to which one is now to be introduced? Yes; still the old lady in the lace cap. She is sitting by the library grate, alone; her crutch has fallen to the floor; a yellow telegraph envelope is on the hearth; she is not weeping, but her face is bowed; she looks very old; the lines about her mouth are pinched; she has a haggard color. It seems easy to speak to her. How easy! Mother? *Mother!* She does not lift her head. *Mother!* It is true what we were told, then. The living do not hear. The dead may cry forever. A horrible deafness has fallen upon her. A man would have liked to see her once, — to say good-by, or to have her sit by him a few minutes. Yet it seems there is a woman here. That is a woman's hand which rather hovers over than holds me. How cool it is! How delicate! . . . *Ah, no!* Remove your hand! It does not caress; it tears me. *Remove your hand!* I am in agony. What in the name of life and death has happened to me in this accursed wilderness? Was there anything in those old-fashioned dogmas after all? Take off your hand, I say! I know I might have been a better man, but I've tried to be clean and honest. I don't say I'm fit for heaven, but I don't deserve *this*. You torture me. *Remove your hand!* Am I in —

"You are in your own room, sir," said Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell, distinctly.

"Ah! — so I see."

Yorke tried to lift his head; it fell back heavily, and he felt blood start.

"Madam, you are very good. I must have been troublesome. I thought I was — dead."

"I'm sorry for you, Mr. Yorke, but

I *must* say that I don't approve of your theology," said his hostess, grimly.

"I dare say. I would not have offended you if — Ah, how weak I am!"

"Yes, sir."

"Am I much hurt?"

"Some, Mr. Yorke."

"How much? Answer me. I will have the truth. The blood flows — see! when I even think that you may be deceiving me. Am I terribly hurt?"

"I am afraid so, sir."

A heavy silence falls.

"Shall we telegraph for your mother, sir?"

"My mother is crippled. No."

"For any sister, or anybody?"

"I have no sister."

"Mr. Butterwell will write."

"Where is the doctor? I should like to see him first. You have called a doctor?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"The doctor left about five minutes ago."

"What does he say?"

"Very little."

"I wish to see the doctor before my mother is written to. Call him back! — if you please. . . . Call him back, I say! Why do you hesitate? I may be a dead man in a few hours. Do as I bid you!"

"The doctor said, Mr. Yorke" —

"Said what?"

"Said that — sh, Isaiah! — he was to be the judge when it was best for you to see your physician. If you asked, I was to say that you will have every possible attention, and I was to say that all depends on your obedience."

"That sounds like a man who understands his business."

"Oh, indeed, sir, *that* is true! Our doctor" —

"Oh, well; very well. Let it go. I must obey, I suppose. Never mind.

Thank you. Move me a little to the left. I cannot stir. I am unaccountably sleepy. Has the fellow drugged me? I think perhaps I may — rest” —

He did, indeed, fall into sleep, or a stupor that simulated sleep; he woke from it at intervals, thinking confusedly, but without keen alarm, of his condition. The thing which worried him most was the probable character of this Down-East doctor, upon whose intelligence he had fallen. “The fellow absolutely holds my life in his hands,” he said aloud. It was hard to think what advance of science the practitioner undoubtedly represented. Dreamily, between his lapses into unconsciousness, the injured man recalled a fossil whom he had seen, on his journey from Bangor, lumbering about in a sulky at one of the minor stage stations; a boy, too, just graduated, practicing on the helpless citizens, at Cherrytown, — was it? No, but some of those little places. Then he thought of some representatives of the profession whom he had met in the mountains, and at other removes from the centres of society. He understood perfectly that he was a subject for a surgeon. He understood that he was horribly hurt. He thought of his mother. He thought of his mother’s doctor, whom he had so often teased her about. In one of his wakeful intervals, another source of trouble occurred to him for the first time. He called to his hostess, and restlessly asked, —

“I suppose there is n’t a homœopapist short of Bangor?”

“Our doctor is homœopathy,” said Mrs. Butterwell, instantly on the defensive; “but you need not be uneasy, sir, for a better, kinder” —

“My mother will be so glad!” interrupted the young man, feebly. He gave a sigh of relief. “She would never have been able to bear it, if I had died under the other treatment. Women feel so strongly about these things. I am glad to know that — for her sake,

— poor mother!” He turned again, and slept.

It was late evening when he roused and spoke again. He found himself in great suffering. He called petulantly, and demanded to be told where that doctor was. Some one answered that the doctor had been in while he slept. The room was darkened. He dimly perceived figures, — Mr. Butterwell in the doorway, and women; two of them. He beckoned to his hostess, and tried to tell her that he was glad she had obtained assistance, and to beg her to hire all necessary nursing freely; but he was unable to express himself, and sank away again.

The next time he became conscious, a clock somewhere was striking midnight. He felt the night air, and gratefully turned his mutilated, feverish face over towards it. A sick-lamp was burning low, in the entry, casting a little circle of light upon the old-fashioned, large-patterned oil-cloth. Only one person was in the room, a woman. He asked her for water. She brought it. She had a soft step. When he had satisfied his thirst, which he was allowed to do without protest, the woman gave him medicine. He recognized the familiar tumbler and teaspoon of his homœopathically educated infancy. He obeyed passively. The woman fed him with the medicine; she did not spill it, or choke him; when she returned the teaspoon to the glass, he dimly saw the shape of her hand. He said, —

“You are not Mrs. Butterwell.”

“No.”

“You are my nurse?”

“I take care of you to-night, sir.”

“I — thank you,” said Yorke, with a faint touch of his Beacon-Street courtliness; and so fell away again.

He moved once more at dawn. He was alarmingly feverish. He heard the birds singing, and saw gray light through the slats of the closed green blinds. His agony had increased. He

still moaned for water, and his mind reverted obstinately to its chief anxiety. He said, —

"Where *is* that doctor? I am too sick a man to be neglected. I must see the doctor."

"The doctor has been here," said the woman who was serving as nurse, "nearly all night."

"Ah! I have been unconscious, I know."

"Yes. But you have been cared for. I hope that you will be able to compose yourself. I trust that you will feel no undue anxiety about your medical attendance. Everything shall be done, Mr. Yorke."

"I like your voice," said the patient, with delirious frankness. "I have n't heard one like it since I left home. I wish I were at home! It is natural that I should feel some anxiety about this country physician. I want to know the worst. I shall feel better after I have seen him."

"Perhaps you may," replied the nurse, after a slight hesitation. "I will go and see about it. Sleep if you can. I shall be back directly."

This quieted him, and he slept once more. When he waked it was broadening, brightening, beautiful day. The nurse was standing behind him at the head of the bed, which was pushed out from the wall into the free air. She said: —

"The doctor is here, Mr. Yorke, and will speak with you in a moment. The bandage on your head is to be changed first."

"Oh, very well. That is right. I am glad you have come, sir." The patient sighed contentedly. He submitted to the painful operation, without further comment or complaint. He felt how much he was hurt, and how utterly he was at the mercy of this unseen, unknown being, who stood in the mysteri-

ous dawn there fighting for his fainting life.

. . . He handled one gently enough; firmly, too, — not a tremor; it did seem a practiced touch.

The color slowly struck and traversed the young man's ghastly face.

"Is *this* the doctor?"

"Be calm, sir, — yes."

"Is *that* the doctor's hand I feel upon my head at this moment?"

"Be quiet, Mr. Yorke, — it is."

"But this is a woman's hand."

"I cannot help it, sir. I would if I could, just this minute, rather than to disappoint you so."

The startled color ebbed from the patient's face, dashing it white, leaving it gray. He looked very ill. He repeated faintly, —

"*A woman's hand!*"

"It is a good-sized hand, sir."

"I — Excuse me, madam."

"It is a strong hand, Mr. Yorke. It does not tremble. Do you see?"

"I see."

"It is not a rough hand, I hope. It will not inflict more pain than it must."

"I know."

"It will inflict all that it ought. It is not afraid. It has handled serious injuries before. Yours is not the first."

"*What shall I do?*" cried the sick man, with piteous bluntness.

"I wish we could have avoided this shock and worry," replied the physician. She still stood, unseen and unsummoned, at the head of his bed. "I beg that you will not disturb yourself. There is another doctor in the village. I can put you in his hands at once, if you desire. Your uneasiness is very natural. I will fasten this bandage first, if you please."

She finished her work in silence with deft and gentle fingers.

"Come round here," said the patient feebly. "I want to look at you."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

PROGRESS IN AGRICULTURE BY EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT AID.

I.

THE rapid progress of American industries within the last decade, especially since financial uncertainties have ceased to disturb the political atmosphere, is a matter of common and almost trite remark and congratulation; and at the present moment the process of development seems likely to continue with a geometrical ratio of increase, both as regards manufactures and agriculture. The key-note originally sounded by the promoters of the Pacific railroads, "Attack the wilderness with railroads," has awakened gigantic echoes from the Dominion of Canada to Mexico. But the quality of the tone has somewhat changed. Mining, the original motive, however important still, is being overshadowed by the fundamental industry, agriculture, even in the land of gold itself, and in the heart of the "great American desert," which seems destined to become in its turn, for a time, the granary of the world. American commerce has carried coal to Newcastle, cutlery to Sheffield, hams to Westphalia, and grain to Russia. Our exports of breadstuffs, and even of the perishable article of fresh meats, are making such formidable competition for the European farmer that he would fain invoke against it the reenactment of protective tariffs, for whose repeal he gave the casting vote in the struggle with which the name and fame of Cobden are linked.

With the development and prosperity of the fundamental industry, all other industries flourish. The prosperous farmer is enabled to supply himself not only with the necessities of life, but also with luxuries, and to pay the tribute exacted from him by a protective

tariff on such primarily important articles as iron and steel; thereby giving extraordinary encouragement to the home manufacture of that and of other articles, and thus again indirectly causing fearful competition to the European manufacturer. Stinted in wages, or thrown out of employment altogether, the more ambitious portion of European laborers comes to swell the tide of immigration, as well as, in a fast increasing ratio, the industrial wave that sweeps westward, regardless alike of the terrors of "the desert," the rugged mountains, and the hostile Indian.

It is pertinent to inquire what the United States government has done and is doing toward the conservation, encouragement, and practical promotion of this stupendous interest, which involves, as direct producers, over one half of the population of the United States, and, indirectly, the essential conditions of the prosperity of the whole. The manufacturing and other industries have been assiduously fostered by protective tariffs, often far beyond the time when any such assistance was really needed, save for the enrichment of individuals; and such duties have often pressed heavily upon the interests of agriculture. The prosperity and progress of the latter industry, notwithstanding such disadvantages, were held to prove the needlessness of government aid; and for the first eighty-six years of the republic, almost the only direct recognition agriculture received at the hands of the general government was embodied in small subdivisions of the patent-office building and reports, and in very general and usually ill-observed instructions to government surveyors to note the agricultural capabilities of the regions surveyed by them. But most of

these notes remained, as a rule, pigeon-holed in the general land office.

Most prominent among the factors that have contributed toward the extraordinary development and prosperity of agriculture in the United States is, unquestionably, the great native fertility of soils, as yet unexhausted in the newer States and Territories, which are thus enabled to pour out upon the East and upon Europe the accumulated soil treasures of many ages. That these cannot hold out forever, or even for many years to come, is an inexorable law of nature; and the steady diminution of production per acre in the States east of the Mississippi River, resulting in their increasing inability to compete in the growing of cereals with the newer States, has long given warning that the experience of the Old World is being repeated on the new continent, and that the old and ever-recurring question is upon us of maintaining profitable productiveness by means of systematic culture and returns to the soil.

Whether this question shall be allowed to assume the aspect of the menace that annually confronts the European agriculturist, — "No manure, no crops," — or whether an ounce of intelligent prevention shall forestall the heavy burdens that will otherwise rest upon the coming generation and its industries, is the issue that must largely be determined by enlightened government action, in the face of the already inveterate bad habits of the vast majority of American farmers, that are, as usual, promptly adopted by the European immigrant. The ravaging of the virgin soils by heavy cropping without change, or even the slightest attempt at returns, followed by the "turning-out" of the "tired" land, and, too often, by the washing away of the surface soil from the hard plow-sole formed by shallow tillage, not uncommonly resulting in the definitive ruin of the land for agricultural purposes, is repeated more or

less in every newly settled region. Deserted homesteads, and melancholy old fields scarred with gullies, mar the face of the land in the rear of the pioneer farmer, and impose upon his steadier successor a heavy tax, in the way of reclamation, on soils that, if rationally cultivated, would not have felt the need of manure for scores of years. For want of the most rudimentary knowledge of agricultural facts and principles, the planters of the South have for three quarters of a century wasted nine crops of cotton for every one made, by failing to utilize the chief product of their fields — cotton seed — for returns to the soil, which needs but little more to maintain its full productiveness forever. Such a crying evil as this would hardly have been allowed to exist so long in any country less averse to the least semblance of paternal government, without something more than the faint warnings and remonstrances uttered from time to time in the periodical press, or in government documents. The great perfection attained by agricultural implements for large-scale culture, under the hands of American inventive skill, serves but to add to the rapidity with which the process of soil devastation is carried forward into new fields.

Apart from this primary and most serious problem, there are thousands of other questions, of less general importance but locally of equal interest, that confront the farmer, especially in the newer States, surrounded as he is by new conditions of soil and climate, with which he does not know how to deal, save in so far as his previous experience and good judgment may aid him. The farming of the first generation is usually a series of experiments, in which the native fertility of the soil is the saving clause between profit and loss. As the soil becomes less thrifty by wear, the second and third generations continue the course of experimenting as to crops and methods of culture giving the high-

est profit under the local circumstances. Few, however, realize the best results that could be achieved with the means at command, and many are the disheartening failures, under the pressure of which the farmer abandons his "improvements," in search of the fabled "soil that never gives out," supposed to exist somewhere to westward. If the conditions of the best success, as ascertained by systematic investigation, had but been pointed out from the beginning, or if even the actual experience of the prosperous few had promptly been made generally known, how different would have been the history of agriculture in most of the States west of the Allegheny Mountains! If the measure of success has been great even under the tentative, unsystematic practice prevailing thus far, how much greater might it have been had the light of systematic scientific research been made to precede the industrial army, instead of following slowly in its rear, to show the causes of the results that have followed the blind experimenting of the vanguard! The work, however, is one that lies beyond the power of young communities or even States. Of late, one of the great railroad corporations¹ has thought it worth while to institute an agricultural survey of the regions through which its lines are to pass. But it seems peculiarly the province of the general government to take measures tending to remedy the omissions of the past, and to provide against their recurrence in the future.

The year 1862 will in this connection remain memorable in the history of American agriculture. The subject of a donation of public lands for the endowment of industrial colleges had been repeatedly mooted, and in 1857 a bill to that effect was brought before Congress by Mr. Morrill, of Vermont. But in the violence of political agitation at that

¹ The Northern Pacific.

time, and on account of the especial opposition to the exercise of power by the Federal government, it did not become a law. The subsequent events, leading to the civil war, created a strong popular tendency in the reverse direction, in the Northern States; and this, concurrently with the consciousness of the need of popular support on the part of the government, resulted in the passage by Congress, and approval by the president, of two measures most important to agriculture: the creation of the Department of Agriculture as an independent bureau, and the donation to the States of thirty thousand acres of public lands for each representative, for the endowment, in each, of "at least one college, where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life."

This beneficent act to promote the arts of peace, again championed chiefly by Mr. Morrill, and passed almost within hearing of hostile cannon, is entitled, whether by oversight or with a view to the conciliation of popular sentiment, "A bill for the benefit of agricultural colleges," — a title which does not do justice to its broad and liberal scope, and wise deference to the varied requirements of the different portions of the immense empire covered by its action. As a matter of fact, the impression conveyed in that title has in a great measure remained fixed in the popular mind and parlance, it being usually designated as "the agricultural college act:" and this has given rise to not a few misapprehensions and acrimonious discussions that a candid consideration of the act itself would have rendered superfluous.

It was natural and proper that in the States in which agriculture was the overshadowing interest it should have taken precedence, both in point of time and allotment of funds, of the "mechanic arts;" and it was equally natural that in manufacturing States the latter should have claimed the lion's share, for the time being. The subdivision of the fund into two portions, applied to the establishment or farther endowment of separate institutions representing the two great industrial branches, has been preferred by two States, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; while in the rest, both have remained united within one institution, newly established or preëxisting. It is not proposed to discuss in this paper the topic of instruction in the mechanic arts, but to deal first with that portion of the subject in which agriculture is directly concerned, and by the light of the experience had to consider what are and should be the functions of the United States Department of Agriculture.

One of the most salutary effects produced by the Morrill act was the lively interest and discussion respecting the proper organization of the new institutions to be formed under it, which arose wherever the law was carried into effect. A compact and impartial history of these first efforts, failures and successes, would be of great interest to educators, but is yet to be written: and it is perhaps too soon to attempt the task, since the actual outcome of the several plans represented in the different States is still subject to great differences of opinion.

As usual, two extremes have disputed precedence with each other, and, as usual, the final and best result will doubtless be found between them. On the one hand, it has been contended by many of those representing the colleges and universities that both the letter and intent of the law would be best carried out, and the greatest benefits conferred

upon the classes named in the act, by the establishment of schools of science in connection with the older institutions, already possessed of a large part of the *personnel* and appliances needful for teaching "such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, without excluding other scientific and classical studies." These appeared to require only the additional endowment in order to perform fully and advantageously the desired functions, and this mode of utilizing the endowments seemed the more expedient, because the funds realized from the congressional donation were in most cases obviously inadequate for the maintenance of institutions embracing all the educational branches called for by the act. Since the new institutions could not be numerous or extensive enough to educate the industrial millions, it was argued that they must aim first of all to educate the leaders of progress, to whom the most thorough liberal as well as scientific training ought to be given.

On the other hand, it was contended, chiefly by the industrial classes themselves, that such a connection would be likely to deprive them of the benefits of the act especially intended to be conferred upon them, and, while the "liberal" part of the education would doubtless be fully attended to by the older colleges thus additionally endowed, the "practical" would be either left out or restricted within narrow limits; that, in fact, the whole intent of the act was obviously in the latter direction; and that the object would be best served by the establishment of new institutions, separate and, if possible, remote from the influence of the traditional college, where "agriculture and the mechanic arts" were looked down upon as of inferior degree and dignity, and where those devoting themselves to their pursuit would be subjected to the sneers of their classical and literary fellow-students. Coupled with these views was,

usually, a demand for the enforcement of some manual labor upon the pupils, with the object of creating, or maintaining, a habit of work, and imparting that training of the hand and of the eye that is so essential to success in industrial pursuits, and which has been so conspicuously neglected in the traditional curriculum of education. Moreover, it was thought that these institutions ought to be and could be so constituted that "every farmer's son" could profit by their instruction. That is, they contended that the education of the millions, and *not* that of the leaders only, was to be compassed under the Morrill act.

The measure of truth contained in each of these contradictory propositions has rendered their respective advocates singularly tenacious of their respective views, and the result has been the adoption, in different States, of either plan, according to the predominant elements of the population; or, in some cases, according to the accident of finding some vigorous and capable hand to carry either into effect, — the first success varying accordingly.

It is not the object of this paper to discuss these experiments and experiences in detail or exhaustively. It is proposed to trace the general process of evolution, as exemplified now by one and then by another of the American colleges, whether established prior to, or in pursuance of, the Morrill act of donation. No single one, perhaps, could as yet be found to illustrate in its history, in a striking manner, *all* the several phases; but the attentive observer will be able to supply the examples, and will, it is thought, find the picture a truthful one.

So far as the colleges organized on what may be called the popular plan are concerned, their establishment was in most cases accompanied or followed by an outburst of popular enthusiasm, in consequence of which their ranks were

quickly filled, even to overflowing, thus giving to their advocates a basis for claiming an overwhelming success. It was proclaimed that at last the sons of the industrial classes had been given the opportunity for a sound "labor education," fitting them at once for their vocation, instead of simply preparing them to acquire it for themselves by weary experience. The workshop and the farm had replaced the lecture-room, in which pupils were as a rule unfitted for industrial pursuits, by having other ideas "put into their heads," so that they rarely returned to the farm.

The radical error of the position assumed by the advocates of the "popular plan" was that, in their eagerness to assert the high position which agriculture ought to hold in the estimation of mankind, they frequently overshot the mark, so as effectually to assert its lowliness, its inability to bear comparison with other pursuits by the light of a liberal education. In their anxiety to protect the agricultural student from possible snobbish sneers, arising from the antiquated idea that all manual labor is beneath the dignity of educated men, they proposed to make that idea a determining factor in the choice of the location, connection, and organization of the new schools, by withdrawing them as much as possible from contact with the existing centres of high culture. In this dignified seclusion they hoped to convince the pupils, uncontradicted, of the dignity of labor, — surrounding them with a dense "agricultural atmosphere," through which no other rays should penetrate. It was even proclaimed in an agricultural convention that "muscle must be put on a level with brain," and the sentiment was actually greeted with applause at first, though subsequently followed by energetic protest against such stultification of the cause of agriculture. This grave error, so diametrically opposed to the letter and spirit of the Morrill act,

has served long and well to sharpen the arrows of satire against the agricultural colleges, and to deter ambitious young men from entering them, even where a different system prevailed.

The institutions organized as scientific schools, and, as a natural consequence, in connection with preëxisting colleges or universities, by a simple amplification of the scope of scientific instruction, found themselves quite unembarrassed by numbers, even where there was a sincere desire to fulfill in every respect the intent of the act; which, unfortunately, was not always the case, thus creating much ill feeling, acrimonious discussions, and unwise legislation. To speak plainly, some of these institutions had to wait a year or two for the first student in the special departments; not counting a few cautious nibbles on the part of raw country lads, who needed but a short time to find out that their place was not there, the preparation obtainable in the country grammar school being quite inadequate to enable them to pursue understandingly the courses of instruction offered. There followed some years of unexciting *tête-à-têtes* of agricultural instructors with single students, or with the minimum number usually supposed to constitute a class; thus giving the teachers abundant leisure to reflect on the causes of this failure to appreciate the advantages offered. It may not be irrelevant to observe that the present paper owes its origin, in part, to a similar opportunity for reflection, and subsequent action thereon.

The results of these cogitations were very various, all perforce agreeing in the conclusion that there was little demand for agricultural education of the character offered, namely, that which is adapted to the training up of agricultural experts, — the *Oekonomen* of Germany. This fact was painfully apparent from the beginning, in the great, and in many cases for years insuffer-

able, difficulty of finding well-qualified teachers of agricultural science for the new institutions. Men had to be trained, or had to train themselves, especially for that purpose, as quickly as might be; and many have been the curious demonstrations of the difference between merely knowing how to do a thing by rote and the ability to teach students the why and wherefore. This was especially the case in the agricultural schools established on the popular plan, where "plain, practical farmers" were placed in charge of classes of boys who had grown up on farms, and who soon found that they were learning little beyond a somewhat improved handicraft, at the expense of half their time spent in field labor, differing but slightly from that to which they had been inured from childhood, on the home farm.

This, in fact, proved the turning-point in the popularity of the "labor" schools. After the first flush of enthusiasm, parents as well as sons began to gauge the benefits received under the system which gave half the pupils' time, or more, to manual labor, conveying little or nothing new after a few weeks' practice, and therefore of no educational value. It soon began to be said that the pupils were made to work for the profit of the college, with occasionally the additional intimation that they had to labor to "maintain a lot of professors in idleness," instead of getting an education, and that the parents might as well take them home, and get the benefit of that service themselves.

To this the advocates of the labor system replied that the farm work, instructive or not, was necessary to maintain the habit of manual labor; that if it were omitted the students would lose that habit, have their minds and tastes diverted from the farm, and would to a great extent take to other occupations in life.

The parents rejoined that they sent their boys to the college to get an edu-

cation, first of all; to make them better farmers, if farmers they chose to be, but, above all, to be educated.

The first and early result of the controversy was that the pupils were paid wages, instead of working gratuitously, as at first; and another tidal-wave of popularity set in. A farmer's boy was now given an opportunity to pay his way and get an education at the same time, so that the poorest could avail himself of the benefits of the college, with little or no expense to his parents.

This phase of the process of development has taken strong hold of the popular fancy, and is still among the first ideas broached wherever the subject of agricultural education is discussed among the farming population. The theory that after giving half or more of the day to sedentary mental study the rest can quite as beneficially be devoted to taking the needed physical exercise in the guise of remunerative farm labor as in the taking of walks, ball-playing, bicycling, or other games producing no obvious useful result, seems simple and incontrovertible; the more, as such things have so often been done, and are constantly being done, by young men who, from obscurity, have risen to high positions.

The proposition involves, however, several fallacies that seriously interfere with the practical working of the plan, which, as is frequently the case in social problems, fails to take sufficiently into account that human nature of which boys have so large a share, as well as the fact that the *average* boy sent to the colleges, though legally entitled to the chance of becoming president of the United States, is far from being made of the sterner stuff from which Whittingtons and Franklins are evolved. He is to a great extent hopelessly obtuse in respect to the amusing features of plowing, hoeing, or weeding, and the more so the greater his familiarity with

them at home. He is perversely disposed to prefer a climb upon the most rugged hills and the most fatiguing athletic games, to the gentlest and most lucrative work in the cornfield or stable. He may be persuaded or compelled to conform his acts to the prescribed discipline; but it may be gravely questioned whether, as a rule, such compulsion is conducive to a preference for the pursuit of agriculture as a life occupation, more particularly in the case of those boys whose natural ability would make them most influential in the cause of agricultural progress.

The gravest objection, however, is one that remains unperceived, in a great measure, even by those most immediately concerned, but which becomes glaringly apparent to the teacher who is not satisfied with merely going through his class exercises, but scrutinizes the results achieved when and after the pupil leaves the institution.

The *inadequacy of the time* usually given to the preparation for life in American colleges is a standing grievance, and one that all the ingenuity annually brought to bear on the revision of the curriculum by the college faculties has not and cannot overcome. The traditional four years' course cannot possibly be made to hold all that is now needed to be known by every well-educated man and woman, without omitting or weakening to utter inanity too much of the fundamental training needful to proper and well-balanced use of the mental faculties. To use a homely phrase, it becomes more and more impossible to "put that quart into the pint pot" that was amply large fifty years ago. This is most especially true of those courses embracing a considerable proportion of studies in the natural sciences, whose stupendous development and important applications to every-day life are so prominent a feature of our time.

As neither students nor parents can

at present, as a rule, be persuaded to prolong the term of education in college beyond the traditional four years, it follows that the student has no time to spare for anything that is not of educational value, or can readily be learned outside of the college. And it follows equally that the time spent in merely mechanical, unconstructive labor in the agricultural colleges detracts to that extent from the opportunities of the student, and stunts his education.

No pretense of nursing the "habit of labor" can offset this grievous, and in the course of the student's life usually irreparable injury; no special plea that, unless this course is pursued, his mind may be turned away from agriculture can stand for a moment. The colleges intended for "the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes" cannot legitimately be transformed into missionary establishments for the conversion of youth unto agricultural pursuits, by surrounding them with an opaque agricultural atmosphere. It is the duty of parents to afford their children the best opportunities within their means for a judicious selection of the life pursuit which shall be best adapted to their natural talents and tastes, and wise parents will rarely do more than to assist them in the selection, whether of a profession or of a companion for life. Nor will they be disposed to find fault with the schools or colleges that have given their *own* children the opportunity of recognizing the vocation that will make them most successful. It is not for the purpose of learning how to plow and hoe, but why to plow and hoe at all, and when and where to do it to the best advantage, that parents are willing to send their sons to the colleges. In any case, the "rubbing-in" of the purely mechanical part of the farmer's vocation is hardly calculated to inspire a preference in that direction, especially when the pupil is conscious that his education is thereby

curtailed. He is quick to perceive that, while "honest labor" dignifies the laborer *because* it is honest, it is not more dignified or honest because unintelligent, or such as can be performed as well by a steam-engine or a horse.

It cannot be questioned that it is precisely this aspect of farming — its supposed necessary association with hard, unintelligent, merely mechanical labor, unrelieved by any considerable use of the intellect — that has in the past caused it to be looked down upon as a pursuit unworthy of educated and intellectual men, and which still supports the same view, to some extent. An aversion to farming is often apparent among those engaged in it, and leads to the neglect of home life; and home adornment while such expressions by parents as "I don't want my children to drudge as I have done" go far towards promoting the hegira of the most ambitious portion of the young rural population to the towns and cities, — to the dry-goods counter, counting-house desk, and other overstocked occupations, of immensely inferior intellectual opportunities, but opening to them more or less the possibility of considering themselves an integral part of a polite community, and of participating in those recreations and amusements from which the physical and social isolation of an American farm would largely exclude them.

Another, and perhaps the most influential, cause lies in the character of elementary instruction, both at home and in the common school. The very existence of the latter has brought about a feeling, on the part of the parents, that they discharge their whole duty to their children by making them attend school; so that home instruction is almost laid aside, not only during the school years proper, but also at the time when the child's physical perceptions are most acute and wide-awake, — the time which the kindergarten system of

instruction utilizes so admirably in training and sharpening the naturally predominating interest in objective nature. When little or nothing is done in that direction at home, and the child finds, on reaching school, that the subjects so closely connected with home and farm life are almost totally neglected, the natural impression will be that they are inferior in importance to writing, reading, and arithmetic, and that the perception, knowledge, and handling of merely physical objects is of little educational or intellectual value. To this repression of the child's perceptive faculties by the time-honored scholastic system of teaching must be ascribed a far greater share in the lack of interest in agricultural education than can be compensated by any system of organization in the agricultural colleges. These can never do their best work upon material whose home and school education have combined to turn the taste away from agricultural pursuits.

Again, the rural village, to which the European peasant's son looks back with longing as the scene of his youth's enjoyments, is as yet an unknown quantity in the greater portion of the United States, and especially so in the properly agricultural regions of the Union, where farms are large and the dwellings separated by long intervals. The county towns and cross-roads hamlets, where on Saturdays a portion of the rural population congregates around the blacksmith's shop, variety store, and corner grocery, rarely offer any rational social enjoyment, even in temperance communities; while in the frontier States these gatherings not unfrequently exemplify Pandemonium.

The recognition of this comparative barrenness of the farmer's intellectual and social life in the large agricultural States has found practical expression in the "Grange" movement, which contemplates essentially coöperation for the social, intellectual, and professional im-

provement of the members, and through this the promotion of education, knowledge, and emulation, thereby securing the elevation of the farmer's calling and also rendering it more profitable.

The distinctively social feature of the order of Patrons of Husbandry, ministering to one of the greatest needs of our rural population, has enabled it to survive the probationary period and the mistakes into which its leaders fell at first in affiliating it with political parties; so that, after the first recoil, it is reviving and steadily extending on a more solid basis than before, and with less prospect of reaction. Its declaration of purposes and principles expresses well and forcibly the foremost need of American agriculture: not a holding-down of the aspirations of youth to the grindstone, by unremitting labor and a stunted education, like the peasant class of Europe; but the ennobling of the farmer's pursuit by the use of knowledge, under the guidance of a trained intellect, and the lightening of the burden of labor thereby, both in directing it into the most profitable channels, and in taking from it the sensation as well as the reproach of drudgery by rendering it intelligent.

Viewed from the stand-point of the avowed programme of the Grange, the labor-school plan is a step in the wrong direction, unless that labor is kept strictly within the limits of instruction, properly so called; and although this incompatibility has not always been recognized, and in many cases granges and grange conventions have passed resolutions expressing the reverse opinion, yet the steady tendency of the colleges has been toward the abandonment of all uninstructional labor as a task incumbent upon the students, while, nevertheless, offering them every opportunity and inducement to engage in such labor of their own accord, for exercise, recreation, or profit, as the case might be. On the other hand, *instructive* labor

such as is given the pupil for the sake of illustrating and impressing upon him the principles he is or has been studying, can only exceptionally fulfill the regular requirements of a well-conducted "model" farm, and is frequently as little capable of being made profitable to the college as is the laboratory work of elementary students in chemistry. It cannot, therefore, as a rule, be compensated, a fact now distinctly set forth in the registers of several prominent agricultural colleges.

With the abandonment of obligatory unproductive labor, the project of making every student pay his college expenses while getting his education also falls to the ground. It is as incompatible with his acquisition of a sound education *within the four-year limit* as the financial success of a farm conducted with a view to the best general instruction is impossible. In other words, a good education is necessarily expensive and not lucrative, for the time being; and if the student spend half of his time in making his expenses, he will have to stint his education to a corresponding extent, or he must give a longer total time to it. The latter course would be the more needful, because in agricultural practice, involving so many varied and complex problems, a little rudimentary knowledge, badly digested, is often less serviceable than simple common sense and the following of good examples. We have here only the reassertion, on a different plane, of the principle of conservation of force, which forbids us to expect obtaining from a given amount of virtual energy more than its mathematical equivalent in work.

As to the exact amount of instructive manual labor that may be profitably required of the agricultural student, opinions and practice still differ considerably; but even here the obvious tendency is towards restriction rather than increase, in the older institutions origi-

nally organized on the labor plan. The facility with which any one thoroughly conversant with principles acquires the mere manual dexterity or handicraft forms a strong and increasingly appreciated argument against extending that portion of the too brief educational course beyond the point at which the pupil possesses a practical knowledge of the conditions and details involved in the successful performance of an operation, leaving to a subsequent "practical course," or to experience, the acquisition of actual dexterity.

This gradual abandonment of their extreme position by the labor schools, with an obvious approximation of their fundamental ideas to those of the scientific schools, has on the whole been followed by a reduction of numbers, but also by an unquestionable increase in their efficiency toward accomplishing the primary objects of the Morrill act. With the falling-off of that portion of their pupils that sought in them merely a cheap, low-grade education, with little reference to the pursuit or improvement of agriculture, there came the need of making a showing of *quality* as against mere numbers, in order to maintain their standing and claim to legislative aid. It was broadly argued that it was not the number of pupils on the college rolls, and subsequently returned to the plow, that would establish their claim to utility and support, but their influence on the progress of rational agriculture within their sphere of action. Hence their faculties were naturally pushed toward exerting that improving influence not only upon the sons, but also upon the parents themselves, by meeting them at fairs, farmers' institutes, conventions, and society meetings, and discussing with them their needs, failures, and successes. At the same time, the model college farm began to be utilized for experiments designed to determine questions of practical importance to agriculture in the various States,—questions

with which, perhaps, the farmers themselves had wrestled in vain for want of a full knowledge and command of the controlling conditions. A few successes in this direction, at once created a stir of interest, as it came to be understood that the colleges might be made to confer benefits not only upon the rising, but also upon the existing generation; and this, in turn, reacted upon the number and quality of the students sent to the colleges for the purpose of securing the advantages that the knowledge taught there might be expected to confer.

In other words, the popular colleges gradually took upon themselves some of the functions of experiment stations, in investigating agricultural questions of at least local, if not general, interest. And here their action began to harmonize with the scientific colleges. While waiting for students to come, the latter had utilized their spare time in trying to awaken the slumbering interest of the rural population, and had found an effectual stimulant for the purpose in showing the latter the advantages, of a most substantial kind, that they might derive from the systematic scientific investigation of the mooted practical questions that were being long and contradictorily debated in their society meetings and agricultural periodicals. That is, they also began to constitute themselves experiment stations, and to meet the farmer on his own ground; and the practical demonstration of the utility of the knowledge they offered to dispense gradually began to fill the aching void of the agricultural lecture-rooms.

If we summarize the conclusions legitimately deducible from the experience had in the establishment and working of agricultural colleges in the United States, as to the wants of the agricultural population in respect to education, they might be stated thus:—

(1.) Education corresponding to that given in the peasant schools of Europe, impressing upon the pupil the *rules* and *practice* of agricultural operations by means of constantly repeated manual exercise, and at the same time giving him a merely elementary general education, proves unsatisfactory and unacceptable here, where there is no peasant class, whose pursuit, as a rule, passes hereditarily from father to son. Those who care for education at all desire something more than mere routine training.

(2.) Neither is there a considerable demand, at least consciously, for high scientific training in agriculture, apart from the need for teachers for the agricultural colleges, as is proved by the insignificant attendance on the schools of agricultural science unprovided with model or experimental farms.

(3.) The colleges of an intermediate character, combining more or less of actual farm labor with a fair amount of higher instruction in the sciences, are more or less numerously attended. A large proportion of their pupils, however, fail to pursue farming as a calling after leaving college, having resorted to the latter as a cheap and convenient high school rather than for professional study. On the whole, their influence in improving the methods of agriculture in their respective States has not been marked, *except in the case of those which have assumed to some extent the functions of experiment stations*, and as such have rendered assistance in the solution of practical agricultural problems. Otherwise they are in most cases petted on the one hand, and condemned as comparatively useless on the other, in public discussions, in the newspaper press, and in the legislatures, to which they must periodically apply for pecuniary aid to supplement their inadequate endowments.

Eugene W. Hilgard.

THE FOLK LORE OF LOWER CANADA.

TRACES of the rites of the ancient Gauls, brought to New France by the ten thousand Normans and Bretons who crossed the Atlantic in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, still linger on the banks of the St. Lawrence. On the sixth day of the moon nearest to the 10th of March, the Druidic New Year's Day, the arch-Druid with a golden knife cut the mistletoe from the parent oak, and as it fell into the outspread robes of his attendants the people cried, *Au Gui! l'An Neuf!* and divided the plant amongst them. Two white bulls were slaughtered, and then a human sacrifice was offered, the victims being encased in cages of wicker-work. In later times this great Druidic ceremony dwindled into *La Guignolée* (in Spain the *Agüñaldo*), a mumming festival, at which the lads of the parish, arrayed in fantastic dresses, marched from house to house, begging good cheer for themselves and alms for the poor. In Lower Canada, where the custom is dying out, the Ignoleux assemble on New Year's Eve, and, having armed themselves with staves, and secured a sack or a wagon for carrying the proceeds of their mission, send out an advance guard of little boys, who shout, "Here comes the Guignolée!" Thus forewarned, the villagers prepare supper for the visitors, and make ready a special gift of food, of which a pig's chine is the *pièce de resistance* for distribution among the poor families. When the Ignoleux reach the house, the marshal strikes the door with his staff, the master and mistress open it and stand in the porch, and the merry-makers sing a ditty, varying in different sections of the country. The following is almost a literal translation of the most complete version:—

O master dear, the glad New Year
Has come round to us again;

O lady fair, we bid thee prepare,
To feast this merry train!

On this night so cold, we ask not gold,
Nor silver, nor jewels rare;
But a ten-pound chine, O bit divine,
And, master, we breathe a prayer:

Eternal rest in the mansions blest
For thy dead 'neath the flagstone gray!
And God, of his grace, unveil his face
To us all at the judgment day!

If the chine ye refuse to our good use,
Then alas for your daughter fair:
We'll burn her alive, bound with ivy gyve,
And cut off her yellow hair!

Burn her alive, without mass-rite or shrine,
When the spring comes in with mirth,
And the little bird cries as the snow-drop dies,
On the breast of the weeping earth!

Then, master dear, on this glad New Year,
(Heaven send the next thou see!)
Give us the chine, O bit divine,
For the feast of the Guignolée!

In some versions the Ignoleux threaten not to burn the girl alive, but merely to "warm her feet." It is not unreasonable to suppose that the prominence of the pig's chine is due to the sacred character which the Druids attached to the wild boar as the sacrificial animal at their minor rites. A wild boar's head was the foremost dish at the Christmas board in England, in the old days, the guests rising as it was carried in, all decked with rosemary, and singing, —

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

The Druidic festival on Midsummer's Day, in honor of the god Belinus, *alias* Apollo, was transferred by the church to the 24th of June, St. John's Day. But the pagan belief regarding the virtues of the fires then kindled survived for many centuries. As late as 1573 cats and foxes were burnt at the St. John's Eve fires in Paris, and the peasantry believed that the burning of a wild animal

banished evil spirits from the forests. At Quebec, in 1636, the Jesuit Le Jeune was taken aback on finding that the Indians who witnessed the celebration on St. John's Eve looked upon it as a big medicine feast for driving away the evil manitou. "Some of these days," he adds, "they will probably ask us to heal their sick by firing our cannon." The good fathers, moreover, did not conceal their fear that the belief of the French colonists regarding the fires had much that was pagan and uncanny in it, and for some years sought to discredit the St. Joseph's Eve (March 18th) as well as the St. John's Eve fire by saying the prayers used on such occasions *sans surplus*. Finally, as Father Jérôme Lalemant says, they contrived to "separate the spiritual from the material" at these feasts, and henceforth appeared *en surplus*. St. John's Day gradually became the national festival. On the morning of the 23d of June the habitants flock into the village, which is gayly decorated with evergreens. In the afternoon, the priest, the doctor, the notary, and the postmaster invite their friends to dinner, while the young people, each José with his Josephte, dance and disport themselves as at a fair. In the evening a huge pile of fragrant cedar is built outside the door of the church, and the villagers gather about it. As darkness sets in the priest, clad in his vestments, appears, recites the prayers, blesses the wood, and then sets it on fire, the habitants cheering and firing their guns. In olden times signal fires burst forth on every hill and promontory along the North and South shores. If the habitant in the lower parishes on the North shore had to report to his neighbor on the South shore that all was well, he lighted a bright fire, and kept it burning steadily for some time; if there was sickness in his family, the fire flickered and died out; if there was death, it suddenly blazed up, and was as suddenly quenched. Next day mass is cele-

brated, and those who do not partake of the sacrament eat of the *pain-bénit* (the hallowed bread set apart for the Eucharist, which is baked by well-to-do villagers), saying reverently, —

Pain-bénit je te prends,
Si je meurs subitement,
Sers-moi de sacrement!

After mass it was the custom in the Gulf parishes, in olden times, for the people to stand at the church door and sell fish "for the good of the poor souls;" that is, to provide masses for the souls in purgatory. Nowadays they sell the first-fruits of their fields, and distribute the proceeds in charity, or give them to the priest for a service of prayer and thanksgiving. On May Day the habitants erect a May pole, and fire volleys at the bush, or, as they say, the bouquet, on the top of it; and when they build a house, at a *corvée* or "bee," they place a bouquet on the gable end and fire at it. The Gauls celebrated May Day by sallying into the forest and driving out the evil spirits by shouting and beating the trees, and on building a hut they hung the mistletoe, a specific against disease and sudden death, over the door, and invoked the favor of Hesus or Belinus by making a great din and tumult.

On Christmas Eve, in settlements remote from a church, the habitants gather in one house, and when a girl enters on the stroke of midnight they ask, —

Shepherd maiden, radiance-laden,
Whence comest thou?

The following is a close translation of her reply, which she sings to a quaint and simple tune: —

All in a stable,
The sacred fable
Fulfilled has been:
The Son of God
The earth has trod,
The miracle I've seen!

'T was bitter cold
In that stable old,
Where the infant lay;
The star without
The heavens did flout,
Making night day!

The Virgin weeps,
And to Joseph creeps,
Blessed and full of grace;
The oxen low,
In prayer, I trow,
And gaze upon His face!

And the fearful sheep
In the manger peep
At the King on high;
And with soft voice
They too rejoice,
Bleating a lullaby!

And an angel band,
All harp in hand,
Down upon earth bore;
Singing to His glory,
And telling men the story
Of peace forevermore!

HABITANTS.

Ho ! shepherd maiden, radiance-laden,
Here in the forest hoar,
Come let us sing to the new-born King
And peace forevermore!

"Whosoever," reads section 67 of the Salic law, "shall call another a sorcerer, or accuse him of having carried the pot to the spot where the sorcerers meet, not being able to substantiate the same, shall be fined in the sum of 2500 deniers." The inhabitants of the Isle of Orleans, just below Quebec, have been charged with sorcery from time immemorial, and as they have never sought to purge themselves of the accusation it is doubtless well founded. Satan of course presides at the *sabbats*, or orgies, assuming innumerable shapes and guises. He summons the motley company of sorcerers, damned souls, *loups-garous*, infidels, serpents, and *feux-follets* by ringing a church-bell, stolen while it was yet unconsecrated; and when he has marched round the island, at the head of this procession, he presides at the *messe noire* celebrated in his honor, and directs the incantations over the boiling caldron. The sorcerers on the mainland make desperate efforts to reach the island during this ceremony; but they cannot cross the St. Lawrence alone, for the river has been blessed and dedicated, and so they coax Chris-

tian habitants who happen to be out late to accompany them. The sorcerers of the Isle of Orleans direct their incantations chiefly to raising storms. This branch of the black art was once known to the witches of Cornwall and Devonshire. In 1634, sixty women were accused of raising a storm against the vessel that bore Charles I., on his passage from France. At St. Leven, in Cornwall, there is a cairn called Madge Figge's chair, whereon a witch of that name used to sit, and by means of a miniature sail and a dried fish conjure up tempests and lightnings which sent many a gallant craft to the bottom. But no English witch can compare with Jean Pierre Lavallée, sorcerer, of St. François, Isle of Orleans. On the 30th of July, 1711, Sir Hovenden Walker, in command of a formidable armada, consisting of men-of-war and transports carrying troops, sailed from Nantasket Roads for Quebec, for the purpose of capturing that post, and avenging the repulse of Sir William Phipps in 1690. Paradis, master on a Rochelle gunboat which had been captured by the British frigate Chester, was put on board the flagship Edgar as pilot, for he knew the St. Lawrence well. A dense fog settled down upon the fleet after it left Gaspé Bay; and at ten p. m., on August 22d, "we found ourselves," writes Admiral Walker, in his Journal (printed by D. Browne at the Black Swan, W. Mears at the Lamb without Temple Bar, and G. Strahan at the Golden Ball against the Exchange in Cornhill, 1720), "upon the North Shore, amongst rocks and islands, at least fifteen leagues farther than the log gave, when the whole fleet had like to have been lost. But by God's good providence all the men-of-war, though with extreme hazard and difficulty, escaped. Eight transports were cast away, and almost nine hundred men lost." The beach of Egg Island and the Labrador shore hard by were strewn with bodies. Two com-

panies of Guards, who had fought under Marlborough in the Low Countries, were identified among the dead by their scarlet trappings. Mother Juchereau, of the Hôtel Dieu, records in her diary that a salvage expedition, fitted out at Quebec, found two thousand corpses on Egg Island. Be that as it may, it was a wonderful deliverance for the colony. Some said the French pilot had willfully wrecked the fleet. The clergy held that it was the work of the Blessed Virgin, and the name of the church of Notre Dame de la Victoire in the Lower Town, where Phipps's repulse was annually celebrated, was changed to Notre Dame des Victoires, to commemorate both occasions. But while the habitants doubted not the power or the beneficence of the Blessed Virgin, they ascribed the causation of the wreck to the incantations of Jean Pierre Lavallée of St. François. When it became known at Quebec that Queen Anne was fitting out the expedition, he bade the people be of good heart. He built a hut on the extreme easterly point of the island, near St. François, and began his midnight séances about the middle of August; and it is an article of habitant belief that the fog which enveloped the fleet to its destruction was the steam from his infernal pot. There could have been no mistake about this, for when the news of the disaster reached Quebec the sorcerer said that Sir Hovenden had not drained his cup of bitterness; and sure enough, while the admiral was on his way to London to report the disaster, the Edgar, seventy guns, blew up at Portsmouth, and all on board, 470 souls, perished.

It is related of Charles II., Duke of Lorraine, that one night, when he was traveling *incognito* through his dominions, he came to a farm-house, the proprietor of which prepared two suppers, one for his guest and the other for the sorcerers, who, he said, were in the habit of holding sabbats in a neighboring

wood. The duke sent secretly to the nearest town for a troop of soldiers, and went to the trysting-place of the sorcerers. Some were dressed as loup-garous, and others had horns and claws. The strange company having gathered round the table, the duke signaled to the gendarmes, who arrested all hands; and it turned out that the demons and sorcerers were brigands and robbers. The sabbats also became meetings of the *Jacquerie*. At the Isle of Orleans there is no doubt that habitants who have borne witness to the sabbats have been as grievously mistaken as that good farmer of Lorraine. The lights observed flashing on the beach at midnight were perhaps the torches of the eel-fishers, who used to ply a profitable trade there; while the huge kettles swinging and steaming over roaring fires may have been, not witches' caldrons, but the copper stills in which the thrifty islanders make their whisky, contrary to the statutes in such cases made and provided, and against the peace of their sovereign lady the Queen, her crown and dignity.

On nights when the sorcerers do not meet at Orleans, Satan travels abroad. He attends dancing-parties occasionally, dressed like a young city beau, and always seeks out the flirt of the company for his partner. In the midst of the *danse ronde* he suddenly utters a loud shriek, and vanishes through the window, carrying with him a burning log from the fire, and sometimes, indeed, the pot-oven, while the girl to her dying day bears the mark of his claws upon her wrist. What puts him to flight? Usually the cry of a newly christened infant belonging to one of the good wives who are watching the dancers; but if the dancers happen to arrange themselves in the form of a cross, that is quite as effective. Should he escape detection by these means, he is sure to be found out when the *bon homme* of the house, leaving the dancers to enjoy

themselves, retires to the kitchen, and takes down his big Formulaire (Le Formulaire des Prières Chrétiennes à l'Usage des Religieuses Ursulines) to read a prayer before going to bed. But, to give the devil his due, he never tapers with souls on these occasions; he appears to be bent on pleasure rather than on business. He leaves nothing undone, however, to destroy the souls of dying persons. Let us suppose that the habitant's father, the bon homme of the household, is taken suddenly ill after reading his Formulaire. The habitant at once hurries to the stable, to prepare for a swift journey to the priest's. But Satan has been there before him. The horses are covered with foam and utterly exhausted; the harness is broken; a wheel has been wrenched off the *voiture*; and unless the habitant can borrow a neighbor's team, the journey must be abandoned for the night, and the bon homme left to run the fearful risk of dying without the sacraments. Even if the vehicle is sound and the horses are in good condition, it is no easy matter to reach the priest's. Feux-follets (the *ignis fatuus*) suddenly appear in front of the team, casting a blue, white, or red light upon the road. These are the spirits of criminals or of bad Catholics, which Satan employs to do his work. The unnatural light scares the horses, and they stand shivering on the road, until the poor bon homme is no more. The prudent habitant, however, provides against these satanic machinations. When his gloomy majesty enters a stable to "nobble" the horses, or tie the harness in a knot, it is a point of honor with him to disturb nothing else. The habitant therefore takes care to place a bag of bran behind the stable door, the mouth of the bag open, and the bag itself so arranged that when Satan opens the door the bran is scattered over the floor. On seeing the mischief he has done, his majesty, whose orderly habits are worthy of all praise, at once begins

to put each separate and individual hull of bran in its original position in the bag, a task which occupies him so long that he has not time to dose the horses, or remove the linch-pin from the *voiture*. The feux-follets can generally begot rid of, if the habitant is a good-living man, by offering a prayer for all lost souls. Some feux-follets, however, are past praying for, and a little strategy is necessary in their case. One method of driving them away is to make the sign of the cross, and ask them on which day of the week next Christmas falls. This puzzles them, and they go off to consult Satan on the subject. Another method is to make a cross with the whip, leaving it in the middle of the road; and still another, to stick a needle in the fence, and escape while the feux-follets are trying to creep through the eye. Once the priest's house is reached, the habitant is safe, for his tormentors dare not show themselves on the return journey. As his reverence is being driven at a rattling pace along the road, Satan and the feux-follets betake themselves to the woods, and when the servant of God enters the chamber where the bon homme is lying, they howl in rage and despair.

Weird and unearthly lights haunt many a bay and headland in the Gulf. At Cape Despair (originally Cap d'Espoir), where some of Sir Hovenden Walker's ships were lost, and where a wreck known as Le Naufrage Anglais was visible down to a recent period, a strange light appears on calm nights, the sea becomes angry, the waves run mountains high, and a phantom ship heaves in sight. It is crowded with soldiers wearing the uniform of the British army in Marlborough's day. An officer, bearing in one arm a lady clad in white (many of the officers and men in that expedition had their wives with them, as they intended to settle in the colony), stands with his foot on the bowsprit, pointing with his right hand

to the frowning cape. Suddenly, as the light grows dim, a wild shriek is heard, and the ship goes down in the darkness. In the Baie des Chaleurs there is a mysterious light which foretells a storm from the northwest. Eighty years ago, so the tradition runs, a trading craft was attacked by robbers, and all on board were murdered. Some time afterwards the murderers were drowned during a northwesterly gale, and the goods which they had taken from their victims were washed ashore and identified. M. Le Moine, of Quebec, who has compiled the chronicles of the St. Lawrence,¹ and who is a high authority on all matters connected with Lower Canada, says he has it from an old Gulf navigator that the light which marks the scene of this crime appears even in winter time, blazing on the ice, like a bale of merchandise on fire. At the mouth of the river Magdeleine, on the Gaspé coast, Gulf sailors often hear a piercing cry above the storm. Some say it is the wail of a shipwrecked sailor, imploring the prayers of the faithful for the repose of his soul. Others declare it to be the cry of an infant that was refused baptism by a bad priest, who was reduced to a skeleton for his crime. The island of Miscou is inhabited by a strange creature called the goucou. Samuel de Champlain says in his *Voyages* that it is shaped like a woman, but is taller than a mast. It has a huge pouch, into which it drops human beings, and it utters sounds so dreadful that no man dare approach its abiding-place.

But the most formidable creature in Lower Canada is the loup-garou, whose acquaintance we made at the Isle of Orleans. The loup-garou, or man-wolf, was known in ancient times both to theologians and to law-givers. A council which was called by the Emperor Sigismund decided that sorcerers often assumed the form of loup-garous, and

¹ We refer the reader to M. Le Moine's singularly interesting work entitled *Pictureesque Quebec*:

strange tales are told by old French chroniclers of the deeds of these emissaries of Satan. At a village in Auvergne, in 1588, a hunter was attacked by a monstrous loup-garou; he cut off its paw, which a gentleman who had been watching the combat recognized by a ring as the hand of his wife. On entering the house he saw her sitting disconsolate by the fire, with one arm concealed under her robe. She confessed her guilt, and was publicly burnt. In Livonia, at the end of December, Satan, armed with a bar of red-hot iron, flew over the country and summoned the loups-garous to their annual convention, which lasted twelve days. When the gathering broke up, the delegates plunged into a river, and presto! they were no longer loup-garous, but men and women. Boquet says that one hundred and fifty loup-garous were seen at one time in the streets of Constantinople. Beauvoys de Chauvincourt wrote a learned treatise upon the subject in 1599, *De la Translation des Hommes en Loups*. There are two species of loup-garou in Lower Canada: one that kills and eats children, and another that, like the feux-follets, seeks the destruction of souls. The former is never seen except by children, whose evidence is not worthy of credence, inasmuch as the loup-garou appears to wicked children only; but the existence of the latter has been vouched for by thousands of good habitants. A habitant, deep in the backwoods of the St. Maurice or Lac St. Jean, has said his prayers, and is preparing to turn in for the night, when he hears a shout outside, and, going to the door, is told by a belated teamster bound for the shanties that his neighbor at the "clearing," ten miles away, is lying at the point of death, and that there is no priest within fifty miles. The habitant harnesses his horses, and starts without delay, taking with him the bottle of holy

A Sequel to Quebec Past and Present, recently published by Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

water he brought from his native parish at Easter, his beads, and *petit Albert*, a collection of prayers. The wind is moaning in the forest, and the trees throw gaunt shadows upon the snow. Suddenly he hears the sound of rushing feet, and, looking over his shoulder as he plies his horses with the whip, discovers to his horror that he is being pursued by a loup-garou. The fiend resembles a huge wolf, but its cry is human, and its eyes are like the lights of the feux-follets. The habitant mutters a prayer, and drives furiously. It is a hard race through the woods and over the frozen streams, but, thanks to the good St. Anne, the *patronne* of Lower Canada and the kind protector of backwoodsmen and sea-faring men, the habitant reached the house first, and, placing the open prayer-book on the table, defies the loup-garou to cross the threshold. He is in time to sprinkle the dying man with holy water, receive his last words, and close his eyes. Then, fastening his beads upon the lintel, to preserve the widow and children from the loup-garou, he sets out to call the neighbors and fetch the priest, that the body may receive Christian burial. It is proper to add that in the good old times, when the habitant was blessed with abundant harvests from a virgin soil, and hard drinking was the rule, — *Il est souûl comme dans les bonnes années* is a proverb, — loup-garous were more numerous than they are now.

An eclipse of the sun or moon alarms the habitant, who has heard from the fathers and the old men before them of the signs and tokens that preceded the great earthquake of 1663. Father Hierosme Lalemant, in the Relation for that year, says that in the fall of 1662 fiery serpents were seen in the heavens, and a ball of fire rushed from the moon, and, with a noise like thunder, burst and fell behind Mount Royal. On January 7, 1663, three suns and a rainbow appeared, and on February 5th, at five

P. M., the first shock was felt of the earthquake that shook Lower Canada for six months. The year 1785 is known as the year of great darkness, the earth on two Sundays, October 9th and October 16th, having been enveloped in a "fiery yellow atmosphere." On April 11, 1782, tradition says darkness prevailed on the Saguenay River, the heavens mourning for the death of a Jesuit, Father Jean Baptiste Labrosse, who died at Tadousac on that day. The story of the miracles wrought when that good man died, as told by Dr. Taché in his *Forestiers et Voyageurs*, and by l'Abbé Casgrain in *Un Pèlerinage à la Ile-au-Coudres*, is a characteristic Gulf legend. Father Labrosse was a native of Poitou. He arrived at Quebec in 1754, and for nearly thirty years preached the gospel to white men and Indians along the St. Lawrence and down in the wilds of Acadia. On the night of his death he was at the house of an officer of the trading-post at Tadousac, and, although nearly seventy years old, appeared to be as strong and hearty as a man of forty. He was tall and robust, and his long white hair and saintly face made him look every inch an apostle. At nine P. M. he rose, and in solemn tones told his friends that the hour of his death was at hand. At midnight he should die, and the church bell of Tadousac would announce the news to his Indian children, who were camped there for the spring trade in peltries, and to all the Gulf. He bade the company farewell, charging them, as he left the house, to go to Ile-aux-Coudres and bring Father Compain, the curé, to give his body Christian sepulture. The party sat in silence, listening for the bells, which on the stroke of midnight began to toll. The village was aroused, and the people hurried to the chapel, and there, before the altar, lay the old Jesuit, dead. They watched by the corpse until daylight, when the post officer ordered four men to take a canoe and go to Ile-aux-Coudres. A

fearful storm was raging in the Gulf, and ice floes almost choked the wide expanse of water. "Fear not," said the officer to the fishermen; "Father Labrosse will protect you." They launched the canoe, and great was their surprise to find that, while the tempest howled and the waves and the ice seethed like a caldron on each side of them, a peaceful channel was formed by some invisible hand for their craft. They reached Ile-aux-Coudres — over sixty miles, as the crow flies, from Tadousac — without accident. Father Compain was standing on the cliff, and, as they neared the shore, he cried out, "Father Labrosse is dead, and you have come to take me to Tadousac to bury him!" How did he know this? The night previous he was sitting alone in his house, reading his breviary, when suddenly the bell in the church (dedicated to St. Louis) began to toll. He ran down to the church, but the doors were locked, and when he opened them he found no one within, and still the passing bell was tolling. As he approached the altar, Father Compain heard a voice saying, "Father Labrosse is dead. This bell announces his departure. To-morrow do thou stand at the lower end of the island and await the arrival of a canoe from Tadousac. Return with it, and give him burial." And at all the mission posts where Father Labrosse had preached — Chicoutimi, l'Ile Verte, Trois-Pistoles, Rimouski, and along the Baie-des-Chaleurs — the bells, of their own accord, rang out the death of the old Jesuit at the same hour. And for many a year, whenever the Indians of the Saguenay visited Tadousac, they made a pilgrimage to his grave, and whispered to the dead within through a hole in the slab of the vault, believing that he would lay their petitions before God.

Of the legends growing out of the religious fervor of the habitant, this is not the place to speak. One apparition of St. Anne is preserved in an old rhyme. The Carignan regiment, which was disbanded at Quebec, had served with other French troops on the side of the Emperor Leopold against the Turks, and had borne a conspicuous part in the decisive victory achieved over them by Montecuculi at St. Gothard, in Hungary. This legend is entitled *The Soldier-Peasant's Vision*, and relates the appearance of St. Anne to one of the Carignan soldiers, many of whom took up land in the Isle of Orleans and other islands below Quebec. The original, of which the following is a close translation, was written, it will be observed, before the English conquest of Quebec: —

All by the broad St. Lawrence, a hundred years ago,
The Angelus was ringing from the bells of Ile-au-Reaux;
The reaper leaned upon his scythe, the wild-bee ceased its hum,
The consecrated river hushed its waters and was dumb;
The oxen, as at Bethlehem, knelt of their own accord,
While the incense of the mid-day prayer was wafted to their Lord!

"O good Saint Anne, I swear to thee, thou guardian of my race,"
Cries the bareheaded reaper, while tears bedew his face,
"For sovereign, for seignior, for those in high command,
France, with her vines and olives, is in sooth a pleasant land;
But fairer than lily on her shield is this New World colony,
Where the weary serf may stand erect, unawed by tyranny!
Do thou ask the Blessed Virgin to bless our sire, the King,
To overthrow his enemies, bless him in everything;
To speed his royal banners, crown them with victory,
As when we fought the Paynim on the plains of Hungary!
But, O mother of all Bretons, by thy love for Mary's Son,
By His agony and dolours, by His wounds on Calvary won,
Guard thou New France from tyrants, oh spare her virgin soil
From the heel of the oppressor, from tumult and turmoil!"

Saint Anne had heard the veteran's prayer, and
stood upon the tide,
An aureole about her brow, and angels by her
side.
"Fear not, my son," she sweetly said; "be New
France true to me,

And she shall ever be the home of rugged lib-
erty!"
The vision passed, and the reaper bent to the
cutting of the grain:
The covenant is kept; he did not pray in
vain!

Edward Farrer.

THE POEMS OF MRS. SPOFFORD, OWEN INNSLY, AND MISS HUTCHINSON.

IF the present century is especially favorable to the development of women poets, the United States in turn seems to be the country where they occur in greatest number. The abundance of their production results, of course, in a large proportion of mediocrity, as is likewise the case with men; but, besides this, the natural tendency of women to select certain classes of theme, and to voice moods that are very much the same with them all, gives to their verse when viewed in the large a suspicion of monotony. As a rule, their poetry is more subjective than that of men; they do not treat eagerly and with convincing reality stories and subjects in which they find no relation personal to themselves, so often as men do.

Hence it is all the more a pleasure to find presented to our notice within a short space of time three books of verse by women, which are above the average and unusually individual. Mrs. Spofford's work¹ is much of it known to the readers of magazines, and of *The Atlantic* in particular. But it is the outcome of a mind so engaging in its traits and of an artistic mould so finely formed that it will bear repeated scrutiny. Take, for instance, the *Flower Songs* in her volume, where the spirit of the violet, the hyacinth, the rose and lily, is so delicately embodied; or a picture touched in as lightly as a skillful water-color, in

¹ *Poems*. By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1882.

these opening lines of *O Soft Spring* *Airs*:—

"Come up, come up, O soft spring airs,
Come from your silver shining seas,
Where all day long you toss the wave
About the low and palm-plumed keys!"

Without effort, freshly and with a grace springing from perfect sympathy, her words ensnare some of the most charming effects of nature. Birds and flowers are imprisoned in her verse, yet do not lose their freedom.

"And in the covert of their odorous depths
The robins shake their wild wet wings, and flood
The shallow shores of dawn with music."

She has, moreover, a captivating fancy, which now and then embodies itself in strains like those of *Evanescence*:—

"What's the brightness of a brow?
What's a mouth of pearls and corals?
Beauty vanishes like a vapor,
Preach the men of musty morals!"

"Should the crowd, then, ages since,
Have shut their ears to singing Homer,
Because the music fled as soon
As fleets the violet's aroma?"

"Ah, for me, I thrill to see
The bloom a velvet cheek discloses.
Made of dust, — I well believe it!
So are lilies, so are roses!"

Here are brevity, point, a sudden contrast of ideas, a reservation of the full meaning until the last line, all achieved; but no particle of affectation in the result. In that final verse lurks a seeming contradiction of ideas, which is allied to wit; at the same instant, because it states an undoubted truth of mortality while half denying it, the line glances

off into quiet pathos. The pathetic emotion and the smile at the wit mingle. The whole may well recall, by taking its place in the same rank with them, the epigrammatic songs of Herrick, Carew, or, still more, Ben Jonson. Mrs. Spofford has doubtless studied those elder poets. But what of that? These things may be written in one generation as well as another; they are always in season and always original. No mere imitator can produce them. We must here cite in full a ballad from the group entitled *In Summer Nights*, which runs:—

"In the summer even
While yet the dew was hoar,
I went plucking purple pansies
Till my love should come to shore.
The fishing lights their dances
Were keeping out at sea,
And come, I sung, my true love!
Come hasten home to me!

"But the sea it fell a-moaning,
And the white gulls rocked thereon;
And the young moon dropped from heaven,
And the lights hid one by one.
All silently their glances
Slipped down the cruel sea,
And wait! cried the night and wind and
storm,
Wait, till I come to thee!"

This is as good as a strain from the old dramatists; yet who shall say it is not just as valuable as if the old dramatists had never been? It teaches no lesson; it merely suggests a simple story and presents a vivid effect. It contains feeling, picture, and music, and is perfectly genuine. Only one other piece shall we quote, which exemplifies the authoress's tender reserve in treating episodes of more intimately personal experience, which she brings home to every one who has loved or suffered:—

UNDER THE BREATH.

Since tears will never bring thee back,
Why should I weep?
I would not any moan of mine
Should break thy sleep.

Sleep on, my baby! By thy side
I will not stir
More than the bird that broods and dreams
Deep in the fir,—

The bird that dreams of fluttering joy
Full soon her own,
Nor sees the shadow at her feet
Whose joy has flown!

Akin to this is the frank, sweet, simple confidence imparted in *Mother Mine*, where the writer tells how, when in childhood, she read

"Those ballads haunted by fair women,
One of them always seemed my mother;"

but how, in the long years since, watching the unfolding of her mother's gentle life, she has found it sweeter far than even those old ballads. The poem last mentioned is brighter in tone than the other; and, indeed, it is one of the remarkable things about this book that its author has retained, amid all the vicissitudes of the poetic heart, so deep a well-spring of buoyancy and of delight in the gladder phases of existence. This may be seen in the rhapsody, *My Own Song*, beginning,—

"Oh, glad am I that I was born!"

Mrs. Spofford is more a colonist than a master of outline and form. All the scenes she paints are dreamy; shapes and emotions, sounds and tints, run into and blend with one another, composing a total delicious, but somewhat vague and tinged with romance. Witness her description of the Capitol and the streets of Washington, in the elegy on Sarah Hildreth Butler. This may not be the highest intellectual quality of art; but without it there could be no poetry, and everything would seem mean and dull. It should be said, too, that her idealization is always truthful, and never in the least bombastic, exaggerative, or conventional. As for her execution, it is at once finished and free; though there is, perhaps, too great a partiality shown for line-rhymes, and an occasional verse stumbles or falls short when there is nothing to be gained by letting it do so. Neither is it advisable to make a dissyllable of the word "tired," as is done in the third line of *Ali*. But how vigorous are some single measures, like this,

"The swollen blast comes keening up the valley"!

It may not be great poetry which these pages disclose. Its range certainly is not wide: the wind, the roses, the storm, common joys and griefs, play their part over and over in the various compositions. But if it is not great, it is good. Further than that, it is pure, exhilarating, often infinitely touching; and these are attributes which seldom fail to secure a welcome.

We should be sorry to have it thought that, in giving Owen Innsly¹ credit for a certain individuality, we have any intention of placing it on the same plane with that of Mrs. Spofford. The lady who shelters her identity under this synonym secures an appearance of being individual by somewhat factitious means. The Love Poems and Sonnets do not impress us as being the offspring of a mind with any remarkable natural qualifications for poetic utterance, and they constantly suggest that all their grace, condensation, and quietude, adding to the effect of repressed feeling, have been attained by carefully following the best models. No doubt the emotional history contained in these effusions is itself genuine; but the record of it seems to show that to the writer a choice and cultivated expression has been of even higher importance than the pangs themselves which prompted her to write. From this a slightly artificial tone results. The soft pedal has been too persistently applied. By concentrating herself upon one order of experience, and describing a somewhat mysterious love, with its several phases of disappointment, compensation, and endurance, Owen Innsly virtually asks us to select her from the mass of lovers, and to recognize that this especial experience of hers rises somewhat above the average. People are generally ready to do this, when the poet speaks with either unusual force or

unusual softness and meek refinement. Moreover, it is not at first plain whether the adoration embodied in these poems is addressed to a woman or a man; and where there is an enigma, there is something more than commonplace. Some of the sonnets and songs are directly offered to another woman named Helen; and as the author's pseudonym is masculine, the whole strain of amatory chords may be supposed to sound in Helen's honor. But since it is generally known that Owen Innsly is not a man, this supposition that one woman has addressed a quantity of love poems to another seems to us improbable; and we incline to think that the real object of some of the verses has been purposely disguised. Others, again, are obviously imaginative statements of what a man might feel. Banishing the mystery, and looking at the book apart from that, we find a few poems which, taken singly, are simple and pleasing so far as they go; polished without being very fervent. There are others which are feeble, or (like *The Sleeping Beauty*) worthless. *The Blossoms of Love* is, both in title and matter, weakly sentimental. Perhaps the prettiest of all is this:—

THE GREEK YOUTH.

"He goes," she said: "there, at the opening door
I see a shimmer as of snowy wings;
'T is his white robe that, as he passes, flings
Its shining undulation o'er the floor."
But while she spoke, his fond arms as before
Held her, his kiss burned on her lips; as sings
Some woodland bird, his voice's murmurings
Thrilled with the joyous weight of love he bore.
'T was but the moonlight of thine own sad eyes
That cast my shadow; in thy silver sphere,
Half dusk, half light, ghosts start at any breath.
I bring the sunshine; in it no surprise
Can come, no shade can walk. Lo! I am here,
Belovéd, and shall be here until death.

Here, too, in *Tes Joyaux*, is a striking and well-turned stanza:—

"Que tes joyaux luisent et brillent!
Entre des gouttes de sang
Des filets de larmes scintillent
Comme des diamants."

In addition to French verses, the volume presents several compositions in

¹ *Love Poems and Sonnets.* By OWEN INNSLY. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1881.

German and Italian, which are hardly worth while. Diversions of this kind in foreign languages have the sanction of example set by Longfellow, Swinburne, and Rossetti, to say nothing of Milton's Latin and Italian poems; but if a poet can be eminent in one language, whether his mother-tongue or — as with Chamisso — an adoptive one, it is tempting the gods for him to seek the same laurels through another speech; and the gods have thus far failed to succumb. To the love poems of Owen Innesly are appended some miscellaneous verses, of little interest or value; showing how largely the attention she has attracted is due to her attitude as a person professing peculiar insight into the master passion. And why, in the lines to Emerson, should mystery be affected by heading them *To R. W. E.*? The sonnets in the book are of various construction, often nicely wrought, but never rising to the highest plane. Such a confusion of images as that in *Submission* should not have been allowed to appear: —

“Like summer winds that toss
The branches of the trees whose trunks remain
Unmoved, so sweep the floods of circumstance,
Ruffling along the current of my mood,
While my soul's deep repose they cannot shake.”

One may do justice to the conscientious labor of the writer, and to her conception of a faithful, tender love rising above calamity; or may with less satisfaction contemplate her singular ecstasy over another woman; but there will hardly be found in her poetry anything to gladden the soul or move the heart deeply. Nor is it altogether healthy, or strong in imagination.

In another collection of *Songs and Lyrics*,¹ another woman, Miss Hutchinson, sings in a light, delicate strain the love-moods of both man and maid, but without making a “specialty” of them; and treats some other themes as well, in much the same key. Out of these fifty

¹ *Songs and Lyrics*. By ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON. With Frontispiece from a Painting

little pieces, a few may be selected which will be apt to linger in the memory.

The *Moth Song*, to begin with, indicates a fine, uncommon fancy, and arouses expectation: —

“What dost thou here,
Thou dusky courtier,
Within the pinky palace of the rose?
Here is no bed for thee,
No honeyed spicery, —
But for the golden bee
And the gay wind and me
Its sweetness grows.
Rover, thou dost forget;
Seek thou the passion-flower
Bloom of one twilight hour.
Haste, thou art late!
Its hidden savors wait.
For thee is spread
Its soft, purple coverlet;
Moth, art thou sped?
Dim as a ghost he flies
Through the night mysteries.”

This is certainly effective. The fancy is quaint, and the dim, groping nature of the moth is infused into the fragile fabric with curious subtlety. But not all of the succeeding poems will bear comparison with this. They are sometimes so very light that it is difficult to discern any substance in them. In *Snow* and the *Shadow Song*, however, are tangible, and at the same time very dainty. In *The Lilac*, Miss Hutchinson has been so successful as to associate her delicately suggestive lines with the flower in such wise that the two things will hardly be separable afterwards, to those who read the song. By song, in this case, we do not mean the genuine lyric; for, despite the title of the book, there is scarcely anything of the “lyric cry” in it. Meditative, fanciful, gayly affectionate little poems they are, but not precisely songs. A deeper note is struck in *A Cry from the Shore*, which, besides being resonant and flowing, has something ghostly about it, and rings in the ears afterward almost like one of the Commendatore's coldly echoing chords, in *Don Giovanni*. *Tryst*, though

by GEORGE H. BOUGHTON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

less strong, is of this more serious kind ; and the thought and accent of that brief story, *The Date in the Ring*, will, we think, be received by the discerning as genuine. When Miss Hutchinson sings of flowers, she appears to be thrown off her guard, and becomes extravagant to no very good purpose ; calling violets "darlings" and "as sweet as sweet can be." It is assuredly neither wise nor in any way profitable to say, as she does in *Love's Imagination*, —

"There is a pretty herb that grows
In the everywhere."

But in her *Harvest* she gives with a truer hand this sketch : —

"The dandelion plume doth pass
Vaguely to and fro, —
The unquiet spirit of a flower
That hath too brief an hour."

Buchanan Read has anticipated her, by speaking of

"The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers ;" but he forgot the dandelion, and we are inclined to think that Miss Hutchinson's statement is the better. *The Quest* is symbolic, dreamily picturesque, and well proportioned : indeed, so precisely sufficing are its lines to the idea that the plaintive strain hums itself over in the mind long after it has been read. The young poetess who in her first collection shows the proportion of merit which is discoverable in this may be forgiven some weakness. Of these productions, the best show a felicitous touch, a good sense of rhythmical contrasts, a fancy often fortunate ; and within their limits they are distinctive.

TWO BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

THE careers of the two men whose biographies form the subject of this notice were widely different. Chance has brought them together here, and the odd juxtaposition suggests some curious contrasts, and at least one very interesting and very instructive resemblance.

John Quincy Adams was cradled in the purple of early American politics. While a mere boy he was the companion of his father, who was then engaged in some of the most important negotiations of the time. Before he was thirty he was a minister at a foreign court, and rose through nearly every degree to the highest diplomatic post in the service of the United States. He saw and knew everything that Europe could offer, and was familiar with every society, from that of emperors and kings down through all ranks of statesmen, soldiers, judges, men of affairs, of letters, and of art. Ambassador, senator, secretary of state, president, and finally

the great champion of a great principle, on the floor of Congress, Mr. Adams, for more than half a century, was one of the most conspicuous men in the United States.

Noah Webster was the son of a plain New England farmer, and sprang from a pure English stock. He fought his way upward through school and college ; carried a musket in the Revolution ; supported himself at first by school-teaching, and afterwards as a political writer, newspaper editor, and book-maker ; sustained himself and brought up his family in the teeth of a constant struggle against poverty. After years of patient toil he gave to the world his life-work in the great dictionary which bears his name, and which has gained him a place among American men of letters.

Between these two men, the president and the lexicographer, widely separated as they were in their lives, their fortune, and their fame, there is one

bond of union which stamps them as the offspring of the same era, and makes them both typical of a great force then making itself felt in the United States. Both Adams and Webster represented the national sentiment, and in very different ways were strong exponents of the same principle. Mr. Adams stood forward on many a hard-fought political field as the champion of the national as opposed to the colonial spirit, whose fetters had not been broken by the Revolution. In a similar fashion, Webster made war upon English traditions in spelling and pronunciation, attacked Johnson, exchanged hard knocks with those who assailed his reforms, and insisted, in season and out of season, that a people destined to be a great nation must settle the rules of their own language. Many of his ideas were crude and mistaken. The expression of the feeling with which he was imbued was in a curious direction, and yet the national sentiment which moved him so strongly was a noble one, and no one can fail to admire his earnest convictions and unflinching courage.

At the same time, Noah Webster's life offers but little material for a biographer. We do not know that we can praise Mr. Scudder more highly than by saying that, with a dry and unpromising subject, he has given us a very interesting book.¹ Mr. Scudder always writes agreeably; his style is good and varied, and he has a perception of humorous points which he brings out quietly and effectively to the great advantage of his narrative. We have here a very vivid picture of the old school-master and lexicographer, and no excuse is left now, even to a college student, to describe Webster as "the well-known author of the dictionary, who subsequently fell into bad habits, and was hanged for the murder of Dr. Park-

man." Mr. Scudder has made his hero a very real and living figure, and one which interests us, and excites our sympathies. This is no small achievement, for the composition of a wonderfully successful spelling-book and of a hardly less successful dictionary is not a feat calculated to appeal to one's imagination. Before we close the book, however, we find ourselves much attracted by the sturdy Connecticut Yankee, who was a good deal of a busybody, and not a very great man, but brave, honest, and persistent. No one can help admiring the restless energy with which he traveled from State to State to secure copyright laws, or the dogged courage and tenacity which carried him through years of narrow circumstances and disheartening drawbacks to the completion of his *magnum opus*. The greatest success as a writer obtained by Webster was to be mistaken in some of his essays for Hamilton, who stood at the head of our literature when it was nothing more than the literature of politics. This is a tribute to Webster's simplicity and force of expression and thought, but there was after all very little of the literary man about him. He was a school-teacher and self-educated philologist, yet he cared but little for literature. We admire him most for his pluck, persistence, and rugged honesty, and for his devotion to the principle of nationality.

Mr. Scudder has filled out the measure of his book by what would be termed padding if it were ill done, but which, as it is extremely well done, may be called very fit and pleasing digressions upon colonial life and manners, upon Hartford society and the "Hartford wits," and upon the effects of the constitution. Mr. Scudder takes Dr. Von Holst to task (page 116) for saying that the "constitution was extorted from the grinding necessity of a reluctant people." The remark was made by John Quincy Adams, and its truth is very evident if we study the current opinion of the time

¹ *Noah Webster*. [American Men of Letters.] By HORACE E. SCUDDER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

and examine the history of the struggles in the state conventions of 1788.

If Mr. Scudder has suffered from lack of material, and has had his labor increased in this way, and also by the limitations of his subject, Mr. Morse must have been embarrassed in a directly opposite fashion by the abundance of matter presented to him. In many ways Mr. Morse has been fortunate. He is the first to write with sufficient knowledge the life of one of the most eminent men in our history, who possessed a strongly marked character and great abilities, and who has left behind him a *Diary* of unequalled fullness and enormous length, in which he has minutely depicted from day to day not only himself, but innumerable men and women, both great and small, among his contemporaries. Mr. Morse has done justice to his subject and to his opportunity, both of which were unusual, and he has gained success despite the difficulties attendant upon condensation, where incidents and material were alike important, new, and unlimited. Mr. Morse's style is always attractive. He writes forcibly and with much liveliness, and like Mr. Scudder he has a sense of humor, which comes out very pleasantly whenever there is fit occasion for its exercise.

If it is difficult to write, as Mr. Morse has done, a very interesting and suggestive biography of John Quincy Adams within the compass of one small volume,¹ it is hardly less difficult to attempt to consider critically the life of such a man within the bounds of a brief review. It is only possible to make one or two observations on points which, by chance, come uppermost in one's mind. In discussing Mr. Adams the first thought is of the *Diary*, which tells posterity what manner of man he was. This vast work, in its way one of the greatest monuments of unrelenting human industry and will

which we possess, is described by Mr. Morse at the beginning of his volume with some of the happiest touches, in the way of historical criticism, that we have seen in a long time. The *Diary*, as a whole, and also in its details, fitly pictures its author, with his wide learning and experience, his stubborn courage and iron persistence, and his rare extent of experience and achievement. Few persons, probably, who are not special students have read the twelve large volumes of the *Diary*, but the admirable biography which Mr. Morse has drawn from them, as well as his dexterous use of quotations, ought now to tempt many to undertake the task.

In dealing with Mr. Adams's quarrels with the Federalists, Mr. Morse has shown a remarkable freedom from prejudice. He has frankly admitted that in this bitter controversy Mr. Adams was in the right. When it is remembered that the author's grandfather, the late Judge Jackson, was one of the thirteen Boston Federalists who attacked Mr. Adams in 1829, and was probably the writer of their pamphlets, Mr. Morse's attitude deserves praise for an openness and impartiality of mind as rare as it is honest. Indeed, we think Mr. Morse has gone too far in the opposite direction. He censures the conduct of the Federalists in 1807 and in the years immediately following with great severity; but the criticism is one-sided, because he says nothing, or next to nothing, of the short-comings of the Jeffersonians. The Federalists were much in the wrong, but their policy of an alliance with England was at least more reasonable and intelligent than the helpless, timid shuffling of the administration, with no policy at all except that of weakly deprecating the buffets of both England and France. That Mr. Adams was right in demanding war after the affair of the Chesapeake cannot be doubted, and he was almost the only man who was right at that miserable time. Whether he was also right

¹ *John Quincy Adams. [American Statesmen.]*
By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. Boston: Houghton,
Mifflin & Co. 1882.

in taking what may have seemed the only practicable step of supporting any move of the administration, no matter how feeble, is much more questionable.

With much skill Mr. Morse traces Mr. Adams's fortunes through all his embassies and foreign negotiations. He gives us a very clever picture of Washington and its society, and of life at the capital in 1817, and tells in a very interesting way the story of Mr. Adams's career as secretary of state and president. But it was after Mr. Adams had attained the highest official success possible to an American that he reached the position of one of the really great men of our history. The years in Congress were the years of Mr. Adams's truest glory. Mr. Morse has done them all the justice that his space permitted. It is a grand picture, that of the old man, rich in years, in learning and official honor, standing alone upon the floor of Congress, the champion of a despised and hated cause, and beginning single-handed the attack upon slavery and upon the literally solid South, not with a strong majority at his back, but utterly unsupported except by his conscience, his talents, and his in-

domitable will and courage. It is then that Mr. Adams emerges from the ranks of statesmen, great and small, who were only statesmen, and becomes one of the few who have in their day and generation represented to the world great ideas. He was alone in Congress, but he had the silent companionship of large masses of the people. The conscience of the North was not yet awakened; the people there felt as yet but dimly the force of the slavery question, but they knew by instinct that Mr. Adams stood for a great principle, and his words stirred an ever louder echo in their hearts. The "old man eloquent" was lonely, terribly lonely, in Washington, but he was not so among the people; their sympathy and support were latent, but they were sure to come. John Quincy Adams was waging war upon a powerful system for the sake of the right, and the right ultimately prevailed. A great party took up the work of the solitary old man and carried it on to victory, and if he was isolated in Congress he now has a nation to sympathize and share in his principles, and to honor his courage and devotion.

CAROLINE FOX'S MEMORIES.

THE writing of diaries comes by nature to the Quaker. The habit of self-communion gives a calm outlook upon the world, — there is no preparation for looking out better than looking in; the constant reference to the higher life refines the judgment, — to look up enables one to look down; and the order and method which rule the mind favor the diary mode of expression. The Quaker in literature has shone with special mellowness of light in these epitomes of society. Indeed, it is only the person who stands a little on one side of the

rushing tide of life who keeps a diary at all. The daily memoranda of most men and women of action have a Jingle-like vivacity, and it is only those who have leisure of mind who can find time to-day to set down so much of yesterday as will be worth reading to-morrow. We wonder sometimes what diaries may be growing silently in our own society, storing material for a picture of life which shall please those who come after us; and we are easily persuaded that the best glimpses of our day will be from the records of cultivated women, having

access to good society, staying at home, indeed, and letting the best world in at the door, taking pleasure in preserving the ways and words of men and women who will surely be welcome to the readers of books.

For the women, whether Quakers or not in creed, have the Quaker gifts when the world will let them be their best selves. They keep alive the flickering flame of letter-writing, and make those artless confessions which have the charm and not the terror of truth. It is not the professional writers whom we have in view, but those who are eloquent to one person, and authors in the frank privacy of their journals; who use their pen with no more thought of print than they use the garden-rake with the thought of being flower-girls. Within the shelter of a home such women have the courage of their calm convictions, and they draw the best thought to them as steadily as if they could assure the givers an unconditional immortality.

Nor would one's fame be entrusted to safer keeping. Miss Caroline Fox, a young member of an old Quaker family of Cornwall, in England, kept a diary and wrote letters from 1835 to 1871, and in the book¹ which has been made from her writing one will not only discover fresh views of familiar faces, but once at least, in a very notable instance, a positively new portrait, which is a revelation of character novel to many persons who thought they knew the man well. Miss Fox's father, Robert Were Fox, was held in high esteem among scientific men for his investigations and practical services in the field of magnetism and electricity, and he and his brothers, occupying delightful homes near Falmouth, made their houses the resort of the best people; when Caroline Fox went to London, or traveled, she seemed to carry with her the hospi-

talities of her father's house, for she was always, by a principle of selection easily understood, in the best society. She was only sixteen years old when she began her diary, and in the earlier pages there are some unformed stories and fragmentary reports of conversations; but her hand soon becomes steady, and it is not long before we lay criticism aside, and enter heartily into the delightful life to which she admits us.

The portrait which will impress reader most vividly is that of John Stuart Mill, and Miss Fox's lines will surely have a singular value in reconstructing the popular judgment of Mill. Rather, they will justify the suspicion of many minds that the Mill whom the world thinks it knows is not wholly set forth in the later portraits. Henry Mill, a younger brother, lay dying of consumption at Falmouth, and the Foxes showed him kindness. Then John Mill came upon the scene, and this is Miss Fox's first sketch of him: "March 16 [1840]. His eldest brother, John, is now come, and Clara brought him to see us this morning. He is a very uncommon-looking person, — such acuteness and sensibility marked in his exquisitely chiseled countenance, more resembling a portrait of Lavater than any other that I remember. His voice is refinement itself, and his mode of expressing himself tallies with voice and countenance. He squeezed papa's and mamma's hands without speaking, and afterwards warmly thanked them for kindnesses received." The next day she saw him again, and had a long walk with him and Sterling. Mill talked much, and the Quaker girl's report of what he said is clear, though concise: "He was full of interesting talk. A ship in full sail he declared the only work of man that under all circumstances harmonizes with nature, the reason being that it is adapt-

¹ *Memories of Old Friends*. Being extracts from the Journals and Letters of CAROLINE FOX, of Penjerrick, Cornwall, from 1835 to 1871. Ed-

ited by HORACE N. PYM. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1882.

ed purely to natural requirements. Of the infinite ideas the ancients had of the world we do inhabit, and how they are limited and exactly defined by modern discoveries; however, it still remains for you to look above, and there is infinity. The whole material universe small compared to the guileless heart of a little child, because it can contain it all, and much more. . . . 'No one,' he said, with deep feeling, 'should attempt anything intended to benefit his age without at first making a stern resolution to take up his cross and to bear it. If he does not begin by counting the cost, all his schemes must end in disappointment; either he will sink under it, as Chatterton, or yield to the counter-current, like Erasmus, or pass his life in disappointment and vexation, as Luther did.' This was evidently a process through which he [Mill] had passed, as is sufficiently attested by his careworn and anxious, though most beautiful and refined countenance."

Mill drew up for Miss Fox a pretty calendar of odors, beginning with the laurel in March, and ending with the lime in July. "Speaking of motives," he said, "it is not well for young people to inquire too much into them, but rather let them judge of actions, lest, seeing the wonderful mixture of high and low, they should be discouraged. There is, besides, an egotism in self-depreciation; the only certain mode of overcoming this and all other egotisms is to implore the grace of God. . . . Our characters alter exceedingly in going through life, and this alteration enlarges our capacity of sympathizing with others; remembering what struggles we have encountered, and therefore appreciating their difficulties in passing through the same ordeal. When the change in character has been an extraordinary one, men are often observed to maintain a sort of personal hatred to their former errors and weaknesses, and then, forgetting their struggles, they shut themselves out of the

pale of sympathy." Miss Fox met Mill after he left Falmouth, and exchanged letters with him. In one of them he recounted his three successes in life thus far: that he had saved Lord Durham's political reputation; that he had greatly accelerated the success of Carlyle's French Revolution by forestalling criticism; and that he had dinned into people's ears the greatness of Guizot as a thinker and writer, until they were beginning to read him. One conversation after another is reported, and we hear what his friends say of him, as Carlyle's "Ah, poor fellow! he has had to get himself out of Benthamism; and all the emotions and sufferings he has endured have helped him to thoughts that never entered Bentham's head. However, he is still too fond of demonstrating everything. If John Mill were to get up to heaven, he would hardly be content till he had made out how it all was. For my part, I don't much trouble myself about the machinery of the place; whether there is an operative set of angels, or an industrial class. I'm willing to leave all that." Finally, after an apparent interruption of intercourse, there is a sad letter from Miss Fox to a friend, in which she says, "I am reading that terrible book of John Mill's on Liberty, so clear and calm and cold. He lays it on one as a tremendous duty to get one's self well contradicted, and admit always a devil's advocate into the presence of your dearest, most sacred truths, as they are apt to grow windy and worthless without such tests, if indeed they can stand the shock of argument at all. He looks you through like a basilisk, relentless as fate. We knew him well at one time, and owe him very much. I fear his remorseless logic has led him far since then. This book is dedicated to his wife's memory in a few most touching words. He is in many senses isolated, and must sometimes shiver with the cold."

The exquisite charity which underlies

all of Miss Fox's criticisms in her *Memories* will withdraw the book, for many minds, from the class of self-satisfied autobiographies. Miss Fox held her religious faith strongly and simply; she won her confidence step by step, as the book indicates, and with increasing trust came wider sympathy and more affectionate care for people of diverse opinions. She had a warm admiration for Maurice, the Bunsens, the Hares, and men of that way; she rejoiced also in Carlyle, and was strong in her admiration for Sterling; yet one of the last passages in the book is a touching account of her brother Barclay's death, told in language which savors of the purest Evangelicalism. It is just after this that she wrote to Clara Mill: "And then thy poor brother [John], with his failing health and depressed spirits, walking up Etna! Think of my boldness; I actually wrote to him! It came over me so strongly one morning that Barclay would like him to be told how mercifully he had been dealt with, and how true his God and Saviour had been to all his promises, that I took courage, and pen, and wrote a long history. Barclay had been the last of our family who had seen him, and he said he was very affectionate, but looked so grave, never smiling once; and he told him that he was about to winter in the South, by Sir James Clark's order. I hope I have not done wrong or foolishly, but I do feel it rather a solemn trust to have such a story to tell of death robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. It makes one long to join worthily in the eternal song of 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

The notices of Sterling are abundant and full of interest. Sterling made his home for a while at Falmouth, urged chiefly by his liking for the Fox family, and Miss Fox's journal shows the intimacy in which they lived with this rare man. It is pleasant to get these views of Sterling and Carlyle, after having

already caught a glimpse of the Foxes as seen by them. "Bright, cheery young creatures," Carlyle calls Misses Fox, and elsewhere in his *Life of Sterling*, quotes Sterling's own account of them: "Most worthy, respectable, and highly cultivated people, with a great deal of money among them, who make the place pleasant to me. They are connected with all the large Quaker circle, the Gurneys, Frys, etc., and also with Buxton, the abolitionist. It is droll to hear them talking of all the common topics of science, literature, and life, and in the midst of it, 'Does thou know Wordsworth?' or, 'Did thou see the Coronation?' or, 'Will thou take some refreshment?' They are very kind and pleasant people to know."

The skill with which this "bright, cheery young creature" drew Wordsworth out appears in the record of her conversation with him, and the honesty of her report is delightfully tempered by the gracious charity of her nature. We hardly know where to find a better vignette of the poet than in the few lines which Miss Fox writes before reporting what he said: "He is a man of middle height, and not of very striking appearance; the lower part of the face retreating a little; his eye of a somewhat French diplomatic character, with heavy eyelids, and none of the flashing which one connects with poetic genius. When speaking earnestly, his manner and voice become extremely energetic; and the peculiar emphasis and even accent he throws into some of his words add considerably to their force. He evidently loves the monologue style of conversation, but shows great candor in giving due consideration to any remarks which others may make. His manner is simple; his general appearance that of the abstract thinker, whom his subject gradually warms into poetry." And then they went on from the beauty of Rydal to Lamb's ironical praise of London, and Hartley Coleridge, and Shelley, and

S. T. Coleridge; they fell into discourse about the divine permission of evil, and shallow utility and faith. "We took a truly affectionate leave," the enthusiastic Quaker girl ends; "he held my hand in both of his for some time, which I consider a marked fact in my existence!"

Miss Fox was indeed a graceful hero-worshiper. Even autograph-hunting becomes in her hands a polite and delicate occupation, and when a lion comes in her path she takes his paw so frankly and winningly that the beast roars with all the good nature in the world. It is amusing to see the pretty discretion with which, having Tennyson at her house, she leads him along into the deeps of his own poetry; but here is a bit, taken from her report of what Henry Hallam told her, which is a real addition to our knowledge of the poet: "Henry Hallam knows Tennyson intimately, who speaks with rapture of some of the Cornish scenery. At one little place, Looe, where he arrived in the evening, he cried, 'Where is the sea? Show me the sea!' So after the sea he went stumbling in the dark, and fell down, and hurt his leg so much that he had to be nursed for six weeks by a surgeon there, who introduced some of his friends to him; and thus he got into a class of society totally new to him; and when he left, they gave him a series of introductions, so that instead of going to hotels he was passed on from town to town, and abode with little grocers and shopkeepers along his line of travel. He says that he cannot have better got a true general impression of the class, and thinks the Cornish very superior to the generality. They all knew about Tennyson, and had heard his poems, and one miner hid behind a wall that he might see him. Tennyson hates being lionized, and even assumes bad health to avoid it." This was before Miss Fox had met Tennyson. Nine years later he was at her house, and she reminded him of the enthusiastic miner, but he had forgotten

him; "but when he heard the name of Hallam, how his great gray eyes opened, and gave one a moment's glimpse into the depths in which In Memoriam learned its infinite wail! . . . Tennyson is a grand specimen of a man, with a magnificent head set on his shoulders, like the capital of a mighty pillar. His hair is long and wavy, and covers a massive head. He wears a beard and moustache, which one begrudges as hiding so much of that firm, powerful, but finely-chiseled mouth. His eyes are large and gray, and open wide when a subject interests him; they are well shaded by the noble brow, with its strong lines of thought and suffering. I can quite understand Samuel Lawrence calling it the best balance of head he had ever seen."

Of the Carlyles Miss Fox has many characteristic sayings to report, and she confirms well the strong impression which Mrs. Carlyle's character has lately produced on readers. She reads Emerson, too, with increasing admiration for his depth, and listens to such tales as travelers bring of the wonderful American, as when "our friend Edwards gave me some private memories of Emerson. He is most quiet in conversation, never impassioned; his ordinary life is to sit by a brook some miles from Boston, and gaze on the sky reflected in the water, and dream out his problems of existence." But Miss Fox's simplicity is plainly rewarded throughout the book by more valuable confidences.

It is difficult to stop quoting from these delightful Memories. There is about them an air of such candor and such delicate sensibility that even pieces of light gossip lose their pettiness. One lays aside the book with regret, and with a sense of having been moving in the best society while reading it. We think better of our age, and have an honest complacency in the reflection that so charming a picture of notable Englishmen should be preserved for coming readers.

THE MENDELSSOHN FAMILY.

SEBASTIAN HENSEL's book about the Mendelssohn Family¹ is interesting in several ways. It gives a clear picture of the inner life of a remarkably talented family, with much inherited genius among its members. It contains the biography of one of the master-composers of this century. It illustrates the elevation of a race of splendid vitality from a despised and oppressed condition to one of political and social equality, the founder of the family being the chief instrument in the accomplishment of this end. And from first to last a striking array of famous people, eminent in social and public life, is shown in intimate relations with this family. Few contrasts in history are sharper and more immediate than that between Moses Mendelssohn at the beginning of his career, shortly before the middle of the past century, and that of his grandchildren less than fourscore years after. He began as a forlorn, hump-backed Jewish lad, whose race, both from its own bigoted laws and the laws of the land, occupied a position in Germany as alien as that of Israel in Egypt; self-kept in Hebraic bondage, and forbidding itself the customs and laws of the Germans. His grandchildren were born to luxury, reared in a palace, and lived an ideal existence, their home a courted social centre for the artistic and literary life of Berlin. Indeed, Moses Mendelssohn, who was true to his given name in leading his race the way to its self-emancipation, enjoyed the honor of being raised to intellectual leadership, and was thus recognized by his king, as well as by the princes of thought in Germany's classic days. Himself the friend of Lessing and the original of

Nathan the Wise, he had the boldness to criticise the literary course of the great Frederick, who was not a little vain of his academic laurels, — a courageous thing for a Jew in those days.

The work can lay but little pretense to literary form, the author having done hardly more than edit a loosely arranged collection of letters; and yet it is delightful reading, the letters themselves outlining and characterizing the various personages as clearly as a biographer's pen could do it. Probably few people express themselves so perfectly in private letters, in the midst of the hurried life of to-day, as the writers of these letters have done. There is too great a rush of events now for that, and postal cards are very handy. The translation from the German, by Carl Klingemann and an American collaborator, is excellent. One would hardly fancy that such flowing English was not the original language. It seems, however, now and then, as if too much pains had been taken to remove every suggestion of German origin; for instance, when, for the poetic linden, we are given the prosaic "lime-tree," which to an American reader somehow suggests the pickled limes of school-day memory. We suspect the hand of the "American collaborator" in the passage where Felix Mendelssohn, in a letter from London, is made to speak of "a quantity of apples for pies." Now Englishmen, when they come to this country, generally take pains to impress it upon us that at home *apple-pies* are unknown, although, when we go to England, we find them under the guise of very poorly made "apple-tarts."

The letters of Felix Mendelssohn-

¹ *The Mendelssohn Family. 1729-1847.* By SEBASTIAN HENSEL. Translated by CARL KLINGEMANN and an American collaborator, with

a notice by GEORGE GROVE, Esq., D. C. L. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1832.

Bartholdy, and the chapters relating particularly to him, will possess the chief interest for many readers; but they should not overlook the sprightly wit of his sister Fanny, nor the rollicking humor of their friend Klingemann, who writes often from London, whither he went in his youth in the diplomatic service. The correspondence of the younger sister, Rebecca, has a pleasant home quality about it. The numerous letters from England are of particular interest. The first one sent by Klingemann from London to the family circle of the Mendelssohns in Berlin is capital, and the witty descriptions of persons and things, though dating 1827, show that London in its essential features has changed but little since then. Felix was often in England, and his many letters home are delightfully entertaining, especially the accounts of the journey made into the Scottish Highlands by himself and Klingemann as youths of twenty years, and of the idyllic visit to an English family's country house in Wales. He was deeply impressed by the awful loneliness of the Highlands, and wrote, "Now and then you find beautiful parks, but deserted, and broad lakes, but without boats, the roads a solitude. Fancy in all that the rich glowing sunshine, which paints the heath in a thousand divinely warm colors, and then the clouds chasing hither and thither! It is no wonder that the Highlands, have been called melancholy." His picture of the lake region in England is charming: "The whole country is like a drawing-room. The rocky walls are papered with bushes, moss, and firs; the trees are carefully wrapped up in ivy. There are no walls or fences, only high hedges, and you see them all the way up the flat hill-tops. On all sides carriages full of travelers fly along the roads; the corn stands in sheaves; slopes, hills, precipices, are all covered with thick, warm foliage."

Musicians will find a peculiar charm

in accompanying the composer's career, as here shown, by playing and singing the compositions of his respective artistic periods, mentioned from time to time throughout the work. The influence of Mendelssohn's environment, particularly of the phases of nature, to whose moods he was peculiarly and delicately sensitive, can be distinctly traced; for instance, in the Hebrides overture and the Scotch symphony. After reading the composer's letters one can better understand the spirit of his works. One readily perceives how it is that the imaginative, intellectual, and soulful side in Mendelssohn's music is the most prominent, while passion seldom finds genuine expression. As with nearly all great composers, a strong and well-rounded intellectual character is shown.

Few composers have enjoyed a life so sunny, joyous, and untroubled from beginning to close as that of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's, whose most serious lament appears to have been his inability to find a suitable opera-text. It is, perhaps, fortunate for his fame that he did not, for his genius was essentially undramatic. Even his storms are very decorous and well behaved. His enchanting music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* has, however, made what is substantially an opera of that wonderful creation, — an opera, too, with the unique merit of not distorting the original in order to beautify it.

The father of Felix, Abraham Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the wealthy banker, was a man of sterling character and a finely appreciative nature. After his death his daughter Fanny wrote, "The most remarkable feature in his character, to my mind, was the harmonious development of his whole faculties, including the intellectual organs, which produced a unity of thought, feeling, and action such as we seldom see." His broad liberal mind is shown in his letter to Fanny on her confirmation in the Christian church. His saying, "Formerly I was

the son of my father, and now I am the father of my son," is one that cannot easily be forgotten. A thoroughly delightful incident is that of the courtship of Moses Mendelssohn. Fromet, the daughter of Abraham Gugenheim, of Hamburg, admired him, but objected to his deformity. "He went up-stairs, and sat down by the young lady, who was sewing. They conversed in the most friendly manner, but the girl never raised her eyes from her work, and avoided looking at him. At last, when he had cleverly turned the conversation in that direction, she asked him, —

"'Do you believe, then, that marriages are made in heaven?'

"'Yes, indeed,' said he; 'and something especially wonderful happened to

me. At the birth of a child proclamation is made in heaven, He or she shall marry such and such a one. When I was born, my future wife was also named; but at the same time it was said, Alas, she will have a dreadful hump-back. O God, I said then, a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful. Dear Lord, give me the hump-back, and let the maiden be well made and agreeable!'

"Scarcely had Moses Mendelssohn finished speaking when the girl threw herself upon his neck. She afterwards became his wife. They lived happily together, and had good and handsome children, whose descendants are still living."

THE TAUCHNITZ LIBRARY.

If the history of modern civilization ever comes to be written from the impartial heights of some newer and braver world, it will surely contain a paragraph upon the kindly influence of a German publisher's steadfast enterprise. Somewhere about the year 1840, it will say in effect, Mr. Bernhard Tauchnitz, of Leipzig, began the publication of the works of current English authors in neat, handy volumes, which were clearly printed, and sold upon the continent of Europe at a price much below the cost of the same works in England. There was no copyright treaty between England and Saxony, and the English author and publisher could not interfere with the sale of Mr. Tauchnitz's reprints; the English-speaking resident or traveler, meanwhile, was delighted at finding so easy an access to the latest and best English literature, and the Tauchnitz editions became favorite ones. Travelers, especially, released from the

tyranny of traditional publishing customs, were greatly pleased at discovering English books which they could buy without a sense of guilty extravagance, and carry without paying for extra weight of luggage. They became so attached to the companionable little works that they used more duplicity and ingenuity in smuggling them back to England than in conveying any other class of contraband goods.

Mr. Tauchnitz justified the praise which he received from travelers by using a wise discrimination in his choice of books for republication, and by making the authors of these books partners with him in the profits of the enterprise. His library grew in scope and in number, taking in the works of American as well as English writers, and including standard publications, which helped to make the library a representation of the growth of English literature. The style of typography was neither English

nor German, but an individual combination of the two, while the proof-reading was so unvaryingly good as to create a constant wonder. The enterprise was a business one, but it was marked by such sound judgment, good taste, fairness of dealing, and honorable regard for all concerned that it won for its projector a distinguished place in the history of literature. He was created Baron Tauchnitz, but was not in the least spoiled by the honor, continuing to give just as careful attention to his business. When he had published nine hundred and ninety-nine volumes he commemorated the event by making the thousandth an edition of the New Testament, under the editorship of the eminent scholar, Constantine von Tischendorf, whose edition of the Greek New Testament he had also published; for Tauchnitz was known, aside from his English library, as perhaps the most considerable publisher of ancient classics, sharing a reputation for this work with Teubner. In 1881, he signalized the close of his second thousand of volumes by the publication of a work which should represent in a measure the contents of his accumulation of English writings; for he engaged Mr. Henry Morley to write a history of English literature,¹ which should treat especially of the Victorian age, and give a rapid summary of the preceding periods.

So far we may imagine a future history to read. Probably not very much space would be given to Mr. Morley's book itself, which is the work of an industrious and somewhat ambitious man, rather than of a critic of learning and insight. It is too much to expect of any one, surveying the entire field of English literature, that he should be always apt in his selections and keen in his judgments, but Mr. Morley expects it of himself, and while he may be sat-

isfied no one else is likely to be. There is a magisterial air, which is ill borne out by the separate decisions, and Mr. Morley's weakness is especially evinced by his disposition to remain as long as he can in the company of second-rate authors. Still, if the book had an index, it would be a convenient sketch for reference.

The book interests us most because it so gayly flings its pennant as the flagship of Baron Tauchnitz's busy fleet. Whenever a name is mentioned which is represented in the Tauchnitz edition a footnote reminds the reader of the fact, and one is quickly impressed with the very comprehensive character of Baron Tauchnitz's collection. The two thousand volumes make no mean library: there are very few positively inferior books; there are a great many sterling ones; and the even excellence of the great body of the collection is noticeable. When one considers that the editor has not merely made his choice after the English or American public had set the seal of approval, but in many instances has almost forestalled a wider judgment, the praise due to the enterprise becomes greater.

The Tauchnitz edition is indeed a singular monument to sound judgment; for the scheme was so well considered from the outset that, though forty years have elapsed since the publication of the first volume, the general style of the first and the two thousandth is the same. The publisher has never seen reason to change the dress of his books, and the public, with all its change of taste, finds as good reason to like the style now as it did forty years ago. We add here the dignified note with which Baron Tauchnitz introduces this volume, for it helps to explain why his success has been so great, and why both authors and readers have given him honor: —

¹ *Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. With a Glance at the Past.* By HENRY MORLEY, LL. D., Professor of English Literature

at University College, London. Tauchnitz Edition, volume 2000. With a Frontispiece. Leipzig: Bernhard Tauchnitz. 1881.

"In publishing the Two Thousandth volume of my series, the feeling deepest and strongest in my mind is that of gratitude to God for having permitted me to carry on my undertaking for the long period of forty years, during fifteen of which my eldest son, Bernhard, has supported me with the greatest loyalty and devotion. Many a great author, whose brilliant name is an ornament to the collection, has, during the lapse of time, passed away; and on this occasion,

when I am, as it were, placing a memorial stone of my progress, the recollection of such losses comes home to me with peculiar poignancy. But though the dead are gone, their works remain; new authors have joined the ranks; and I am encouraged to hope that the Tauchnitz edition will still proceed in its old spirit, and continue to fulfill its mission, by spreading and strengthening the love for English literature outside of England and her colonies."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE often been puzzled when I tried to understand the difference one feels in the first and second reading of a letter. The first reading is like being with the friend at the time of writing. You say to yourself, as you glance down the page, "He wrote me because he thought he must," and you become indignant and chilled by his indifference and coldness. But next day, when you read the letter again, you find that it is most kindly worded, and that after all your friend said everything that you could reasonably expect. Then you blame yourself a little, and say that you must have been out of spirits, or not *simpatica*, as the Italians say. What messengers of love letters have proved themselves at times! You feel a quick sense of pleasure and warmth; you are as glad as if you really had had two minutes' talk with your dear friend, — as if he had touched you lovingly. A little note seems like a caress as you read it; but the words of it may not be particularly interesting, or in the least important to you in any way. They bring you no news and no tidings of good fortune. It was the love, and not the letter, that pleased you so much.

How quickly one tells the feeling

with which a person has responded to a request! A note comes to bring a message that the writer will give a certain sum of money for which you have made application. You have an instinctive certainty that he grudged it. And perhaps in the next note another man uses the same words, and you know that he was glad of the chance to help on some good work, and that he is a cheerful giver. I believe that I might give because I must and give because I wished to, and write exactly the same letter to two people, and one would know I was pleased, and the other be equally sure of my unwillingness. What is it that seems to bring us into personal contact with our friends, and why are the second and third readings of our letters different from the first? They have become fragments of literature; they are like pages in printed books; they are entirely impersonal, and if we think about them, and try again to catch their meaning, it is only the form of expression and the significance of the sentences. The letter is severed from its writer; it seems no longer a bit of the person's life who sent it, — it is a sheet of paper on which he wrote down his thoughts. The vitality and the quality of that life which

you felt so unmistakably at first have completely vanished. I believe that we really do receive something of what we are pleased to call personal atmosphere in the letters we open, and that we always fold up a gleam or a shadow of ourselves to send to our friends. We are most of us quick enough at catching the mood of people we are with; we know instinctively when they are glad and when they are sorry, — when we are pleasing them and when we are boring them. No disguise is possible between people who know each other well. If you try to be cross when you are in good humor, it seems a great joke, and you are most amusing; and as for being very polite when you are ready to tear a friend in pieces, unless he is a wooden-headed friend, he takes your courtesy for what it is worth. You are a charmingly worded note, that came from somebody who swore at you as he wrote it.

I am sure that exactly as we should be sensitive to the mood of the person as we stood near him and heard him speak to us, so we are sensitive to the fragment of his life that clings to the letter-paper which comes from his hand to ours. He has held it, — it has been with him; you somehow strike out the spark of electricity that was left by him in it, when you touch it first.

It is strange that so little should have been written and said of our sensitiveness to each other's atmosphere. A very wise person once said that each of us lives in an invisible sphere: with a person whom we do not like, this sphere touches his at only one point, as two billiard balls touch; but with a congenial friend each sphere, to follow a familiar law of gases, is a vacuum to the other, and there is a comfortable result of harmony and sympathy.

This atmosphere is not exactly the same thing as character; it is more a physical thing than it is that individuality of our moral nature which follows us as our shadow does. It is certainly

our closest means of coming in contact with other human natures. The attractions and repulsions we feel at meeting strangers are always instinctive, and are usually true. Who has not had to acknowledge, in nineteen cases out of twenty, the truth of his first impressions of an acquaintance? We often persuade ourselves later into thinking we were at first mistaken, but it seldom happens. We do not like people or dislike them half so often for moral or intellectual good reasons as we do from instinct. The root of our friendships and our antipathies is in the electric laws which underlie our lives. Through some persons are sent positive currents that draw our natures and theirs closer and closer together; and others — from whom the saints protect us! — are negative, and we never can control the quick shrinking and recoil that our whole souls feel at the sight and sound of them. They may be very good people, but they are not good for us; we may persuade and force ourselves into right and kind behavior, and into treating them decently, but as for the dislike, — we are not to blame for it, or they either, which moral aspect of the situation is at times most difficult to be remembered.

— The suggestion lately made of a color-cure for nervous and mental ailments has led me to wonder how much color really has to do with making one contented or ill at ease in certain houses. I am positive that most people fail as house furnishers because they aim at effects, and not at harmonies. It is not the arrangement of the furniture or the choice of pictures and ornaments that we find fault with in some parlors; the chairs are delightfully comfortable, and yet one is possessed with a spirit of unrest. Something jars and frets us; there are false notes and wrong keys struck in the attempted tune; and indeed a harmony of color is far more difficult to achieve than a harmony of sound. It takes a most refined and enlightened

skill to furnish a parlor so that from the first it will have a lived-in look, and afterward be satisfactory to its owners, while it leaves a pleasant impression upon the minds of the strangers who come within its gates. It is easy now for most people to make a room decently pretty to look at, since the cabinet-makers and upholsterers and decorators have lent a helping hand with their artistic wares. But the modern style of furnishing, with its brilliant effects, seems much like the bewitching tunes which catch everybody's ear for a time, and soon whistle and sing themselves into tiresomeness and oblivion. You admire a new, bright little parlor when you first see it, but soon find yourself wondering what that charm could have been! It seems to lack something, after all. The pleasantest parlor is one that has been lived in for many years; in which the chairs and tables have associated together and shared each other's fortunes for so long that, in spite of their strong individualities and apparent unlikenesses, they have become members of one family. Year by year small and great treasures have been brought to the room, because it claimed them and they belonged to it; and year by year there have been carried away to other parts of the house, or to well-merited destruction, the treasures that have not proved congenial. After a time, a room becomes toned up or down to the right pitch, and nothing stares at you, and it may be that nothing pleases you, especially at the first sight; only you take a greater and greater satisfaction in being in it, and you like to get back to that corner of the world, after you have been away from it. There is a companionship even in its silence, and a restfulness that is delightful, and that brings out your best thoughts and those traits of your disposition which people find admirable. It is possible only in certain places as well as with certain people to be at one's best.

With what pity we see the mistakes that our neighbors make in furnishing their houses! There are pictures whose presence is to be resented and carpets that one heartily deplores, while every chair is put in exactly the wrong place, according to one's own way of thinking. The colors in the room swear at each other, as the French say, and one is ready to forgive them any reasonable amount of profanity. A friend of mine, whose library is otherwise a pleasant place, keeps two dreadful little bright green sofas in it, that fairly bark at me whenever I open the door. They are the shade of green which one associates with jealousy. If the principles of the color-cure are well founded, I wonder that my friend's family ever wish any good to their neighbors. Nothing surprises one more than finding that people's characters almost always show themselves in the quality of the things they buy. The choice that is made in a shop is simply the buyer's idea of what belongs to him. People contrive to free themselves from the things they really hate, and are not apt to choose for companions the inanimate objects that seem to them totally depraved. Fate may place them in the midst of incongruous surroundings, but they will manage to make a little oasis for themselves with their own dear greenery and flowers in the midst of any desert. A living spring of good taste in a family will make one room charming, at any rate; and if there is one person who does n't care what things are about her, in a house that may be elsewhere charming, her own corner of it will be sure to be unpleasant. Harmony is a great puzzle to most of us who are keenly sensitive to its presence, and who are dull sometimes at understanding the reasons for the lack of it. People are suited with such different things, and the distance between the over-critical connoisseur and the man who is indifferent to his surroundings is very wide. But

our loves and aspirations take shape, somehow; we are not yet sufficiently spiritual to be willing to stop making idols, or enjoying their profitable companionship.

There are other things that make a room or a whole house uncomfortable, beside unharmonized colors. A room may be like a poem, or it may be only like verses, with a charming subtlety of arrangement and expression that still lacks the one touch of life which would give it life of its own. It is, after all, not from the chairs and tables and *portières* and pictures in our houses that we are to expect the delightful harmony and sympathy which are so dear to our tiredness; it is from the people who live in the houses, who have only gathered these lifeless things together, and who unwittingly have told us by means of them what manner of men we have for neighbors. Show me your carpets or show me your books, and I will tell you who you are, might be a good rendering of the old Spanish proverb, and as sensible a demand as its familiar "Show me your friends."

— Children's books abound nowadays, but I question if children are as well off as when their libraries were scantier. The opportunity for choice is so large that parents are commonly too bewildered to make selection, and end by taking the book the bookseller recommends, or which recommends itself by having the greatest number of pictures. Of illustrated books there are now a hundred where there used to be one. Illustration is in itself a good thing when the work is as well done as we find it to-day, but, except for the smallest juveniles, it ought not to be made of more importance than the text. It is a well-known fact that many publishers select pictures, and then order a story written to fit them; an author so hampered can never produce so good work as though his invention were given free play, and the result of his labor is often of the

poorest. Comparatively few fathers and mothers interest themselves seriously to provide the best possible mental food for the growing intelligences in their charge. The want, of a sense of responsibility in this matter is as astonishing as with regard to matters more important still. A child's mind is just as much dependent for its best development on the quality of the food furnished it as its body is upon its physical support. A child often gets more real mental culture from browsing at will in its father's library than it gets from all its school lessons. The school-teaching is mainly good for discipline of the mental faculty, secondarily for information; while the reading of books may be made a powerful instrument for moral training as well as for education of the higher qualities of the intellect, — imagination, humor, and the like. There is a notion of the necessity for "writing down" to the supposed level of the childish intelligence, which is quite mistaken. A milk-and-water diet is inferior to one of the milk undiluted, figuratively as well as literally speaking. A compulsory cramming of the child's mind is one thing, and a very bad one; to surround it with the best literature, and leave it to its natural reaching out after what it can comprehend and enjoy, is quite another, and a very desirable thing to be done. The intellect of many grown persons, as well as children, is dwarfed, or becomes flabby, nerveless, and inactive, for want of wholesome and substantial sustenance. Children's reading, it seems to me, is at present especially defective in stimulus to the imagination. Fairy tales have not the vogue they had twenty years ago. I have seen children whose reading I knew was limited to that class of flavorless literature so plentiful now, and it was plain that their prosaic little minds needed above all things some of this culture of the fancy and imagination. They knew nothing of those most fascinating plays of my childhood, in

which my brother and I used to live out of ourselves and out of the world of every day, having transferred our personality entirely, for the time being, into that of some favorites of fiction, — Robin Hood and his men, Friar Tuck, and King Richard, or any of the long list of Waverley-novel heroes. A move has been made in the right direction, of late, by the publication of certain classics of literature in a form suited to children's capacity. Such are the abridged editions of Froissart's Chronicle, Mallory's King Arthur, and other books which I have noticed on booksellers' counters. Some of these are, unfortunately, gotten up with so much elegance that people of moderate means cannot indulge in their purchase. The established favorites in the line of fairy tales ought never to be allowed to get out of print, for the newly-written ones do not approach the old ones in merit.

— As there seems to be a little Browning epidemic in the community, I am moved to make my humble confession to the Club, and explain why Mr. Browning included Pauline in his edition of 1868. I was the cause of his printing it, and when I have told my story the Club will see how honestly I sinned. In the preface which the poet wrote when he included Pauline among his acknowledged works he said, "The first piece in the series [that is, Pauline] I acknowledge and retain with extreme repugnance, — indeed, purely of necessity; for not long ago I inspected one, and am certified of the existence of other transcripts, intended sooner or later to be published abroad: by forestalling these I can at least correct some misprints (no syllable is changed), and introduce a boyish work by an exculpatory word." When I read that preface I felt as if I had shot a poet. When I was in London, in 1865, Mr. D. G. Rossetti told me that in looking through a collection of poems in a bound volume in the British Museum — any one may

find it there if he looks for Poetæ Angli ^{13 L L h} ₁₅₂₃ — he came upon Pauline, and was confident, after reading it, that it was Browning's. He taxed the poet with having written it, and received a surprised assent. Rossetti had copied the poem, and I found it a pleasant task to do the same. I told him afterward what I had done, and he proposed to me to print it when I returned to America; but I assured him that I wished it only for my own study, and should have no right to make it public against the poet's wish. Now Browning did not know my general high character and reputation for probity and delicate honor, nor did Rossetti, who probably forgot that I had said I should not print the poem, and so — this is what I guess — he told R. B. that a young American had crossed the Atlantic with Pauline in his bag. Thus, while the poem was lying in manuscript in my desk, and I was proudly aware that I was probably the only student in America who owned it, the printed work came out with that reproachful little preface. I am sincerely sorry, but was it my fault?

— I am no longer able to look forward to a pleasure which had beckoned me on for twenty years. I am certain that people in general do not think seriously enough of anticipation as a motive power. It is a force which is most controlling in life, but when a long-looked-for day has dawned at last, and its sun shines and sets, there is not a little sadness which comes with the twilight, and I now find myself plunged into a depth of reverie and retrospection, from the effect of which I may not soon recover. While I had the promise of carrying out this plan the years went by faster and faster: I have had time to grow up, and I have lived my life; great things have happened in the world; kings have died, and empires have fallen, and people have grown old, while this pleasure was kept for me. It was not a great thing in itself; it only seemed

great to me. I was like the old French peasant in the poem. All his life long he had lived within sight of the towers of Carcassonne, and all his life long he had wished to see the lovely city. He thought of it as keeping a continual holiday; he pictured to himself the knights who went riding through its streets, and the gay ladies who smiled at them from the windows. Everything was beautiful. His brother and his son had seen Carcassonne; one of them had even been to Narbonne; but he had only dreamed about this town, and had never reached it. The harvests had failed, one thing and another had hindered him; he never went to Carcassonne. Each of us has his Carcassonne, the poet sings sadly. The old peasant dies unsatisfied, but one remembers that all his life was happier because it was urged on by this hope. To journey toward some hoped-for goal, to find all one's life bordering on the road that leads to it, this is to have an inspiration that keeps one's heart brave, and will not let one stand idle or go astray.

Many years ago there was a mild day in spring, when I went to my first play. It was Bluebeard, and it was at the Museum in Boston. I was a little thing, but I had read my story-books, and I knew there were such things as plays in the world; I even had a distinct idea of the stage, and I expected a great deal from the actors. I felt myself to be, although a country child, already a dramatic critic, whose standards were not low. I had chosen to see Bluebeard rather than some other show which had been offered me. It was a great day in my life. I had even found out about Mrs. Siddons, in my story-books, and I knew how Garrick had played in London, and how Jenny Lind had sung. They were all in one grand dazzle together in my mind. I was, at last, going to the theatre myself.

I was under the charge of a friend who was a few years older than I, and I

looked at her with great admiration. She had spent all her life in town; she was used to these things, but a little thrill went over me at the thought that she did not dream how I felt about the way we were to spend the afternoon together. We had been given our lunch early, for I was assured that I should find much to interest me in the Museum before the play began.

But we were delayed on our way, — most likely at a candy shop, or to talk with some one in the street, — and I had seen only a few of the amazing curiosities in the glass cases in the lower hall of the Museum, when my friend became uneasy. I was delighted, but they were old stories to her. The people were hurrying to take their seats, and at length we heard the violins strike up a cheerful air. "We must go in," said my friend; "the play is going to begin. We will see the rest of these things after it is over. The wax figures are upstairs." We pushed our way to our seats in the theatre, but I grudged the few minutes while we sat waiting for the curtain to rise; ever since I could remember I had been longing to see some wax figures, and I asked about these eagerly. My friend told me that they were horrible things, — murders, and the like. I should see them, of course; if I wished, but I should always be dreaming of them, they would frighten me out of my wits. Nothing could be pleasanter than that, it seemed to me, and all the afternoon I was half-hearted in my joy, though the play was acted to my great satisfaction. On the whole, I have never seen one since that pleased me so much. It was long, and when we came out from the brightly lighted theatre we found that it seemed very late in the afternoon. "It is almost dark," said my friend. "We shall come again some day, you know, and you shall see the wax-works then;" and my little heart stopped, and I choked down the tears that started to my eyes, and

took hold of my friend's hand to save myself from being lost in the crowd, and we went home together. I had my first lesson that everything in life bears this world's stamp of imperfection. There was the one thing lacking in that afternoon's pleasure; there is always one thing lacking; there is one flaw that keeps everything from reaching its perfection. We must not blame ourselves for the failure; it is the mark which this imperfect world sets on the things that belong to it.

I suppose I have been a hundred times to the Museum since that day. My childish eagerness to see the treasures of art that are stored away in the upper corridors changed at last into a sad and funny sentiment about the pleasure that would some day, in its own good time, be mine; but I often thought, as I went hurrying to a play, that next time I must manage to secure the lingering delight.

The day came at last. It also happened that I was going to the Museum in company with the same friend who had taken me to see Bluebeard. "You never have kept your promise," I told her, laughingly, and we stood solemnly face to face, while I could see that she rose to a sense of the majesty of the occasion, and of my having patiently waited the greater part of my life-time. We turned, and scurried up the stairs, followed wonderingly by a companion, who was told our story, to her rare delight, as we raced along the dusty corridors. The bones and stones in the cases jingled and jarred, and must have longed to attract our attention, being of so much consequence, and treated with cold neglect; but we climbed the three crooked flights, and stood at last in the presence of the wax figures. It was altogether a sad moment to me. I caught my breath, and felt as if it were all a dream, for those strange ghastly creatures frightened me as they might have done when I longed to see them first.

I wished that I had stayed away. I not only felt keenly the burden of my years as I never had before, but it was like forcing one's self upon the secrets of the dead. I had intruded upon a solemn company of ghosts, and I might suffer for it in ways that I should hate.

It was as strange a contrast to everyday life as one is likely to find in the world. The color of the wax had been changed by time, until the faces of the men and women had an unearthliness that no words of mine can tell. There were groups of people who were dead or dying, with awful glazed eyes, and a look of horror that forty years had not worn away. The bruises on their poor foreheads made one's own head begin to ache, and the blood-thirsty pirates were such wicked creatures that one shuddered at the thought of their some day having to suffer for these sins. I walked about and looked at every group. There were reasons why I tried to behave myself well in that strange company.

The three warnings of the evils of intemperance and the simpering beauties and historical personages were alike affecting to me; it was altogether strange and dreadful. I could not laugh at their delightfully old-fashioned clothes then, as I can now; there was a pathos and dignity about their suffering and their neglected, forgotten existence that went to my heart. Above the merry players and the idle people who come evening after evening to laugh or cry at the play, above the shops and the noisy street, they sit in silence: actors who have no audience; who pose and strike impressive attitudes; who have been keeping the same smile for half a century, or mocking a death scene in such wise that if it were on the stage below they would hear such a storm of applause as the curtain fell that they would have to take each other's hands and come out, panting and wide-eyed with excitement, before the foot-lights again and again. I wondered who took

care of them, and ministered to their few wants, and dusted them once a year or so. I fancied that it must be some worn-out actor, who had played well in the tragedies in his day, who still clung to the old theatre, and performed the slight duties which were left him, with a sacred care and devotion. There should be some such man as showman; I dare say that he had left his charge for a few minutes only, and had gone down to the green room to see what was going on. I half expected to meet him coming up the stairs, with slow and feeble footsteps. The light was dim in that strange upper room, and the air seemed full of a fine dust, such as one imagines

might be found in a long-closed inner chamber of the pyramids.

It seemed strange enough to go into the theatre afterward. We had to hurry, as had happened on that other day so long before, for the musicians were already playing the overture, and we found our seats quickly; but everything seemed careless and trivial for a while. I could not forget the dismal sights overhead, and it was not until good Mrs. Vincent came close to the foot-lights, and happened to look me straight in the face with her dear, merry old eyes, that I took heart again, and seemed to wake up to the cares and fashions of every-day life.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. Memoirs of Prince Metternich, 1830-1835, to which we referred last month, is issued by the Harpers in two forms: in cloth, crown 8vo, as volume three of their edition, and in paper in the Franklin Square Series. — Under the title of Great Movements and those who achieved them, Mr. Henry J. Nicoll gives a series of sketches (Harpers), of a historical and biographical character, relating to changes in society and politics within the memory of living men, such as may be included under prison reform, cheap literature, penny postage, the electric telegraph, and the like. The narrative is confined to England. — James Abram Garfield, by George F. Hoar (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a eulogy pronounced by the senator from Massachusetts, admirably outlining the character which made the president's fame something more than an accident of history. — Picturesque Quebec, a Sequel to Quebec, Past and Present, by J. M. LeMoine (Dawson Brothers, Montreal), is neither a history nor a guide-book, but a collection of notes on Quebec by residents, tourists, and historians, arranged in a mosaic by a local antiquary, who supplies the mortar as well as some of the blocks. He is an enthusiast, and writes for the people of Quebec; outside barbarians will be content to pick out here and there incidents and descriptions which have relation to general history and life. It is curious to find a place like Quebec where literature seems almost wholly antiquarian in its character. — Studies in Mediæval History, by Charles J. Stillé (Lippincott), aims at giving the reader, through a succession of studies, an intimation of the organic growth of Christendom, and an ex-

planation of the relation which the Middle Ages bear to modern civilization. This is the field which is more and more to occupy the thoughts of the student of history. Here lie vast opportunities for investigation in the spirit of scientific study. Mr. Stillé's work will interest the general reader, and is intended for him. — The St. Clair Papers (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati) contains in two volumes the Life and Public Services of Arthur St. Clair, Soldier of the Revolutionary War, President of the Continental Congress, and Governor of the Northwestern Territory. With his correspondence and other Papers arranged and annotated by Wm. Henry Smith. — In the American Actor Series, the latest volume is The Elder and the Younger Booth, by Asia Booth Clarke (Osgood), daughter of the elder and sister of the younger, and contains rather material for biographies than carefully planned lives. One will find incidents of the lives of these men and get glimpses of the half-gypsy experience of dramatic people. — The sixth in the Series of Campaigns of the Civil War is Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, by General Abner Doubleday, who commanded the first corps at Gettysburg. General Doubleday's personal connection with the events of which he tells both helps and hinders him as a narrator. — Under the title of The Making of England Mr. J. R. Green narrates the history of England down to the union in 829 under Egberht, as he is pleased to spell the name of an old acquaintance. The same graphic style and seizure of pictorial incident which characterize his Short History will be found here, applied to less pliant material. The Harpers republish the work in dignified octavo, and in the

Franklin Square Library. — French History for English Children, by Sarah Brook, revised and edited by Geo. Cary Eggleston (Harpers), is written in a pleasant style, with a directness which will attract children. Just how much Mr. Eggleston has revised the book does not appear; we think it is only fair in such cases to inform the buyer wherein the book differs from the usual English copy. — Atlantis, the Antediluvian World, by Ignatius Donnelly (Harpers), is an attempt to fish the fabled Atlantis up from the bottom of the sea, opposite the Mediterranean, and make it account for all the rest of the world. No wonder the author puts a quotation from Festus on his title-page. — The England of Shakespeare, by E. Goadby (Cassell), is a descriptive sketch, intended to put the reader into possession of Shakespeare's environment. They won't get the man that way, however.

Ecclesiastical History and Theology. Professor George T. Ladd, of Yale College, has published the lectures on the Southworth Foundation, which he delivered at Andover in 1879-1881. The title of the work is *The Principles of Church Polity*, illustrated by an analysis of modern Congregationalism, and applied to certain important practical questions in the government of Christian churches. (Scribners.) The author brings to his work a consistent conception of Congregationalism, which is both historically founded and philosophically evolved. The results which he reaches have the great merit of presenting a practical reform, which is not only incipient in the genius of this church, but in harmony with the modern tendencies of all Christian bodies. He demands a firmer texture in the local organization, but he apparently yields the point of the possible universality of this church order when he contends that it is in the spread of its principles, and not of its form, that Congregationalism is to have a future. — *The World's Witness to Jesus Christ*, by Bishop Williams, of Connecticut (Putnams), is an ungainly shaped book of less than a hundred pages, containing two lectures delivered at Kenyon College, Ohio, upon the Bedell Foundation. The lectures relate to the power of Christianity in developing modern civilization, and the lecturer has aimed to present the line of his thought in the simplest possible form, making the theme: there was a Christ, there is a Christianity; the world before Christ was not the world of to-day, and the world of to-day owes its being to the historic Christ. — From Trübner & Co., London, comes a curious pamphlet of eighty pages, entitled *Thoughts on Theism*, with suggestions towards a public religious service in harmony with modern science and philosophy. The pamphlet bears "eighth thousand, revised and enlarged" on the cover, and if the other seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine have not been given away by the authors — for we are told that the work is not from the hands of one person — there is indication of a wide interest in this venture, which looks to the erection of a new Catholic church upon the ruins of Christianity. The "resolve" is made by somebody "to begin by building in London a handsome Gothic church, to seat not less than one thousand

persons, which shall be adorned with stained glass in every window, with suitable paintings and statues, and possessing a choir equal to that of St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey;" which strikes us as beginning about where Christianity in the eyes of some has left off.

Fiction. In Putnam's series of Trans-Atlantic novels is published *The Dingy House* at Kensington, in which the reader is turned round three times, and then told to walk forward seven steps and blow out the candle. — *Between Times*, or *Tales, Sketches, and Poems*, written in the leisure moments of a busy life, by I. E. Diekenga (J. H. Earle, Boston), contains eighteen stories and sketches of a generally sentimental and faintly humorous character, a story in verse, and a score or so of short poems. — *The Feet of Clay*, a novel, by Ellen Martin (Brown & Derby, New York), is a Southern novel which is baked in a very hot fire. One wonders if such novels are really written out of respect to the torrid zone. — Mr. Tourgee's new book, *John Eax and Mamelon*, a couple of long stories or short novels (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), has scarcely the interest which *A Fool's Errand* and *Bricks without Straw* had, as a picture of the South in its transition period, and the stories themselves have but moderate claims upon one's attention as works of fiction. The faults of the previous books, which were overlooked because of the interesting contributions to our knowledge of the carpet-bag era, reappear more distinctly when the moral of the stories is less conspicuous. — *Winning the Battle*, or *One Girl in Ten Thousand*, by Mary Von-Erden Thomas (Petersons), is a novel which has a curiously old-fashioned air about it, and will somewhat confound the ordinary novel-reader of the day; he will think he has found a living specimen of the pliocene or some other period.

Philosophy and Morals. The venerable Dr. Laurens P. Hickock has reissued his *Empirical Psychology, or the Science of Mind from Experience* (Ginn, Heath & Co.), and in the revision which he has given has been assisted by President Seelye, of Amherst, though no indication is given of the extent of this coöperation. It is intended as a first book in psychology, and any one who has read Dr. Hickock's work will know that his first book is by no means a primer. — *Metaphysics, a Study in First Principles*, by Borden P. Bowne (Harpers), is an exposition and criticism of our fundamental philosophical concepts. In the author's words, "Leibnitz furnishes the starting-point, Herbart supplies the method, and the conclusions reached are essentially those of Lotze." The book is one which will receive respectful attention.

Social Science. A second edition of Dr. Theodore D. Woolsey's important work on *Divorce and Divorce Legislation*, especially in the United States (Scribners), has received the author's careful attention, and the last part of the volume, which deals especially with the present condition of legislation and with existing tendencies, has been rewritten. Dr. Woolsey writes not as a doctrinaire, but as a wise old man who sees that laws express public sentiment more than they control

it, and he looks for the recovery of a higher condition of social principle, not so much from law-makers as from those who have most directly to do with the consciences of men.

Essays and Criticism. Some Ancient Melodies and other Experiments, by N. K. Royse (Clarke, Cincinnati), is a volume containing five essays, which have in general the discursive character of this form of writing, and in particular the browsings in literature of a sympathetic and not over-critical mind. Mr. Royse's playfulness is perhaps his most serious crime. — To the collected edition of Dr. J. G. Holland's writings have been added two volumes entitled *Every-Day Topics*, a Book of Briefs, first and second series (Scribners), and containing the short papers which he was in the habit of contributing to Scribner's Monthly, under the title of *Topics of the Times*. In one regard these brief essays have a permanent element, for Dr. Holland viewed all passing subjects in an ethical light; but one may question whether the form will hold these thoughts, and the temporary character yield to the permanent. — The Tauchnitz volume on English Literature in the Reign of Victoria, by Henry Morley, has been reproduced in a less attractive form by the Putnams.

Poetry and the Drama. Dorothy, a Country Story in Elegiac Verses (Roberts Bros.), is an anonymous English poem inscribed to R. D. Blackmore; the authorship has not, however, been kept a secret, although to many the name of Arthur J. Munby will be little more than a name. It must be pleasant to a man, after being diligent and obscure, to get behind a really good and successful piece of work and suddenly find himself called for. — *Golden Poems*, by British and American authors, edited by Francis F. Browne (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), is a substantial collection of popular poems by a great number of authors. The editor has apparently had more regard for what was popular than for what would best represent the several authors, and he has unnecessarily cut some poems. A poem belonging in such a collection can no more lose a stanza without suffering injury than a statue could be shaved at top or bottom to make it fit a niche. — *Poems and Essays*, by Charles W. Hubner, is published by Brown and Derby, New York. — The issue of a new edition of Bret Harte's Poetical Works, of which the first volume has appeared (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will give an opportunity which many will accept for a fresh reading of an author who, though young, lives in the enjoyment of a great reputation made years ago. The publication is an honorable challenge to the reading public.

Books for Young People. The Four Macnicals, by William Black (Harpers), is none the worse book for boys that it gives a quick-moving tale out of Scottish life, without any thought whether boys are listening to it or not. If Mr. Black knew that a boy was overhearing him, he gave no signs of knowing it. — *Real Boys and Girls*, by Mary C. Bartlett (Lockwood, Brooks & Co.), is a little book in which a family of vigorous children is portrayed in some of the adventures of young life. There is a great deal of liveliness in the book, and honest fun, and childish nonsense; there is some-

thing too of pure home feeling, and if the book had been pruned a little of some of the childish inflammation about God it would give greater pleasure. Like many of its class it is really more entertaining to those who have children than to those who have parents. — We place here William Everett's *School Sermons*, preached to the boys at Adams Academy, Quincy, Mass. (Roberts), because we should be glad if by any words of ours we could direct the book into the hands of the young. Here may be found honest, straightforward, and reverent talk upon profound themes of life and duty. The sermons are by the master of the academy, and they spring from two sources, a faith in Christianity and a knowledge of boys.

Education and Text-Books. Longfellow is the title of the first of a series of American Classics for Schools, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The volume aims at giving within the limits of less than a hundred pages the poems which one would naturally take up first in reading to young people. Notes are added where difficulties occur. — In the Education Library (Harpers) is published a little book on old Greek Education, by J. P. Mahaffy, which gives in compact and agreeable form much that one would search for through many books. — Two more volumes have been published of Rolfe's Shakespeare (Harpers), the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Measure for Measure*; printed on better paper and bound in fewer volumes, this series would make an excellent household Shakespeare. — The Harpers issue Oscar Browning's *An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories*, a small book, in which the writer traces the principal theories historically. There is an omission of any reference, apparently, to theories in America; we could show the Englishman a sturdy crop, and since the measure of the importance of a theory is in the extent to which it has been embodied in practice, he would find it worth his while to study some of the results of American pedagogy. — The Annual Reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard College have appeared in a substantial pamphlet. President Eliot continues his excellent practice of discussing questions of administration which bear directly upon the institution over which he is placed, but also are of interest and importance to all concerned in collegiate and university education.

Hygiene. Dr. H. H. Kane, who has a retreat for the cure of the opium habit, issues through the Putnams a little work on *Opium-Smoking in America and China*, which is a study of its prevalence and effects, immediate and remote, on the individual and the nation. Dr. Kane understands the seriousness of the subject, and his brief book will possibly excite alarm rather than allay curiosity, — the better use of the two. — In Van Nostrand's Science Series has been published *Sewer Gases, their Nature and Origin, and how to Protect our Dwellings*, by Adolfo de Varona. Dr. Varona, after he gets through his preliminary philosophy, comes to a practical and concise statement of causes and remedies. — *The Art of Voice-Production*, with special reference to the methods of correct breathing, by A. A. Patton (Putnams), is a little work intended not for scientists, but for

singers and teachers of singing, and aims to give a clear account of the physiological requirements of correct vocal mechanism. It is not unduly technical, and is conceived in a practical spirit.

Literary Furnishing. Familiar Allusions is the title of a book which is further explained as a Hand-Book of Miscellaneous Information, including the names of celebrated statues, paintings, palaces, country-seats, ruins, churches, ships, streets, clubs, natural curiosities, and the like. It was begun, but left unfinished, by the late William A. Wheeler, so well known by his dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction, and completed and edited by Charles G. Wheeler. (Osgood.) With this and Familiar Quotations and one or two other books that might be named, life is no longer a burden, and even the editor of an evening newspaper may answer the questions which he prints. — The Wit and Wisdom of the Bench and Bar, by Hon. F. C. Moncrieff (Cassell) is not so scrappy as such books are apt to be, but aims at a little literary form, the jokes being worked with the text.

Science. The twelfth of the little series of Guides for Science Teaching (Ginn & Heath, Boston), published under the auspices of the Boston Society of Natural History, is devoted to Common Minerals and Rocks, by William O. Crosby. The series itself is well described by its title, for it does not offer short cuts to the student, but careful notes for the teacher. — Sensation and Pain, by Dr. Charles Fayette Taylor (Putnams), is a lecture delivered before the New York Academy of Sciences, and, within brief limits, undertakes to give an outline of some of the main and primary facts of nerve-structure and nervous action. — The First Book of Knowledge, by Frederick Guthrie, F. R. S. (Putnams) is an attempt by a clever man to give to boys and girls a clear idea of many things which come within the range of familiar observation, such as things and stuff used for house-building, the elements of matter, materials used in cleaning, in clothes, food, heating and lighting, and the like. It is of English origin, but there is enough in the matter which is common to both England and America to make this little book a capital hand-book for teachers in our public schools to use as suggestion for talks with their pupils. — The latest volume of the International Scientific Series (Appletons) is J. B. Stallo's The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics, in which the writer undertakes to determine the proper attitude of scientific inquiry toward its objects. — The Universe, or the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little, by F. A. Pouchet (Putnams), has passed to a sixth edition, and is full of marvels, for the conception of the universe is of a gigantic show.

Fine Arts and Illustrated Books. Mr. Bouton, New York, is the agent for an important series of popular works announced by A. Quantin, of Paris, of which four volumes have thus far appeared. The series is entitled Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts, and the subjects of the first four volumes are La Peinture Hollandaise by H. Havard, La Mosaïque by Gerspach, L'Anatomie Artistique by Mathias Duval, L'Archéologie Grecque by Collignon. The authors are authori-

ties, and the hand-books are so business-like that they are almost contemptuous of elegance in their illustrations, evidently regarding these as chartographic, and not pictorial. — If all the people who buy Mr. William Morris's wall papers, and hang the wrong pictures on them, would read his little work on Hopes and Fears for Art (Roberts), and ponder as they read, they might come to some juster sense of what household art is. Despite the somewhat languishing tone, occasionally, of Mr. Morris's rhetoric, here is a book with wisdom in it. The people who have been perplexed about Mr. Oscar Wilde will find in these pages the real thing which the traveling apostle of the day-before-yesterday Renaissance jumbled with the sham likeness. — The fourth volume of L'Art is not so rich in illustration as previous volumes have been, but its special articles, which treat of a great variety of subjects pertaining to art, are more valuable than usual. The character of the publication has been slightly changed of late, and greatly improved, as the interesting critical articles upon music and the drama testify. In the latter part of the volume the Chronicle will be missed. However, its place is filled with more important subject matter. The subscribers do not lose the newsy Chronicle, but are decidedly the gainers by the change, since it is now published as a separate part, and, while properly belonging to the regular weekly, it may be taken single, and is omitted in the bound volumes. It will be noticed in the present volume that women have been called upon many times both as authors and illustrators. This seems to be a most successful new departure. An etching by Mademoiselle Niel is certainly one of the best in the volume. The series of articles on Brussels tapestries and their marks deserves a careful reading. The five pieces in silk and gold (which are considered the most beautiful pieces in existence) have been reproduced by engraving, to serve as illustrations to the article describing them. There are several papers on Fouquet, by Bonaffé, and on Courbet, the first French realistic painter, which are full of desirable information. The article on Adrien Doubouché, who founded the Society of Friends of the Arts of Limoges, and also the Musée Ceramique, is one of the most prominent of all. It was through the exertions of Doubouché that the Musée Ceramique possessed the most important collection of ceramics in France. Among other essays of especial interest appears one on Mademoiselle Kraus, the actress, accompanied by her portraits; one on the use of the electric light in galleries, in which the writer mentions but two inventions, both of which are American; one on Alfred Faucon, artist in inlaying with metal (damasquine), which describes his process in full. It should be mentioned separately that Mr. F. S. Church, of New York, is the only American artist whose life and works are spoken of at length in this volume. The praise bestowed upon him is generous and discreet. Some of his most popular etchings illustrate this article. From articles which appear in various parts of this volume, it would seem that the editor of L'Art is especially anxious to have the ministry of fine arts in other hands than those of the under secretary of state.